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THE PORT FOLIO.

[5th Ser.]

Vol. XVIII.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,

1824.

EDITED BY

JOHN E. HALL, Esq.

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Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—Cowper.

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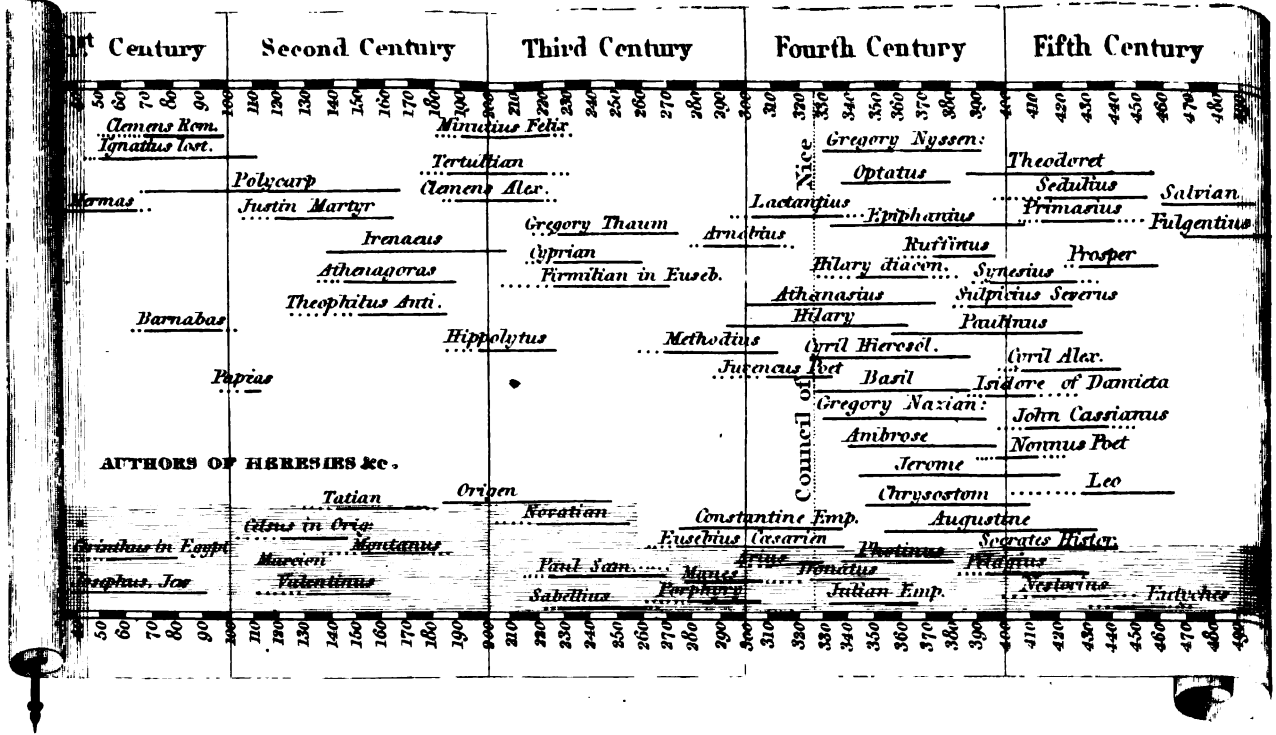

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

NOTES ON MEXICO.*

THIS work is understood to have been written by Mr. Poinsett, of Charleston, one of the Representatives in Congress from South Carolina. He visited Mexico in the month of August, 1822, and remained in that country till November, in the same year, in the discharge of certain official duties which had been confided to him by our Government. He landed at Vera Cruz, and proceeded thence to the city of Mexico, from which place he returned home by the way of Tampico. The information which he collected, and the views which he presents, are, as might naturally be expected from the high character which the author has acquired in the councils of the nation, at once interesting and valuable.

There are various considerations which direct our eyes towards Mexico at present, and excite our curiosity concerning her character and prospects. The jealous seclusion in which this country, in common with her other American colonies, was kept by Spain during many centuries; its proximity to the United States, of which it forms a boundary; a population of nearly seven millions; a territory capable of maintaining many times that number; in most districts, a fine climate and a fruitful soil; rich and various productions; sea-ports of easy access; the possession of inexhaustible mines of precious metals; are circumstances which powerfully arrest our attention, when we behold a people so bountifully

* Notes on Mexico, made in the autumn of 1822, accompanied by an historical sketch of the revolution, and translations of official reports on the present state of that country, with a map, by a citizen of the United States. Philadelphia, Carey and Lea. 1824

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gifted assume a station as an independent power, and shape their political institutions in close imitation of the system of the United States. The political relations between our country and Mexico must necessarily be intimate; and our interest, as well as our sympathy, dictate the hope, that the latter may speedily surmount the evils of her colonial state and the disasters attending a succession of civil wars and revolutions. When this period shall arrive, and the full benefits of its republican system be experienced, its prosperity will rapidly advance and extend a genial influence to its surrounding neighbours.

Mr. Poinsett's "Notes" present a lively picture of the face of the country, the aspect of the towns and cities, and the manners of the people. The historical sketch and documents remove many obscurities in relation to the recent revolution. The causes of the insurrection of Iturbide, which have not been distinctly understood, are here explained; and are found to exhibit one of the most remarkable events in history. In the winter of 1822, when Iturbide's movement commenced, the power of the patriot chiefs was at the lowest ebb. *Hidalgo, Morelos, Mina,* and others, had successively perished in attempts to erect the standard of independence; the revolutionary junta had hardly a place of temporary safety; and the relics of their armies had fled to the mountains, whilst the Viceroy, Apodaca, and the royal troops, commanded the capital and possessed nearly the whole country. But at this period, says the author,

> The revolution in Spain was viewed with dread by the clergy of Mexico; and no sooner had the decrees of the Cortes, confiscating the estates, and reducing and reforming some of the higher orders of the clergy, reached America, than the indignation of the church burst out against the mother country. They declared from the pulpit, that these tyrannical acts must be resisted—that the yoke was no longer to be borne—and that the interests of the Catholic Religion, nay, its very existence in America, demanded that Mexico should be separated from Spain.
>
> The influence of the clergy, although in some measure diminished, was still powerful, and had for years controlled the wishes of a vast majority of the nation. To have withdrawn their opposition, would have been sufficient to have occasioned a general movement of the people. They did more: they encouraged the people to resist the tyranny of Spain, and took an active part in organizing the plan of operation by which the revolution was successfully effected. They were aided in their plans by the wealthy Europeans, who were anxious to preserve this kingdom in the pureness of despotism, that it might serve as a refuge to Ferdinand the Seventh from the persecutions of the Cortes, and from the constitution of Spain.
>
> Don Augustin Iturbide was fixed upon as a proper agent to carry their plans into effect. Although a Creole, he had been an active and a zealous officer of the king; and had fought valiantly and successfully against the friends of liberty. The Europeans considered him as attached to their party and interests; the clergy relied upon his maintaining them in all their privileges and immunities; and all parties knew, that he would

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be opposed to a liberal form of government. They were ignorant of the projects of personal aggrandizement, which he is said to have entertained even at that period. Iturbide had been appointed by the viceroy to command the army destined to crush the remnant of the insurgent forces. This enabled him to act promptly and efficiently. The priests and Europeans furnished him with some money; and on his march towards the south, he seized on a convoy of specie belonging to the Manilla merchants. He soon formed a junction with Guerrero, who commanded the Patriots in that quarter—an event, which, in order to deceive the viceroy, he attributed to the good policy of his administration, in offering a pardon to all who would claim the protection of government within a certain period.

Emissaries had been despatched by the revolutionists in the capital, to every part of the empire, and by the time the armies reached Iguala, the people were every where ready to declare in favour of independence. On the twenty-fourth of February, 1822, Iturbide proposed to the chiefs the plan of Iguala, which was unanimously adopted by them, and was immediately transmitted to the viceroy, and to all the governors of provinces. The plan provides, first, for the protection and preservation of the holy Catholic religion; secondly, for the intimate union of Europeans and Creoles; and thirdly, for the independence of Mexico. It declares that the constitution of the empire shall be that of a limited monarchy; and offers the crown first, to Ferdinand VII, and then, to the other members of his family in regular succession; provided that he or they shall agree to reside in Mexico, and shall take an oath to maintain the constitution which shall be established by a congress, to be assembled for that purpose. It further provides for the protection of the persons and property of the citizens; and for the preservation of the privileges and immunities of the secular and regular clergy. It declares all the inhabitants of New Spain, without distinction of persons, Europeans, Africans, and Indians, and their descendants, to be citizens of the monarchy, and to be eligible to all offices according to their merits and virtues: and to carry this plan into effect, an army, called the army of the three guarantees, is to be raised, which is to preserve the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, to effect the independence of the empire, and to maintain the union of Americans and Europeans in Mexico. p. 263.

To the same effect is another passage in this work: in which the author speaks of the decree of the Cortes:

I have, however, always considered this measure on the part of Spain as highly impolitic. In attacking the wealthy orders, it was supposed that the mendicant friars would be won over to the government party. It is true, that great jealousy always existed between them; but the poor monks regarded this act, which violated the property of the church, as aimed against the influence of the clergy generally, and made common cause with the higher orders. The insurrectionary movements against the constitutional government, are to be attributed principally to this cause. The intrigues and money of the French cabinet, could have effected nothing without the aid of the priesthood; and the radical defects of the constitution might have been amended without producing a convulsion in the state. The successful revolution in Mexico, and the separation of that country from the parent state, are due entirely to the effect produced by that decree of the Cortes. p. 218.

It is curious indeed to remark, that at a time when the friends

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of Mexican freedom had the most reason to despond, independence, in the first instance, and ultimately a free government should be brought about, from motives and by means, apparently, of so opposite a character. The commander of the royal troops becomes the successful leader, the clergy and Europeans the instigators, and the establishment of a pure despotism in New Spain, the object! Yet all these, by an over-ruling Providence, have been directed to far different ends; and while in Old Spain a free Cortes has yielded to an absolute despotism, the plan contemplated in Mexico has been supplanted by a republican system, and both results have been produced by the same cause—the decree of the Spanish Cortes for reforming the clergy. How little can human sagacity foresee, or human power control, the course of events!

It would seem that a strong leaven of ambition lay at the heart of Iturbide and governed his movements. It must likewise be admitted that it is the natural tendency of colonial governments, when arrived at sufficient strength, to break off from the parent state; and that these causes had some influence: but they might and probably would, have proved insufficient, even with the aid of the enterprise and gallantry of the independent generals, to effect a revolution. The probability is, that had not the Cortes issued a decree which alarmed the clergy and irritated the Bourbonites, the kingdom of Mexico would have returned to the arms of Ferdinand at the close of 1823, as quietly and as naturally, as did *Cuba, Porto Rico,* and other insular dependencies of Spain.

In the congress that was called by Iturbide, who was the idol of the army, there were three parties:—the Bourbonites, who were sincerely favourable to the scheme held out of a Bourbon monarch:—the republicans:—and the friends of Iturbide, who vibrated between the two first as his interest dictated. In the end, he was suddenly declared Emperor; and his subsequent despotism led the way to the present state of things.

That in Mexico there are now pure and honest patriots, and bold and enterprising generals, there is no reason to doubt. In the obstinate conflicts which took place during the last twelve years several able men now at the head of their affairs, acquired skill and experience in war. Such men are, Bravo, Negrete, Victoria Guadaloupe, and others. But the nation stands now especially in need of the arts of peace: of able financiers, liberal and firm statesmen, profound and intelligent legislators. With the varied and heterogeneous population they possess, the want of information among the middling classes, the inequality of rank and wealth, the influence of recent colonial subjection, and the gross superstition, too prevalent, Mexico has much to learn, to reform, and to new-model, before she can be entirely fitted for a free government. A view of their character as a people gives too much reason for this conclusion.

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The castes, that is to say, the *mestizos*, descendants of whites and Indians; *mulattoes*, descendants of whites and negroes; *zamboes*, descendants of negroes and Indians—are scattered over the country as labourers, or live in the towns as artisans, workmen or beggars. There are some Indians, who have accumulated property, and some few of the castes may be seen living in comfort and respectability, in the cities and in the country; but these instances are rare. From the cacique, or Indian magistrate of the village, to the most abject of his fellow sufferers, they are indolent and poor. The only difference between them is, that the cacique does not work at all. By a law passed since the revolution, they are declared, together with all the castes, to be possessed of the same rights as the whites. The tribute is abolished: but they will be, as a matter of course, subject to the alcabala, or tax on the internal commerce, from which they were heretofore exempt. This declaration will produce no alteration in the character of this class of the population. Measures must be taken to educate them, and lands distributed among them, before they can be considered as forming a part of the people of a free government.

The titled nobility are white Creoles, who, satisfied with the enjoyment of large estates, and with the consideration which their rank and wealth confer, seek no other distinction. They are not remarkable for their attainments, or for the strictness of their morals. The lawyers, who, in fact, exercise much more influence over the people, rank next to the nobles. They are the younger branches of noble houses, or the sons of Europeans, and are remarkably shrewd and intelligent. Next in importance are the merchants and shop-keepers; for the former are not sufficiently numerous to form a separate class. They are wealthy, and might possess influence, but have hitherto taken little part in the politics of the country—most probably from the fear of losing their property, which is in a tangible shape. The labouring class in the cities and towns includes all casts and colours; they are industrious and orderly, and view with interest what is passing around them. Most of them read; and, in the large cities, papers and pamphlets are hawked about the street, and sold at a cheap rate to the people. The labouring class in the country is composed, in the same manner, of different casts. They are sober, industrious, docile, ignorant, and superstitious; and may be led by their priests, or masters, to good or evil. Their apathy has in some measure been overcome by the long struggle for independence, in which most of them bore a part; but they are still under the influence and direction of the priests. They are merely labourers, without any property in the soil; and cannot be expected to feel much interest in the preservation of civil rights, which so little concern them. The last class, unknown as such in a well regulated society, consists of beggars and idlers—drones, that prey upon the community, and who, having nothing to lose, are always ready to swell the cry of popular ferment, or to lend their aid in favour of imperial tyranny. The influence of this class, where it is numerous, upon the fate of revolutions, has always been destructive to liberty. In France, they were very numerous; and the atrocities which disgraced that revolution, are, in a great measure, to be ascribed to this cause. In Mexico, these people have been kept in subjection by the strong arm of the vice regal government; but it is to be feared, that they will henceforward be found the ready tool of every faction. The priests exercise unbounded influence over the higher and lower orders in Mexico; and, with a few honourable exceptions, are adverse to civil liberty. It may not, perhaps, be altogether correct, to consider the influence of the clergy as confined exclusively

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to the upper and lower orders of society, but, certainly, a very large proportion of the middle class are exempt from it. Unfortunately, too many, who were educated in the forms of the catholic church, have emancipated themselves from its superstitions only to become sceptics and infidels. p. 120.

The class of beggars, or leperos, in the city of Mexico, is more fully described in another part of the work, and is worthy of further notice.

The streets are sufficiently wide, and run nearly north and south, east and west, intersecting each other at right angles; they are all well paved, and have side walks of flat stones. The public squares are spacious, and surrounded by buildings of hewn stone, and of very good architecture. The public churches and edifices are vast and splendid, and the private buildings being constructed either of porous amygdaloid or of porphyry, have an air of solidity, and even of magnificence. They are of three and four stories high, with flat terrace roofs, and many of them are ornamented with iron balconies. The houses of Mexico are all squares, with open courts, and the corridors, or interior piazzas, are ornamented with enormous china vases, containing evergreens. They are not so well furnished as our houses in the United States, but the apartments are more lofty and spacious, and are better distributed. The entrance leads through a large gate into an inner court, with the stairs in front of the gate. The best apartments, which are generally gaudily painted, are on the street, and frequently on the second story above the ground floor.

Our large cities are many of them neater than Mexico, but there is an appearance of solidity in the houses, and an air of grandeur in the aspect of this place, which are wanting in the cities of the United States. With us, however, a stranger does not see that striking and disgusting contrast between the magnificence of the wealthy and the squalid penury of the poor, which constantly meets his view in Mexico. I have described the palaces of the rich—the abode of poverty does not offend the eye. It is beneath the church porches, in miserable barracks in the suburbs, or under the canopy of heaven. There are at least twenty thousand inhabitants of this capital, the population of which does not exceed one hundred and fifty thousand souls, who have no permanent place of abode, and no ostensible means of gaining a livelihood. After passing the night sometimes under cover, sometimes in the open air, they issue forth in the morning like drones to prey upon the community, to beg, to steal, and, in the last resort, to work. If they are fortunate enough to gain more than they require to maintain themselves for a day, they go to the pulqueria, and there dance, carouse, and get drunk on pulque and *vino mezcal*, a brandy distilled from the fermented juice of the agave. Around and under the pulquerias, which are open sheds covering a space of from fifty to a hundred feet; men and women may be seen in the evening, stretched on the ground, sleeping off the effects of their deep potations. These people, called by Humboldt, *saragates* and *guachinangos*, are more generally known by the name of *leperos*. They are for the most part Indians and Mestizos, lively and extremely civil, asking alms with great humility, and pouring out prayers and blessings with astonishing volubility. They are most dexterous pick-pockets, and I heard of some instances of their sleight of hand, that surpass the happiest efforts of the light-fingered gentry of Paris or London.

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From what I have said of the *leperos* of Mexico, you will compare them to the *lazaroni* of Naples. The comparison will be favourable to the latter, who work more readily, steal less frequently, and are sober. p. 48.

Their markets are described in the following terms:

We walked through the market place, and I was surprised to see it so well furnished. The markets of Philadelphia and New York display butchers' meat in greater quantity, and generally of better quality, but here we saw game in abundance. Wild ducks, birds of various sorts, venison and hares, and the profusion and variety of fruits and vegetables, were greater than I had seen in any market in Europe or America. The following are the prices of some articles, and what I understood to be the usual rates: Beef, twenty-eight ounces, twelve and a half cents—mutton and veal, twelve and a half cents per pound—eggs, twenty-five cents a dozen—fish from the lakes, about nine or ten inches long, one dollar per pound—fowls, from fifty to seventy-five cents a pair—pigeons, twenty-five cents a pair,—turkeys, from seventy-five cents to a dollar each—peaches, fifty cents a dozen—pears, seventy-five cents—the tuna, (fruit of the cactus) twenty-five cents—alligator pears, fifty cents—oranges, thirty-three and three-fourths, mameis thirty-three and three-fourths, grapes thirty-three and three-fourths cents a pound; pine apples twelve and a half cents each.

The fruits of the tropics are raised a short distance from the city, and the vegetables and fruits of Europe are cultivated on the borders of the lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, by the Indians, who bring them to market in canoes ornamented with flowers. The stalls are set out with flowers, which are in great demand by all classes, to adorn the shrine of some saint, the patron of the house, or to grace a festival. The market is filled with stalls, and the paths through it are very narrow and obstructed by a crowd of leperos, whom I was cautioned not to touch, for their blankets swarm with vermin. The streets surrounding the market are filled with earthenware for cooking, and other domestic purposes. The Indians every where make earthen pots very neatly, and the people here use them instead of iron or copper vessels. p. 50.

The most attractive point in this country is the city of Mexico, the ancient metropolis of the Aztecs, and of Montezuma, their emperor. It is still, in population, relative position, and intelligence, the chief city of the nation.—It is remarked by the author, that all the cities in this country were located on the ruins of some one that existed at the time of the conquest by Cortez—with the exception of Puebla, the site of which was fixed by the Spaniards. The population of Mexico is stated at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty thousand: a number exceeding that of any city in our own country; but considering the growth of our population, it is probable that before another ten years shall have elapsed, more than one of our cities will equal it. At present, however, Mexico is the most populous city in all America, and the next to it, in this respect, is Havanna. The streets, squares, palaces, institutions, and people of Mexico, are depicted in lively colours by Mr. Poinsett.

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This being the day of All Saints, the square presented a scene of great bustle, crowded with *leperos*, clothed with a pair of drawers, shirt and sandals, and sometimes a blanket over their shoulders, and with well dressed persons, many of them bedizened with gold and silver lace. The streets leading to the square were thronged with people moving towards the enclosure where stands the equestrian statue. This place has been covered over, and seats erected in it for the accomodation of spectators. We followed the crowd and made our way through a long line of hackney coaches and splendid equipages, into the circle. Here we found a crowd of all classes of people. Ladies and gentlemen in gala dresses, displaying laces, jewels and rich uniforms, jostled by men and women covered with blankets or clothed in rags. There was a box fitted up for the imperial family, who were represented by two bad pictures, and from which two centinels kept off the crowd. The other seats which were raised, were filled by well dressed men and women, delighted to exhibit themselves, and to look down on the crowd below, who were elbowing each other in one eternal round. We were soon tired of this sight and went to pay visits. In the evening we returned to this walk, and I was surprised to see several young ladies, pretty and well dressed, smoking segars. I knew that it was the custom of the ladies to smoke, but supposed they would only do so in private. It appears to me a detestable habit for young ladies, but I suppose my fastidiousness is the effect of early prejudice. The Mexican gentlemen do not seem to dislike it, and the tale of love is whispered, and vows of fidelity are interchanged, amidst volumes of smoke—a bad omen, which, if report speaks correctly, is too often verified. p. 65.

Paid a visit this morning to the Prince of the Union, the father of the emperor, a respectable and venerable old man, upwards of eighty years of age. He is simple in his manners, and must find his honours very burdensome. We were presented at the same time to her Imperial Highness, his daughter—a plain good sort of a woman, dressed in a dark striped calico gown. I could scarcely restrain a smile, when I gave her the "*tratamiento*" (highness) due to her rank. These people can have no idea. how ridiculous this miserable representation of royalty appears to a republican.

In my walk this morning, under the porticos leading to the principal square, I was struck with the singular exhibition they presented of the busy, the idle, and the devout. The shops were filled with tradesmen and purchasers. Under the porticos were men and women selling fruits and flowers, and wax work representing with great accuracy the costumes of the country, the work of Indians, and the best of the sort I have ever seen. *Leperos* were leaning against the colums sunning themselves; and beggars, and little urchins selling pamphlets and gazettes, followed us with loud clamours. In the midst of this scene of noise and confusion, I observed two women on their knees before a picture of the Virgin, which is enclosed in a glass case, and has always tapers burning before it. They were abstracted from all that was passing around them, and appeared to be really and devoutly absorbed in prayer. While looking at them and at the crowd, the tinkling of a small bell was heard. It announced the passage of the Host from the cathedral to the death-bed of a sinner. In an instant all was still Shop-keepers and their customers, leperos and noisy children, all doffed their hats and knelt on the pavement, where they remained until the Host was out of sight, devoutly crossing themselves the while. We then rose, and the hum and bustle and clamour were

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gradually renewed. We crossed the square, where there are always a number of hackney coaches standing (better I think than the *jarvies* and *fiacres* of London and Paris,) to the statue of Charles IV; where seated on the steps of the enclosure we found a class of men, who are called *evangelistas*. Their business is to indite memorials and epistles for those who cannot write themselves. Wrapped in his blanket, and furnished with pen and ink and a basket full of paper, the evangelist is ready to furnish letters in verse or prose, to all who apply for them. I listened for some time to one of them, who was writing a letter for a pretty young girl, and was artfully drawing her sentiments from her.

The facility with which these men write is surprising. Memorials to ministers and judges, letters of condolence and congratulation, and epistles breathing love and friendship, succeed each other rapidly, and appear to cost but little effort. Some of them are tolerable improvisatori—a faculty more common among the people of Spanish America, than it is even among the Italians. p. 77.

At an early hour we visited the Academy of Fine Arts, formerly a school of painting and sculpture, but now neglected and falling to ruins, from the same causes that have injured other institutions—the funds, from the exigencies of the government, being diverted to other uses.

There is a very fine collection of casts in excellent preservation, but how long they will remain so is doubtful, for the roof is partly off immediately over them, and the rain falls upon the floor of the room where they are placed.

The cast of the Laocoon is one of the best I have seen. There are a few pictures thinly scattered along the walls, none very good; and we saw a long line of benches and desks, with designs and models for the pupils, as if they had left them yesterday, whereas no lessons have been given here for more than twelve months past. There is a room for modelling and designing after nature, and every accommodation for the student of the fine arts.*

We next visited Churches—not all in Mexico, for that would have required more time than I can spare for any one purpose—but the largest and best endowed. An American gentleman counted one hundred and five cupolas, spires, and domes, within the limits of the city, and I understand that there are fifty-six churches besides the cathedral within the same space.

The church of Santa Theresa is very handsomely ornamented, and the architecture is in good taste. That of La Encarnacion, which is attached to a large convent, is very rich and splendid; the principal altar is surmounted by a pyramid of embossed silver, at least fifteen feet high.

The churches of the convents of the Carmelites and of San Ines, are very neat and handsome.

The interior of the church of San Domingo which is attached to a convent of dominicans, is splendidly ornamented. The capitals of the columns and the sanctuaries are richly gilded, and the whole wears an aspect of magnificence.

The church of Espiritu Santo, is excessively gaudy and in the worst possible state.

The church of Santa Theresa is very neat and chaste. That of Ensenanza, attached to a convent all gilding and glitter.

La Professa, attached to a very large convent, is next in size to the ca-

* See Humboldt's account of the Academy at the time he resided here.

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thedral, and is handsomely ornamented—indeed, the interiors of all we saw were rich, and some even splendid.

In the convent of La Profesa, we observed a series of pictures, representing the heart of man possessed by the devil and the deadly sins, and the regeneration of it to religion and virtue.

The first picture represents a large heart with a human head on top of it; within are depicted a frog, a serpent, a goat, a tiger, a tortoise, a peacock and a hog, with the devil in the centre, with a long tail and a pitchfork. In the second picture the devil and all these animals are represented half way out of the heart, and a white dove half way in.

In the third, the devil and the animals are afar off, and the dove has entire possession of the heart.

I was most pleased with the church of Jesus Maria, which is attached to a convent of nuns; a row of Corinthian columns with gilt capitals extends round the church, the dome and ceiling are richly decorated and painted in the best manner, and the whole church is fitted up with great elegance and in the purest taste. In front of the churches and in the neighbourhood of them, we saw an unusual number of beggars, and they openly exposed their disgusting sores and deformities to excite our compassion. I observed one among them wrapped in a large white sheet, who, as soon as he perceived that he had attracted my attention, advanced towards me, and unfolding his covering, disclosed his person perfectly naked and covered from head to heel with ulcers. I am not easily affected, but this disgusting sight thus suddenly presented to my view, turned me sick and I was glad to be near home. No city in Italy contains so many miserable beggars, and no town in the world so many blind. This is, I think, to be attributed to constant exposure, want, and the excessive use of ardent spirits. Many are blind from the effects of the small-pox—which, before the introduction of vaccination, raged frequently in this country, and was a fatal disease. There have been at different periods epidemics in Mexico, that have swept off a large proportion of the population—and the typhus fever, scarlet fever, and putrid sore throat, are prevailing disorders among the lower classes of people. The lakes situated south of the city, disengage from their surface sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which, when the wind sets from that quarter, may be smelt in the streets of Mexico. This wind is regarded as unhealthy, and the hyroglyphic by which the Aztecks designated it, was death's head.

Notwithstanding this circumstance, and the vast bodies of stagnant waters in the valley, intermittent fevers are very rare, and the diseases which afflict the people appear to be independent of local causes. The matlazahuatl, an epidemic, with the character of which we are little acquainted, but that it respects the Europeans and their descendants, and confines its ravages to the Indians, has not been known for many years past in any part of this country. It must have been a distinct disease from the yellow fever or black vomit, for it was confined to the higher regions, to the central plain and table land, and never existed in the low countries. Famine, and its attendant diseases, have thinned the population of this country more frequently than any other cause. The lands are fertile, the climate benign, and man, satisfied with little and naturally disposed to indolence, plants and cultivates only so much as in ordinary times will yield him a comfortable subsistence. No provision is ever made for bad seasons, and when droughts and early frosts destroy their crops, they issue forth into the woods and live on roots and wild berries, or eat clay, and thousands of them perish from want and bad nourishment. In all the

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principal cities there are public granaries, and government does every thing in its power to relieve the people in years of scarcity, and counteract the effects of the natural improvidence of the natives. p. 71.

The Roman Catholic is the religion of the country. No other is tolerated. The third article of the Constitution declares, that "the religion of the Mexican nation is, and shall be, perpetually, the Catholic Apostolic Roman. The nation protects it by just and wise laws, and prohibits the exercise of any other." The influence of the clergy may be judged of, from the fact, that in the city of Mexico, there are five hundred and fifty secular and sixteen hundred and forty-six regular clergy. In all New Spain, the regular and secular clergy have been estimated at fourteen thousand. Their wealth is not less than forty-two million five hundred thousand dollars. It has been derived principally from sums bequeathed to the church for masses or pious uses, which are left as a burthen on the landed estate; so that the possessions of almost all the smaller proprietors in Mexico are mortgaged in whole or in part to the church. It is not surprising, when the church had so much money at her command, in addition to her influence over the mind, that the clergy were able to exercise extensive power over the nation.

The human race is seen here of every tint of complexion, between white and black; the various colours seemingly intermingling without any of that antipathy with which such connections are contemplated in more northern climes. In the writer's journey from Vera Cruz to the capital he says, "the people are of every shade of colour between white and black; but I have seen very few of the former since I left Vera Cruz and none of the latter." The pure African seems indeed rare, for we are told, in a subsequent part of this work, that "that race is nearly extinct in Mexico. In the capital," says Mr. P. "I saw only three or four, and have not seen more than twenty since I entered the country. It is, I think, difficult to distinguish the African blood after two crosses with the Indians. They lose entirely the negro features and mestizoes (the descendants of the whites and Indians) have straight black hair like the Indians."

Of their agricultural productions an interesting detail is given.

The agricultural products of Mexico, are as various as the physical aspect of the country. The table land, at an elevation of six thousand feet from the level of the ocean, produces all the fruits and grains of the northern parts of America and of Europe, whilst the low country bordering on the coast, yields in profusion all the productions of the tropics. The Indian corn is common to both; it is the chief resource of the country, and its cultivation is so general, that Baron Humboldt says. "the year when the crop of Indian corn fails, is a year of famine in Mexico." Although wheat, rye and barley, are extensively cultivated on the table land, Indian corn even there, forms the principal food of the people, and as they are naturally improvident, a total failure of this crop is always followed

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by famine and disease. The land is generally rich; the corn is planted very close, and is not so carefully cultivated as with us. The wages of labour vary from twenty-five to fifty cents a day. An acre in these plains, yields from fifty to one hundred, but in most parts of the country its average produce is frpm twenty-five to thirty bushels. In the low country, the land produces two crops every year.

The natives have various methods of preparing Indian corn. They are very fond of a gruel (*atolli*) made of the flour and sweetened with honey, but their most common method of cooking it, is in *tortillas*, which they eat with beans and Chile pepper. They also make a drink of it called *chicha*.

This valuable grain was first discovered in America, and according to Cortez, the natives at that period made sugar from the corn stalks. As the crop is rarely equally good in the same year, on the table land and in the low countries, it constitutes one of the principal articles of internal commerce. The farmers do not strip the blades as with us, but cut down the stalk, and all this fodder is called *zacate*. p. 145.

Their other principal productions are, wheat in the table land and in some of the mountains—sweet potatoes and yam—vegetables and fruits in great variety and abundance—sugar—cotton—vanilla—sarsaparilla—jalap—tobacco—indigo—silk—wax—cochinelle &c. Their mineral productions are well known. Besides gold and silver, their mines yield iron, lead, quicksilver, copper, &c. In the market of Mexico are found, at the same time, the productions of the tropics and those of the temperate zone, brought from its immediate neighbourhood or from the mountains at a distance.

Many parts of this country, however, are to be dreaded for their unhealthiness.

Vera Cruz is compactly and very well built, and so extremely neat and clean, that from an examination of the interior only of Vera Cruz, it would be difficult to account for the causes of the pestilential diseases for which it is unfortunately celebrated.

The city is surrounded by sand hills, and ponds of stagnant water, which, within the tropics, is cause sufficient to originate the black vomit and bilious fever. The inhabitants, and those accustomed to the climate, are not subject to the former disease; but all strangers, even those from Havanna and the West India Islands, are liable to this infection. No precautions can protect strangers from this fatal disorder, and many have died in Jalapa who only passed through this city.

Humboldt mentions instances of persons who left the ship immediately on their arrival, stept out of the boat that conveyed them on shore, into a litter, and were carried rapidly to Jalapa, having been attacked by yellow fever, and having died with black vomit. The Spanish physicians regard this as the place where this disorder originated, and pretend to trace the yellow fever of Havanna, of the West India Islands, the United States and Spain, to Vera Cruz. Notwithstanding the cleanly appearance of the streets, I observed buzzards, and other species of vulture, hovering over the town, and perched on the house tops; a sure indication of corruption and animal putrefaction. p. 15.

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The inhabitants of Vera Cruz resort to Jalapa, which is on the higher grounds of the interior, to avoid the heats, the diseases, and the insects of the low country. Oaks are there seen, and the whole face of the country changes a few miles before reaching Jalapa. The very interesting report by the Secretary of State, *Lucas Alaman*, to be found at the end of this volume, refers, in strong language, to this point.

In the vast territory of a nation whose coasts on both seas extend from the torrid to the temperate zone, and where, by the structure of the land, an agreeable and moderate climate is constantly enjoyed between the tropics, the coast is subject to all the diseases common to warm climates, while the central provinces enjoy the most perfect health, so that we may distinguish the limits which, if I may be allowed the expression, separate life from death. A long experience proves, that those diseases do not pass a certain height above the level of the sea, and this knowledge prevents the necessity of the costly and inconvenient precautions which European nations frequently find themselves compelled to take, in order to cut off all communication between healthy and infected countries. During the last year, the coast disease, known under the vulgar name of *black vomit*, appeared, as it always does, at the ordinary period, at Vera Cruz, and at other points on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and, as usual, was confined within the ordinary limits. It began to moderate as soon as the heat of the atmosphere was diminished by the rains and the approach of winter.

Many of the post-riders who descended from this capital to Vera Cruz, have fallen victims to this cruel disease, as have also the muleteers on the same road, to such an extent, that this commerce has been at times interrupted by that cause. To remedy the first, the post-master-general has provided, that the post-riders who leave this city shall not go beyond Jalapa; and for the second, it would be desirable that a company should be established, in order to have the goods transported from the coast to the cities, where the muleteers of the interior might receive them. In this way they would not be obliged to go into a country where their health is exposed to so much risk. p. 320.

The hospitality of the Mexicans is spoken of in the terms it merited by the object of their kindness.

1st November.—I have employed great part of the day, which is the festival of All Saints, in making or rather returning ceremonious visits. Sir Archy may have bowed lower, but not oftener in a day than I have. Remember, when you take leave of a Spanish grandee, to bow as you leave the room, at the head of the stairs, where the host accompanies you, and after descending the first flight, turn round and you will see him expecting a third salutation, which he returns with great courtesy, and remains until you are out of sight; so that as you wind down the stairs, if you catch a glimpse of him, kiss your hand, and he will think you a most accomplished cavalier. This is the only ceremony you have to undergo, for your reception will be cordial and friendly. The gentlemen of Mexico are not hospitable, in our sense of the word. They rarely invite you to dine with them; but they introduce you to their families, assure you of being welcome at all times, in a manner that convinces you of their sincerity, and if you call in the evening, regale you with chocolate, ices and

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sweetmeats. If you take to the house, the oftener you go the more welcome you are, and you are treated by all the family with kindness and familiarity. p. 64.

The defects in character noticed in various parts of this work are, in the men, a fondness for cockfighting, bull-baiting, and gambling; and in the women, a loathsome habit of smoaking: a practice which, we believe, pervades the sex generally in the former Spanish colonies. On the other hand, it deserves to be related as honourable to their discernment, that throughout all Mexico they are republicans.

The biographical sketches of Iturbide, the deposed emperor, who was at the height of his power at the time of this visit, and of Santa Anna, one of his favourite generals, who afterwards commenced the opposition at Vera Cruz, which led to the change of government, are almost the only personal descriptions with which we have been favoured by this writer. We should have been gratified to find some particular account of other distinguished Mexicans; such as Bravo, the present head of the nation: Michelzana, the former President of the Executive power, and now ambassador to England: Negrete, Victoria Guadaloupe, &c.

I was presented to His Majesty this morning. On alighting at the gate of the palace, which is an extensive and handsome building, we were received by a numerous guard, and then made our way up a large stone staircase, lined with centinels, to a spacious apartment, where we found a brigadier general stationed to usher us into the presence. The emperor was in his cabinet and received us with great politeness. Two of his favourites were with him. We were all seated, and he conversed with us for half an hour in an easy unembarrassed manner, taking occasion to compliment the United States, and our institutions, and to lament that they were not suited to the circumstances of his country. He modestly insinuated that he had yielded very reluctantly, to the wishes of the people, but had been compelled to suffer them to place the crown upon his head to prevent misrule and anarchy.

He is about five feet ten or eleven inches high, stoutly made and well proportioned. His face is oval, and his features are very good except his eyes, which were constantly bent on the ground or averted. His hair is brown with red whiskers, and his complexion fair and ruddy, more like that of a German, than of a Spaniard. As you will hear his name pronounced differently, let me tell you that you must accent equally every syllable, I-tur-bi-de. I will not repeat the tales I hear daily of the character and conduct of this man. Prior to the late successful revolution, he commanded a small force in the service of the Royalists, and is accused of having been the most cruel and blood-thirsty persecutor of the Patriots, and never to have spared a prisoner. His official letters to the viceroy substantiate this fact. In the interval between the defeat of the patriot cause and the last revolution, he resided in the capital, and in a society not remarkable for strict morals, he was distinguished for his immorality. His usurpation of the chief authority has been the most glaring, and unjustifiable; and his exercise of power arbitrary and tyrannical. With a pleasing address and prepossessing exterior, and by lavish profusion, he

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has attached the officers and soldiers to his person, and so long as he possesses the means of paying and rewarding them, so long he will maintain himself on the throne; when these fail he will be precipitated from it. It is a maxim of history, which will probably be again illustrated by this example, that a government not founded on public opinion, but established and supported by corruption and violence, cannot exist without ample means to pay the soldiery, and to maintain pensioners and partisans. Aware of the state of his funds, and of the probable consequences to himself of their failure, he is making great exertions to negociate loans in England; and such is the infatuation of the monied men in that country, that it is possible he may effect his object. The conditions of a loan have been agreed upon, and an agent has lately gone to London—another is preparing to set out for the same destination with all the pomp of an embassy—and the professors of Botany and Mineralogy told me with great dismay yesterday, that they had received orders from his majesty to prepare collections to be sent to England. There exists with all the governments of Spanish America, a great desire to conciliate Great Britain; and although the people every where are more attached to us, the governments seek uniformly and anxiously to form diplomatic relations, and to connect themselves with that of Great Britain. They are afraid of the power of that nation, and are aware that their commercial interests require the support of a great manufacturing and commercial people.

We shall glean something of the commerce of those countries, but the harvest will be for the British.

To judge Iturbide from his public papers, I do not think him a man of talents. He is prompt, bold, and decisive, and not scrupulous about the means he employs to obtain his ends. p. 67.

Santa Anna is a man of about thirty years of age, of middle stature, slightly yet well made, and possessing a very intelligent and expressive countenance, but evidently suffering from fatigue and the effects of a bad climate. He was surrounded with officers decorated, as well as himself, with the insignia of the new imperial orders. Our reception was polite and cordial, and when we rose to go he insisted upon our returning to dine with him. A ceremonious Spanish dinner is of all things the most odious to me, and I endeavoured to excuse myself on the ground of my extreme haste to set out. He assured me it would be impossible to begin my journey until late in the afternoon, as the escort could not be ready before, and I was forced to submit both to the delay and to the annoyance of being escorted, against which I remonstrated in vain. All parties unite in representing the roads to be insecure; so we shall travel with all the dignity of danger. I confess, however, that I am much more afraid of the climate: not only are black vomit and bilious fevers undignified dangers, but I would rather fall into the hands of banditti than into those of a Mexican physician. p. 14.

One serious evil in this country, here referred to, and a disagreeable one it is, consists in the insecurity of the roads, which are infested by banditti to an alarming degree. This has long been the case in Old Spain, in consequence either of defects in the law or remissness in the execution of it. In Mexico it may have originated in the confusions of the last ten years, during which many parts of the country have been the seat of war or domestic convulsion. The

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capital is the scene of frequent assassination, but the great roads leading to it, from the towns on the sea coast, Vera Cruz, Alvarado, and Tampico, are so often endangered by robberies, that a journey over them is a subject of dread to the traveller. Not long before the arrival of Mr. Poinsett, he informs us, a small convoy of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was stopped and plundered by robbers, who murdered the whole escort. It is not considered safe for any one to travel without protection; and the author was accompanied, on his route to Mexico, by six dragoons well mounted. On his return, however, he dispensed with their attendance. "The fact is," says he, "that I found the soldiers difficult to manage. I thought them dangerous companions. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The banditti are all deserters, comrades of the men who escort you, who would desert too if tempted by a great booty. The road from Vera Cruz to Mexico is the most dangerous, but if ever I travel it again it shall be without an escort." The recent catastrophe of Mr. Crawford, who was assassinated near Puebla, on his journey from Mexico to Alvarado, and robbed of twenty-five thousand dollars, in specie, belonging to the bank of the United States, is a melancholy corroboration of these remarks. He was a native of this city, where his amiable disposition and honourable deportment had acquired for him many friends. He was the only son of his mother and she is a widow. His guard deserted him just before the attack and joined the predatory enemy. We find by this work before us that the neighbourhood of the place of this disaster, is considered as remarkably dangerous.

In this day's ride we saw several flocks of wild ducks, the first game we have seen in Mexico. Indeed we have seen very few birds of any sort, except buzzards, small vultures with a white ring round the neck and the wings tipped with white, hawks, two or three flights of doves, and a few ravens, blackbirds and sparrows.

To-day about where we saw the ducks, there were sand snipes, and at a great distance the mock bird; I have seen them too, in all the towns we passed through, hung up in cages. This delightful singing bird inhabits both South and North America, and is found from Virginia to Chile, where I have frequently seen them, and where, during my long absence from the United States, their note acted on me like the air of the Ranz des Vaches on the Swiss, reminding me painfully of home.

Nopaluco is pleasantly situated on a small ridge of land, and the vallies on both sides are tolerably well cultivated in wheat, Indian corn, and the agave.

A coach, returning from Vera Cruz to Mexico, stopped at our meson in Nopaluco, and we thought it would expedite our journey to hire it and dismiss our littera. Coaches are only to be hired in the capital, and a stranger arriving on the coast must hire mules for the journey, or depend upon return coaches. They are clumsy vehicles, but strong and safe. The carriage of the one we hired measured twelve feet from axle to axle, and the body is capable of containing six persons. Our trunks and mattresses were piled on before and behind the carriage, which is drawn by ten mules; two next the wheels with a postillion, who drives five more

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in front, while another postillion conducts the three leaders. In this equipage we left Nopaluco at half past five in the morning, and as we had to pass the Pinal, the most dangerous passage in the mountains, and to traverse a country notoriously infested with banditti, we proceeded with due caution. Shortly after leaving Nopaluco, we passed along a road cut through white sand hills, and the country around us appeared uncultivated and barren. We soon entered a narrow defile, and continued for some time to wind round the base of a hill wooded to the summit with pines and firs, and having on the other side a thick forest of pines and oaks. Our escort preceded us to reconnoitre, and we every now and then caught a glimpse of them, with the scarlet banners attached to their lances waving among the foliage in the forest and along the hill side. The scene only required a few banditti and a skirmish, to have rendered it worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa, or the pen of Mrs. Radcliffe. p. 36.

The account of the Indians, whose whole number is stated to be two millions five hundred thousand, deserves attention:

In the viceroyalty of Peru, the Indians were subject to a tribute to the crown, levied on males only, from the age of ten to fifty. It was collected by the corregidor, who had the power of exempting such as were unable, from sickness or bad seasons, to make up the sum. They could enter into no legal contract or sale, without the consent of the corregidor, or make any conveyance of real estate. Their lands were sometimes seized, and sold to satisfy the tribute, and in that way only could a transfer be made, or a legal title obtained for Indian lands. The Indians were burdened with a personal service to the crown, called the mita; this was a conscription raised among those subject to the tribute in order to work the mines of Potosi. Thousands of these unfortunate people were marched every year to Potosi, and although the period of service was only eighteen months, they were attended by a numerous train of friends and relations, who, on the eve of their entering the mines, sang melancholy dirges, and sounding a horn in solemn strains, mourned over them with all the ceremonies which they used to evince their sorrow on the death of a relative. Their wives and children remained with the conscripts, who, harrassed by a long march, frequently fell a sacrifice to the excessive labour and noxious air of the mines. The Indians of Peru have the appearance of habitual melancholy, and still wear mourning for the destruction of their Incas. According to an ancient prophecy, they expect to be one day delivered from their oppressors by a descendant of the Incas, who is to revive the former glory of the nation. They are prohibited from carrying any weapon, or from exercising any trade which might render them familiar with the use of fire-arms. This law has been so strictly executed, that the unsubdued tribes are not dangerous enemies, and for more than a century have not disturbed the tranquillity of the Spanish settlers in Peru; and the attempts made by the civilized Indians to recover their former independence, have been more easily defeated. The Indians hand down from father to son the remembrance of their wrongs, and constantly watch some opportunity to revenge them.

The insurrection in 1778, was the most formidable known since the conquest, and laid in ruins some of the finest towns of Upper Peru. Oruro was totally destroyed, and La Paz lost the greater part of its inhabitants by famine, whilst it was blockaded by the Indians. Had they known the use of fire-arms, the whole of the white population of those provinces

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would have been destroyed. The revolutionary government, immediately on its installation, released them from the service of the mita, which was the most oppressive, and from the vassalage in which they were held by their magistrates. The tribute was continued from necessity, as it afforded a revenue which could not be relinquished at that period. In 1814, they were released from the payment of the tribute, and have taken an active part in favour of the Creoles. p. 111–112.

The observations of our author upon an assertion of Baron Humbold, will attract the attention of those who are engaged in agricultural and commercial pursuits:

Baron Humboldt asserts, that with the advantages of good roads and free commerce, the Mexicans will one day undersell us in bread corn, in the West Indies and other markets. This opinion appears to me to have been advanced without due consideration. The soil of the table land is certainly as fertile and as productive as any lands in the United States. But the elevation of those plains from the ocean, opposes an insuperable obstacle to the cheap transportation of its produce to the sea-coast. The Baron himself has shown the impracticability of cutting a canal from the table land to the port of Tampico, the only route ever deemed practicable for a water communication with the ocean, by the most sanguine projectors in Mexico. The communications between these elevated plains and the Pacific ocean are more practicable, but have nothing to do with this question. As the road is now laid out between Las Vigas and Vera Cruz, the ascents are too rapid; but admitting the roads to Tampico and Vera Cruz to be as perfect as it is possible to make them, and the flour, instead of being conveyed as it is now, packed up in skins and on mules, to be barrelled and wagoned three hundred miles to those ports—still, I hesitate not to assert, that the superior fertility of the soil and cheapness of labour, will not compensate for the difference between land and water carriage, and that flour might be brought from the Genessee country, in the state of New York, by the canal, shipped at the port of New York for either Tampico or Vera Cruz, and sold there at a lower rate than the flour of the table land—especially as three-fourths of the wagons must necessarily return empty, even if all the dry goods consumed on the table land were to be sent from these ports. They bear no proportion to the bulk and weight of bread corn, and all those articles which we call colonial produce, are equally the growth of the table land and the *tierra caliente*. A small quantity of wine and brandy are consumed by the wealthy, but the ordinary drink of the people is the rum of the country, *pulque*, and *vino mezcal*, the brandy of the Maguey.

From want of streams, the mills in Mexico are for the most part worked by animal power, and are in every respect inferior to our flour mills. I have no doubt that if the importation of flour were permitted, we would for many years be able to undersell the Mexicans in their own markets, and to furnish with flour all the country below the table land on the eastern coast. The principal objects of the internal commerce of Mexico, are the rich productions of Oaxaca, Cochenille and Vanilla, which are transported to the capital and Vera Cruz. The Indian corn and flour of Mexico, Guadalaxara, Valladolid, Guanaxuato, San Luis Potosi, Puebla, Oaxaca and Vera Cruz, which are transported to the less fertile provinces —drugs, and above all, the precious metals.

Now that commerce will be allowed to take its natural course, it is pro-

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bable that the cochenille, vanilla, and other productions of Oaxaca, will seek an outlet by the river and port of Guasacualco. Indeed it is probable that for some time the indigo and other produce of Guatimala might be exported along the coast, and across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The proximity of the two seas at this spot, and the river Guasacualco, afforded the first conquerors the means of transporting across the continent the necessary materials for constructing and arming ships; and the first expedition fitted out to explore the Gulf of California, sailed from Tehuantepec. This isthmus has been examined with a view to the construction of a canal to connect the two seas, and the engineer, Cramer, affirms that the chain of low mountains, which separate the two bays, is intersected by a transversal valley, in which a canal might be cut, so as to form a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This canal which would unite the waters of the rivers Chimalapa with those of Passo, would be only six leagues long. Boats could then ascend by a good navigation from Tehuantepec to the village of San Miguel, and pass through the canal to the river Passo. This river falls into the Guasacualco, but its navigation is impeded by seven rapids.

A route is now open from Tehuantepec by Chihuitan, Llamo Grande, Santa Maria, Petapa, and Guchicoui, to a landing place on the river Passo, below the rapids, and at its junction with the river Saravia. The port of Guasacualco is represented by all who have examined it, to be capacious, and very secure. The accounts respecting the depth of water on the bar vary very much, but a frigate, driven by a gale of wind from its anchorage in the port of Vera Cruz, took refuge there, and afterwards got out without difficulty. The port of Tehuantepec hardly deserves the name; none but small vessels can pass the bar, and without, they are exposed in an open roadstead. The sands brought down by the Chimalapa, increase the bar every year, and the town of Tehuantepec is now four leagues from the sea. p. 95–98.

The value of mines to a country is by no means so great as is commonly believed, if the following estimate be correct.

When we take into calculation the costly works of these mines, the expensive process of separating the precious metals from the ore, the high wages of all the *employés*, from the administrador to the common labourer, the tax of ten per cent. which is paid to the government, and the very expensive works undertaken on the slightest indication of silver ore, and which are frequently pursued with great ardour to the utter ruin of the undertakers—we shall find, that the whole profits of mining, in New Spain, do not exceed six per cent. on the capital employed. A very intelligent Spaniard in the capital assured me, that he had watched the progress of the mines for the last twenty years, and kept an account, as accurately as he could, of the monies expended in abortive attempts to explore new veins, and that he believed every dollar coined in New Spain, cost the nation one hundred cents. p. 166.

In November last, when the constitution was adopted, sixteen states composed the federation of the Mexican empire; and we learn that Campeachy has since that become a member of the confederacy. These states are to have constitutions of their own, in subordination to the general government, by which their powers are, in some respects, limited as are those of our states by the fe-

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deral constitution. To each of them is guaranteed a representative form of government, composing a popular republic.

Guatemala, which bounds Mexico on the south, has also formed a federal republic, still more resembling the government of the United States than that of Mexico. In South America, Colombia, and Buenos Ayres have central governments which are free in their features. All the independent governments of North America are now republican and co federative.

Thus the steady career of our federal constitution, its diffusion of liberty, prosperity, and happiness, amongst its citizens, animates other nations to follow its example: and the whole American firmament is filling with a constellation of republics, imparting blessings in their respective spheres and extending the combined splendour of the whole to remoter regions.

For the Port Folio.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Oldschool,

I have just received from London a duodecimo volume on *the Periodical Press of Great Britain and Ireland*, which contains a variety of facts in relation to that fruitful source of instruction and amusement; and as the book may not become very common in this country, I propose to select in a desultory manner some of the information which it contains, for the gratification of your readers.

The work commences with reflections on the influence of the English press, which is justly regarded as the most powerful moral machine in the world. When we consider how few men are capable of forming an opinion for themselves, and how small is the number of those who will take the trouble to do so, we can readily assent to this proposition. This influence, though often perverted to bad purposes, has produced upon the whole, very beneficial consequences. Prejudices have been dispelled, ignorance enlightened, despotic principles overturned, and the general comfort of the human race materially promoted by the operation of free discussion. The first appearance of periodical literature is referred, by this writer, to the commencement of the discontents in this country, when the elaborate folio was laid aside for the lighter missiles of newspapers and pamphlets. In England, and in this country, they became popular at once, and it is to this cause we are indebted for the enlightened governments which the two nations respectively enjoy. Russia exhibits a countless multitude of slaves, because the people are buried in ignorance. In

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the Italian states they waste their lives in wretchedness and disaffection, because public opinion dare not breathe. To the same cause may we attribute the abject misery and the debasing superstition of the Spaniards. These are obstacles which despotism creates for its own support; but in the course of time, they must yield to the press. Improvement does not march with a hasty pace, but her steps are sure; and every advance is a fresh triumph which cannot be taken from her.

That the press may be perverted to bad purposes cannot be denied; but as long as public opinion is so widely diversified, and moulded into so many conflicting ramifications, as it always will be, under a free government, no great evil need be apprehended from its licentiousness. The two watchwords of party in our country are lost in the din and clang of Adams and Crawford, Jackson, Calhoun, and Clay. Under the banners of each of these individuals we see federalists and democrats marching with as much harmony as if they had never been opposed. The abundance of newspapers which we possess, renders them so cheap, that scarcely any man is without one; and the variety of opinions and feelings which they excite, operate with a neutralizing effect on the virulence of party. Small rivulets diffuse health and vigour through the soil; while a strong current washes it away.

In this country we seem to have silently adopted the maxim of Mr. Pitt, who thought it most prudent to let the press correct the press: thus permitting scurrility to be neutralized by its own violence, or deprived of its poison by the ridicule of one, the retort of another, or the indignation of a third.

In Britain, as we learn from this book, the stamp-duty upon each newspaper of a single sheet, is three-pence half-penny per sheet, discount deducted. To this add a half-penny for the paper, and the sheet costs four-pence before it goes into the printing office. For each advertisement the government receives three shillings and six-pence. In consequence of the heavy expense attending it, only old established papers are made the channel of advertising, and they thus obtain a sort of monopoly which bears them up against the stamp, and other duties, and they gather strength from the wreck of every young rival. Their prosperity and security make them bold, and they court, rather than shun prosecution. As an instance of this, the case of the *Observer* newspaper is quoted. On the trials of Thistlewood and others, the Court interdicted the publication of any of the evidence, in any of the public prints, until a specified time. The proprietor of the *Observer*, refused to obey this order, and published a full report of the proceedings in his next number. For this contempt he was fined £500: but such was the demand for the report that he was enabled, from the profits of his extra sale alone, to liquidate the fine, pocket the excess, and laugh at the Court.

The greatest advertising vehicle in Britain is the *Times*, which,

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in 1821 published about 86,000 advertisements, for which the proprietors paid for duty, *l*14,570. 2*s*. It is calculated that there are no less than forty-six thousand individuals employed in, or dependent upon the printing and publishing of newspapers in Britain alone. In London there are from fifty to sixty. The number varies, as many start into existence, and run perhaps the career of but a few weeks; but some of them have been established for upwards of a century. Thirteen of these are published daily; seven thrice a-week, nine twice a-week (six of which, however, can only be said to be second editions of the same papers:) and twenty-three weekly. In 1821 these journals circulated 16,254, 534 copies, on which the stamp duty amounted to the sum of £270,908. 18*s*. sterling; to which if we add *l*.142,087 10*s*. 8*d*. the amount paid by the provincial newspapers, we shall have a total of *l*.412,996. 8*s*. 8*d*. or, $1,835,589, 55 cents.* Twenty-six of the London journals are opposed to the Ministry, and the majority of them agree upon no other topic but *that* opposition. The opinions of these range from the extremes of democracy to those of the whig aristocracy. One supports the principle of annual parliaments and universal suffrage; another prefers triennial parliaments; one bawls for reform, and another insists on certain individuals being placed in the Cabinet. These papers are not only whimsically varied in their nostrums for the body politic, but they are also extremely changeable. *The Times*, that is at present considered the *city* paper, and which, from its hostility to the government is an indispensible luminary in every tavern and chop-house, was in former days a zealous advocate of the measures of Mr. Pitt. It obtained celebrity by its reprobation of republican principles—the ambitious conquests of Buonaparte—and its daily defence of the conduct of the British Ministry in relation to these events. In short, till 1815 it was all loyalty and devotion. But at that period the "corn bill," which then passed the legislature, was, by many considered as an impolitic measure. The populace were in a state of alarm, and petitions and remonstrances poured into Parliament from all parts of the kingdom. The proprietors of *the Times* saw the pecuniary advantages that would arise from opposing the measure. The fiery tirades which it then levelled at

* From an official list of stamps issued for newspapers in 1821, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, a copy of which is annexed to this volume, it appears that in that year the Times, with the Evening Mail issued 2,684 800 papers, the duty on which amounted to *l*.44,746. 13*s*. 4*d*. the Courier 1,594,500, duty £26,575. The Morning Chronicle 990,000, duty *l*.16,500, &c.

The Federal Republican, shortly after the proprietors of it were compelled to change the place of publication from Baltimore to Georgetown, issued 5000 thrice a-week and 500 daily papers, which would make a total of 940,000 in a year—an amount nearly equal to the circulation of the last named London Journal.

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the bill caught the public eye—warmed the already irritated passions of the populace, and attracted towards *itself* a corresponding return of gratitude. Remembrances of that sort, from the public, are encouraging in the extreme; and ever since *The Times* has valorously fought the battles of "the people." It has merits, however, which should not be forgotten. Its parliamentary reports have invariably been the best in London; and its connections abroad are so extensive, that it was wont to furnish foreign intelligence, often of an important kind, before any of its cotemporaries.

Next to the cockney oracle, on the same side, is the *Morning Chronicle*, the avowed and admitted champion of the whig aristocracy. It owes its origin and its fame to the late Mr. Perry, who wrote it into celebrity, and himself into affluence, and died an honest man in the cause he had advocated. Since that event its popularity has undergone a change, and if it be not evidently going down hill, the long, tedious, leaden and lifeless articles, that clog its pages, are sufficiently heavy for that purpose. The proprietor of this paper, owns, also, *The Observer* and *The Englishman*. *The Morning Herald* is another of the journals that combats on the side of the opposition. The remainder are conceived to be of a lower stamp than those which have just been named.

There are five morning papers, the general sentiments of which are hostile to the Cabinet; while there are only two that are favourable to it: these are the *New Times* and *Morning Post*. The first of these had its rise in the dissensions that occurred in the *Old Times'* establishment relative to the Corn Bill. The editor, differing in opinion with a majority of the proprietors on that subject, and unwilling to sacrifice his judgment to their views, established the *New Times* upon those principles which he has honestly and fearlessly maintained till now. It is the second best ministerial paper in the metropolis. Its information is generally authentic, although sometimes inclining to be stale. Of *The Morning Post* the writer has exceedingly little to say. It is more the paper *of the beau monde* than of the political world.

The Courier is, without exception, the most ingenious and best conducted paper in London. It throws nine-tenths of its competitors at an immeasurable distance, when it chooses to enter the lists with them, whether its task be to detect their errors, laugh at their inconsistencies, or defend a particular measure from their censure. Next to the Courier, among the evening papers are *The Globe and Traveller*, *The Star*, *The Sun*, and others,—lesser luminaries, illuminating their own little worlds, and giving life and principle to their own particular systems. *The Sun* has long been ministerial and consistent. It is a firm opponent of Catholic emancipation, and a thick and thin stickler of the insane panaceas of Mr. Robert Owen of New Lanark. *The Star*, till the accession of Mr. Canning to his present situation, twinkled in the

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galaxy of radicalism, and during the administration of Pitt, Percival, and Londonderry, was the constant advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and a change of men and measures. Now, however, it shines propitiously on the measures of the staunchest antagonist of all Reform. *The Traveller*, which has now no individual existence, *set out* an independent advocate for the Tory Party; it soon afterwards became a violent declaimer against them; and now it is united with *The Globe*, a paper which was always reputable from its moderation, and these two conjoined, seem to take the lead of the evening opposition papers.

Of the twice or thrice-aweek journals very little can be said. There are about eighteen papers published in London on Sunday, of which not more than three or four speak favourably of the measures of the Government. *The Examiner*, *Bell's Messenger*, *The Observer*, *the News*, *and the Sunday Times*, stand highest upon the opposition side. The first of these, however exceptionable may be some of its opinions, and however fastidious and even unmerited may be some of its strictures, is vastly superior to any of its opposition cotemporaries in point of talent. On the other side are *The Guardian* and *The John Bull*, the former a journal of considerable ability, and the latter, known from having raised itself in the course of twelve months to nearly the greatest circulation of the Sunday papers, from its peculiar style of writing; from the severity of its attacks upon the conduct of the late Queen and her friends; from its fearless censure and ridicule of popular meetings, and street orators; from the large sums of money it has been obliged to disburse in consequence of various actions for libel; from the lengthened imprisonment of its conductors in conformity to the different sentences of the court; from its unyielding adherence to the same course of philippic, to the same recklessness of animadversion; from its undiminished watchfulness over every inroad upon the church or state, upon the rights of the crown, or the suffrages of the people.

Cobbet, says this writer, has had his day; his star is set; his artillery are spiked; and after proving himself one of the cleverest declaimers in England, one of the most effective corporals that ever led a forlorn hope to the cannon's mouth, he lives at Kensington, a fallen *brutum fulmen* of the press! He is one of those *outré* animals that cannot be described. As a writer, his essays, sermons, and speeches; his dissertations upon English grammar and straw-plait, his speculations upon currency and Swedish turnips; set criticism at defiance, and completely bewilder the reader with the versatility of his genius,—or we should rather say, with the intermixed display of sound sense and insanity with which all his productions abound.

The work of reporting is one of the wonders in the history of the London press, which is explained by this writer. The privileges of the House of Commons forbid all liberties with the

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speeches therein delivered. Any attempt to publish them—or rather, the act of publishing them—without the consent of the member or members who spoke them, is a tresspass punishable by imprisonment, and the concomitant expense of an arrest by a Sergeant at Arms. And yet a pitiful subterfuge uniformly sets at defiance the consequence of a Parliamentary trespass. There is not a table, or desk, or board, to write upon in the gallery of the House of Commons. The reporters use the palms of their hands, or their knees for that purpose. During the debate each one generally sits his hour; when he retires to extend his hasty notes for the printer, his place being instantly filled by his successor in waiting. By this process, the longest debate in Parliament is often published before the expiration of four hours from the adjournment of the House. While the honourable members are asleep, dreaming of motions lost and won, the morning politicians are reading and discussing their last night's, or perhaps the same morning's effusions: for the newspapers almost regularly give at six o'clock what was delivered at four in the morning.

Neither in the House of Peers, nor in that of the Commons have the members the use of pens and ink. They may obtain them, to be sure, but they have no table to exercise them on. His Majesty's Prime Minister, and the first lords and statesmen in the kingdom, may be seen taking notes on the tops of their hats, or on their knees, like some itinerant tax-gatherers.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE SEXES.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

——We may be the tyrants of the creation, if you will; but the temperate dignity of mind, which almost echoes in the monosyllable "lord," is seldom an inmate of our bosoms: we have, then, no right to usurp the appellation, with so little pretence to the attribute. But in the word "lady," what is implied?—Sweet sway and gentle majesty. And how often do we meet those of your sex, who are justly entitled to this name, by the mildness and grace with which they exert that little influence which custom and illiberal philosophy have left them?

La! what a gallant man Mr. Chatterton is!—No, I am not. I despise and detest a gallant man. I would as soon see my great-grand-father's ghost enter the room, as a gallant man. I had rather be a downright monkey at once, than a gallant man; with his bows, and his smiles, and his grimaces; his compliments and his courtesies; his perpetual handing of chairs, and picking up of gloves, handkerchiefs, and pincushions; his incessant exertions in plying you with bread and butter, watching your cup that he may

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snatch it away, before it is comfortably exhausted, his inevitable —"you are perfectly right, madam," his pert common-places, and smirking poetry,—I hate him. I had rather, any time, be half an hour in Hades (if you know it by that tender and poetical name,) than have one of these philandering fellows billetted on my society through the length of an entertainment. He disorders the whole economy of the room by his indefatigable attentions to propriety and decorum. Out upon him!

You, and all who know my heart, will exonerate me from the imputation of being a gallant man.* * But although there is a good deal of incivility, nay, asperity, in my manner towards women, —I had rather (to my shame I confess it) spend an hour in the society of an amiable sensible woman, than an age in the company of Plato himself. I had rather correspond with one of your sex, than with *all* of my own put together. Now do not say, that this proceeds from the ungenerous pleasure of exulting in my own sexile superiority of mind, and that I prefer the conversation of a woman only that I may enjoy my intellectual pre-eminence without fear of rivalry. To say this, would be unjust not only to our sex, but to your own. For though I candidly avow my opinion, that in the extremes of intellect, genius, wisdom, energy of mind, profundity of thought, and sublimity of imagination, women have never reached, and never can, by the very nature of their frames, habits, and constitution, reach the heights to which men frequently soar,—yet I think that in all the qualities of mind less than these, and which we may denominate conversational qualities, the balance, upon the whole, inclines equally towards your side. On an average, I think there is as much intellectual power dispersed through the general female mind, as through the general male,— but being more equally diffused, is inconsiderable in each individual. This, to be sure, looks too like an hypothesis; perhaps, it would be better to say, that the general mental power of your sex is inferior in kind, but equal in the degree of its kind, to ours,— both kinds being supposed to be evenly distributed over their respective sex, and such a comparison instituted between them as two dissimilar powers of mind will bear. Away with your metaphysics and mystifications! says the Mysogynist, answer me to this: where do you meet a woman, who can utter any thing beyond a stream of silly prattle, sweet enough, I grant you, but withal insipid?—And where do you meet a man, say I, who can utter any thing *at all*, silly or solid, sweet or sour, insipid or sapid? Behold two boobies salute in the street! "Haw diddoo, Tom?" "Haw diddoo, Jack?" make up the sum of their conversation. The tail-less monkies—No: to call them so, would be a libel on the Ape, for they cannot even *chatter*.—The boobies I say, are not only senseless, but speechless; it is not that they have ideas, but no words, or words but no ideas, they have neither ideas nor words. And if what some philosophers assert be true, namely, that it is the use

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of speech which puts the difference between men and brutes, I wonder how far removed these dumb young gentlemen are from the condition of upright quadrupeds, and whether they may not be considered as the veritable Monboddo men, who have just gotten rid of their dorsal appendages. Now cast your eyes over to the other side of the street, and look at those two little milliners, propped each upon a couple of clattering pattens, holding in one hand a bonnet or a band-box, and with the other keeping their scanty trains out of the gutter.—Only look at them where they stand; I wish you could only see them, standing with invincible patience in the very middle of the pathway, elbowed, joggled, and jostled, by the careless herd of passengers, now driven two yards asunder, now pushed into each other's bosom—there they stand, whilst the mizzle falls thick and fast upon their tippets, and the gusts, every now and then, from an adjacent alley, blow back curls, caps, and bonnets, in beautiful confusion—there they stand, I say, and neither rain, wind, jostlings, nor impudent salutations, nor the uproar of the middle of the street, the thunder of the heavy rolling vans and drays, drawn by a team of black elephants with their ponderous tread and splatter, nor the braying rattle of the stage-coach, nor the wild whoop of the *Jarvies*,* nor the swift flash of the landau, grinding the curb-stones as it flies along; no, nor the mingled din and clamour of coachmen, coal-heavers, criers, ballad-singers, barrel-organs, and blackguard boys,—Punch with his peculiar squeak down one lane, the Pandeans swelled with a rope-strung violoncello up another,—not all this broil and brattle, this worse than Babel in the best of its days, can hinder the two little milliners from talking. From hearing, it does undoubtedly; but from talking, is beyond its efficacy, or that of any sublunary preventive short of cutting out their tongues, or sewing up their lips. "Though hell itself should gape, and bid them hold their peace."—

* * * Taking the intellectual advantages which masculine education confers upon us, and the disadvantages which feminine education entails upon women, taking these things into account, I say, that the mean mental height is pretty nearly the same for both sexes; in other words, that women, in general, are equally gifted, in point of mind, with men in general, that they are as pleasing companions, and not a whit inferior in powers of conversation. So that you are unjust to yourselves, and to men also, when you impute our preference of female society to a feeling or an idea that we shall find ourselves superior: at least, speaking for my-

* Extra-sedent bipeds, who transfer intra-sedent bipeds, from place to place, through the instrumentality of rotatory vehicles, each solicited by a pair of ambling quadrupeds: they were formerly known by the generic appellation of—hackney-coachmen.

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self, I can truly say, that I never sought a woman's conversation for the purpose of finding my own strength in her weakness; but for the positive cause, that her conversation has charms in which that of my own sex is deficient.

The mind of man, like his body, is cast in a grander mould than that of his more delicate companion, and is composed of a firmer material. Not that I mean to institute any hypothetical analogy between body and mind, or to argue from the weight of a man's fist to the solidity of his understanding; persons great in mind are frequently very diminutive in stature. Taking another and more philosophical view of it, however, the form and frame of the stronger sex furnish, in my opinion, an indisputable proof, that the same sex is also endowed with a more vigorous and energetic power of mind; for, unless we admit this, Providence would contravene itself, and break down its own general law, whereby the faculties of its creatures are proportioned to the circumstances in which they are placed. The frame and figure of man show him to be destined to fulfil the active, perilous, external duties of life, as opposed to the inactive, peaceful, and domestic offices, adapted to the softer and more delicate sex. It is he who must build the house, cultivate the field, barter the commodities, defend his property and his family; or, to speak of him in a more advanced state of human affairs, it is to him that the difficult and important duties of life are committed,—women are physically incapable of executing them. Man, therefore, must be endowed with the faculties which the due performance of these offices require; that is, he must be endowed with superior vigour, strength, boldness, and sagacity of mind. For, if not, there would be no congruity between the creature and its circumstances; and he would be in the same unphilosophical situation as an eagle with the soul of a dove, or lion with the spirit of a mouse. The frame of woman fits her for duties of an opposite kind, which therefore demand opposite faculties. It is superfluous to confirm what I have above, I think, demonstrated, by an appeal to general biography and experience: if any one, recurring to that test, should affirm that our superiority of genius or understanding is wholly owing to education, I would ask, how it happens that, in a period of six thousand years, there should have been no instance of a Burns, or a Bloomfield, a John Bunyan, or a John Clare, in petticoats? We find many such illiterate genuises amongst men, and very few genuises, literate or illiterate, amongst women. Even Sappho and Semiramis, or at least, their deeds, are apocryphal. Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England, Madame de Staël, and Miss Edgeworth, with a few others, are some proof that genius does not always wear a beard and a pair of breeches—but the value at which these gems are esteemed amongst you indicate their scarcity. Moreover, to make assurance treble sure, I may as well add,—that you are avowedly inimical to the exhibition of the greater passions, to

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their delineation, and to their fictitious exercise, by the poet, the orator, or the imaginator; whilst it is in the development of these greater passions, and the transient assumption of them by the poet, or imaginator, that genius ascends to its highest point of sublimity. In fact, you *dare not* be great imaginators, you are *afraid* to be creatures of genius. Are the dagger and the bowl dear to your thoughts? Are the demons of jealousy, hatred, anger, revenge, scorn, and impious ambition, the companions of your meditative hours? No:—then pretend not to genius. A powerful imagination and a soaring fancy delight in pictures of horror, agony, madness, guilt, and transcendent woe; these inspire you with fear and aversion. Genius is ever dipt in visionary blood: the groans of midnight murder, the supplication, the shriek of perishing mortality, are music upon which the ear of a true poet, in his waking dreams, feeds with horrid pleasure: the imaginary bowl from which he drinks his most potent draughts of inspiration is stained with gore, and is mingled of death-sweat and bitter-scalding tears. He revels, he riots, in scenes of anguish, cruelty, darkness, death, and despair: Hell is the poet's heaven: tragedy, deep and dreadful, is the gloomy amusement of his soul. *You* turn away in sickness and affright from such contemplations; you tremble at the voice of the mightier Muse, after having invoked her, and the spirit which she would breathe into your feebly-ambitious bosoms suffocates you whilst you inhale it. How then can you pretend to equal energy, vigour, power, or (as I may call it) ferocity of mind, with us, when you disclaim and deprecate all intercourse with those passions, in the delineation of which alone energy, vigour, and power of mind are supremely displayed? You shut your eyes upon the play of the deadly passions, exhibited by the poets of our sex, and yet you pretend to those qualities of mind which are most congenial to such passions, which taught us to delineate them, and which would teach you (did you possess them) to enjoy the delineation.

I take it then, as completely established:—1st by the necessary economy of Providence, which adapts the faculties of its creatures to their circumstances, giving to men the more strenuous powers of mind, as, by the structure of their bodies, they are engaged in the more arduous offices of life:*—2d, by the evidence of general biography and experience, which not only afford no instance of a female Homer or Milton, whose superiority may be attributed to education, but which cannot adduce one woman who

* Even on the supposition of mental equality between the two sexes, at first setting out from infancy, it is plain, that the stronger-bodied sex, being therefore engaged in the more important line of actions, must eventually acquire stronger powers of mind, and that our intellectual superiority over the weaker-bodied sex is as firmly established, from the same premise of corporeal structure, as it was before, on the hypothesis of faculties being the immediate gift of Providence itself.

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has raised herself above the common standard of the world, for every hundred thousand men who have sprung up from the lowest and most ignorant classes of society, by the mere force of natural abilities:—3d, by the peculiar disposition of the female mind (a peculiarity, manifest to observation, and evinced, theoretically, from such peculiar disposition of mind being necessarily congruous to such a peculiar form of body,) a disposition which abjures even the poetic assumption or display of the greater passions, the fruit of the grander energies of the soul, and withdraws for relief from the terrible and sublime to themes more congenial, a love-tale, a narrative of domestic sorrow, a pathetic story, or a scene of gentle wo: I say, I take it as completely established by any one of these arguments, and *à fortiori* by all three, that women, as intellectual creatures, are inferior to men, in power of thought and energy of mind. Nay, even where we cannot use these terms with propriety, even in the "common cry" of society, I think those qualities of of mind in which energy or vigour make a part, such as judgment, penetration, subtilty, are chiefly visible in our sex: or to come more nearly to the subject I set out with, I think, the conversation even of ordinary men superior to that of women in sense and solidity. * * * Sense and solidity characterise (not the general conversation of our sex, for these qualities are seldom to be met with any where, but) the conversation of our sex as opposed to that of yours. Yet I say also, that your general conversation is not inferior to ours. How is this apparent contradiction to be reconciled? Why, by the production of other qualities, which counterbalance in your conversation the weight of ours. And what are these?—delicacy and feeling. Now mark!—for I will not sacrifice one particle of truth (at least, of what I conceive to be the truth,) to false gallantry; I will not, for the sake of being installed the Champion of the Fair Sex, surrender one atom of our just prerogative. Mark then: when I attribute to your sex a greater share of delicacy of thought and feeling, I am to be understood as speaking merely of society in general, of men and women as they come before us promiscuously in our long walk through the world. For even in these qualities, you are surpassed by the master-spirits of our sex. The elegant soul of Virgil and the exquisite sensibility of Shakspeare, have left you models, which the very best poets of your sex (who are all soul and sensibility) cannot even copy. And this, because it requires the highest degree of intellectual strength to be supremely refined, the most exalted imagination to be acutely sensitive; enthusiasm that can enter passionately and deeply into the intensities of feeling, judgment which can exactly determine the limit between delicacy and effeminacy, so as not to overpass it. But in judgment and enthusiastic ardour of mind, the best of your sex are not on a par with the best of ours; therefore neither in delicacy nor feeling.* * * *

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But your constitutional delicacy of mind, the fineness of the strings which vibrate in woman's heart, endue your conversation, generally, with a grace, a sweetness, and a sensibility, which our coarser nature and fiercer disposition are unacquainted withal. The very gracility of the female figure bespeaks correspondent delicacy of mind; for it would be absurd to endue a being with rugged tastes, or vehement inclinations, whose bodily structure prohibited their indulgence and exercise. A woman's form is the metaphor of her mind; weak, elegant, beautiful, but not sublime. Thus, inversely, of men. And now do you understand my creed? and are you still infidels therein? Is it not reasonable and liberal? Is it not borne out on the back of experience, and supported on the shoulders of argument and demonstration? Right or wrong, however; flimsy or firm; pregnable or impregnable; in a word, true or untrue,—it is *true to me*.

This, then, is the reason why I had rather spend an hour in the proximity of a petticoat, than an eternity confronted in bearded dialogue with Plato himself. Not if the lady were old or ugly, somebody will say. To which I reply, that if I entered upon a roomful of ladies, I certainly should not scramble for a double chin or a nut-cracker nose; I most unquestionably should not pitch, with malice prepense, on a preserved virgin, nor make a dead set at a dowager, as bulky and gray, as tressy and tottersome, as the tower of Riversdale Abbey: my excursions over the carpet would converge, I suppose, unconsciously to myself, towards some "Cynosure," some young-eyed, fresh-breathing nymph, who sifted her words through a double gate of pearls, and transfused her ideas into my mind through my eyes as well as my ears. This I am not Stoic (i. e. hypocrite) enough to deny. Beauty bespeaks a favourable audience, though discretion and good sense can alone command our applause. It costs even the most palpable fool, male or female, some trouble of the tongue, to undo the prepossession in his or her favour, which a noble or beautiful presence may have created in our bosoms. But, independent of all such considerations, to me there is a softness, a purity, and a tenderness of feeling, in the general converse of women, which equalizes it fully with the general converse of my own sex. Thoughts and expressions moulded by the understanding and lips of your sex, if less profound, less strenuous, than those we use, are, on a general review of both species, proportionately more refined, more elegant. And in respect of feeling, there is a lyre still strung in every woman's breast, whose cords are ever ready to tremble at every breath of wo. Let but the voice of sorrow strike upon her ear, and immediately the little-air drawn lyre re-echoes in murmurs of pity from her heart.

To sum up my opinions on this point, and to give a general estimate of what I conceive to be the conversational characteristics of both sexes: In the first place, you frequently meet with men

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who really do not possess mental energy sufficient, to enable them to propagate articulative motion from the spirits to the organ of loquacity; their tongues lie in their mouths, because they may as well lie there as out of them, and except for the purposes of deglutition, seem to enjoy a complete sinecure in their bodily system. Now you seldom meet with a woman, who cannot *talk*, at all events. She is seldom in such a state of mental stupor, seldom so immersed in thoughtless abstraction, but that she can at least exercise that act of mind which consists in adapting the motions of the tongue to the formation of audible, though perhaps unintelligible sounds and sentences. When you speak to a woman, she seldom looks you full in the face, with a glazed eye and an open mouth, as if wondering what a-vengeance you were grimacing at. I myself am acquainted with a Fellow of College, who has to stop and recollect himself, brush up his wits and shake his ears for a minute or two, before he can set the machinery of his clapper a-going, so as to answer the plain question, How d'ye do, by the simple reply, very well, I thank ye. So that, with regard to ordinary every-day society, that class which comprises all human creatures who enjoy various degrees of reason, from absolute simplicity up to common sense, in a word, with respect to the great bulk of the rational world, I think your sex is decidedly superior to ours. Every lady can speak upon general topics, with a sufficient degree of quickness and propriety; men of the same class of the community, are, for the most part, altogether disagreeable, despicable, and insufferable. Women are very often silly, but they are seldom utter fools; men are very often idiots, and very seldom better than silly. Secondly: if we ascend one step higher, to what may be called the middle rank of intelligent beings, here I think the sexes are about on an equality; if sense and solidity be for the most part on our side, delicacy and feeling are to be met with chiefly in you. Perhaps, in conversation, the latter qualities are more effective than the former; they produce more instantaneous pleasure, and communicate more electric gratification, they are in themselves more pleasurable and grateful qualities, than their antagonists, if not so exalted in kind. Hence it is, from these positive charms of mind, and not from the absence of faculties that might rival ours, from these intellectual beauties in your conversation, independent of the physical beauties of your outward form, —hence it is, I say, that your society is preferable to that of men in general. But when we ascend, lastly, into the sphere of genius, into the society of transcendant wit, imagination, the sublime, and the greatly wise—we quit, that moment, the society of women.

These are my opinions, on the comparative pretensions of your sex, with respect to mind. I do not know how your friend Miss Hanley will be satisfied them. She and I had a fierce argument upon the subject, a few days before I quitted Riversdale, and my fair foe most strenuously contended that her sex was by no means

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inferior to ours in power, vigour, and energy of mind. She would not be satisfied with the concession of mere fortitude, that patient, passive quality, whose strength consists in *suffering*; nothing less than positive energy, the active qualification whose strength consists in *doing*, would fill up the measure of her ambition. The former and less obtrusive species of mental strength, I should have granted with the most liberal indulgence to her sex, for I think they possess it without my investiture; but the latter, the vigour which overleaps the common limits of thought, makes inroads upon the realms of genius, and returns with the glorious fruits of its transgressions, the fearless spirit which plunges at once into the obscure profound, the deepmost abyss of hidden knowledge, and brings up truth by the locks,—this species of mental strength, whether imaginative or ratiocinative, I think is incompatible with the constitution of your frame, the disposition of your mind, the duties of your station, and the habits of your life.

RICHARD CHATTERTON.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF WESLEY.*

[The following article, on one of Mr. Southey's productions, is from *Blackwood's Magazine*. We have taken the liberty of omitting one expression and altering another, because, whatever English critics and English travellers may say to the contrary, American readers do not tolerate such language as we too frequently find in the foreign journals. The ensuing essay can scarcely be called a review of the *Life of Wesley*; but it contains some piquant remarks on the genius and character of the Poet Laureate which will amuse the reader.]

THE worthy Laureate is one of those men of distinguished talents and industry, who have not attained to the praise or the influence of intellectual greatness, only because they have been so unfortunate as to come too late into the world. Had Southey flourished forty or fifty years ago, and written half as well as he has written in our time, he might have ranked *nem. con.* with the first of modern critics, of modern historians, perhaps even of modern poets. The warmth of his feelings and the flow of his style would have enabled him to throw all the prosers of that day into the shade—His extensive erudition would have won him the veneration of an age in which erudition was venerable—His imaginative power would have lifted him like an eagle over the versifiers who then amused the public with their feeble echoes of the wit, the sense, and the numbers of Pope. He could not have been the

* The Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism, by Robert Southey, Esq. 2 vols. London. Longman and Co. 1820.

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Man of the Age; but, taking all his manifold excellencies and qualifications into account, he must have been most assuredly *Somebody*, and a great deal more than somebody.

How different is his actual case! As a poet, as an author of imaginative works in general, how small is the space he covers, how little is he talked or thought of! The established Church of Poetry will hear of nobody but Scott, Byron, Campbell: and the Lake Methodists themselves will scarcely permit him to be called a burning and a shining light in the same day with their Wordsworth—even their Coleridge. In point of fact, he himself is now the only man who ever alludes to Southey's poems. We can suppose youngish readers starting when they come upon some note of his in the Quarterly, or in these new books of history, referring to "*the* Madoc," or "*the* Joan," as to something universally known and familiar. As to criticism and politics of the day, he is but one of the Quarterly reviewers, and scarcely one of the most influential of them. He puts forth essays half antiquarianism, half prosing, with now and then a dash of a sweet enough sort of literary mysticism in them—and more frequently a display of pompous self-complacent simplicity, enough to call a smile into the most iron physiognomy that ever grinned. But these lucubrations produce no effect upon the spirit of the time. A man would as soon take his opinions from his grandmother as from the Doctor. The whole thing looks as if it were made on purpose to be read to some antediluvian village club—The fat parson—the solemn leech—the gaping schoolmaster, and three or four simpering Tabbies. There is nothing in common to him and the people of this world. We love him—we respect him—we admire his diligence, his acquisitions, his excellent manner of keeping his notebooks—If he were in orders, and one had an advowson to dispose of, one could not but think of him. But good, honest, worthy man, only to hear him telling us his opinion of Napoleon Buonaparte!—and then the quotations from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Landor, Withers, old Fuller, and all the rest of his favourites—and the little wise-looking maxims, every one of them as old as the back of Skiddaw—and the delicate little gleams of pathos—and the little family-stories and allusions—and all the little parentheses of exultation—well, we really wonder after all, that the Laureate is not more popular.

The first time Mr. Southey attempted regular historical composition he succeeded admirably. His Life of Nelson is truly a masterpiece;—a brief—animated—glowing—straight forward—manly English work, in two volumes duodecimo. That book will be read three hundred years hence by every boy that is nursed on English ground.—All his bulky historical works are, comparatively speaking, failures. His History of Brazil is the most unreadable production of our time. Two or three elephant quartos about a single Portuguese colony! Every little colonel, captain, bishop,

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friar, discussed at as much length as if they were so many Cromwells or Loyolas—and why?—just for this one simple reason, that Dr. Southey is an excellent Portuguese scholar, and has an excellent Portuguese library. The whole affair breathes of one sentiment, and but one—Behold, O British Public! what a fine thing it is to understand this tongue—fall down and worship me! I am a member of the Lisbon Academy, and yet I was born in Bristol, and am now living at Keswick.

This inordinate vanity is an admirable condiment in a small work, and when the subject is really possessed of a strong interest. It makes one read with more earnestness of attention and sympathy. But carried to this height, and exhibited in such a book as this, it is utter nonsense. It is carrying the joke a great deal too far.—People do at last, however good-natured, get weary of seeing a respectable man *walking* his hobby-horse.

Melancholy to say, the History of the Peninsula War is, in spite of an intensely interesting theme, and copious materials of real value, little better than another Caucasus of lumber, after all. If the campaigns of Buonaparte were written in the same style, they would make a book in thirty or forty quarto volumes, of 700 pages each. He is overlaying the thing completely—he is smothering the Duke of Wellington. The underwood has increased, is increasing, and ought without delay to be smashed. Do we want to hear the legendary history of every Catholic saint, who happens to have been buried or worshipped near the scene of some of General Hill's skirmishes? What have we to do with all these old twelfth century miracles and visions, in the midst of a history of Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his British army? Does the Doctor mean to write his Grace's Indian campaigns in the same style, and to make them the pin whereon to hang all the wreck and rubbish of his commonplace book for Kehama, as he has here done with the odds and ends that he could not get stuffed into the notes on Roderick and My Cid? Southey should have lived in the days of 2000 page folios, triple columns, and double indexes—He would then have been set to a *corpus* of something at once, and been happy for life. Never surely was such a mistake as for him to make his appearance in an age of restlessly vigorous thought, disdainful originality of opinion, intolerance for long-windedness, and scorn of mountains in labour—Glaramara and Penmanmaur among the rest.

In all these greater histories, the Laureate has been much the worse for some unhappy notion he has got into his head of writing, *à la* Clarendon. Clarendon is one of the first English classics, and one of the first historical authors the world can boast; but nobody can deny that he is, nevertheless, a most prolix penman. The things that carry him through, in spite of all his prolixity, are, first, the amazing abstract interest of his subject matter; secondly, his own prodigious knowledge of human nature, and, thirdly, the

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admirable opportunities he had for applying this knowledge to the individual characters he has to treat of, in the course of a long life spent in the most important offices of the state, and during the most important series of changes that the state has ever witnessed." Now, the Doctor, to balance a caricature of the Chancellor's tediousness, brings really but a slender image of the Chancellor's qualifications. He writes not about things and persons that he has seen, and if he did, he has extremely little insight into human character, and a turn of mind altogether different from that which is necessary for either transacting or comprehending the affairs of active life. He has the prolixity—without the graphic touches, the intense knowledge, the profound individual feeling, of a writer of memoirs. He reads five or six piles of old books, and picks up a hazy enough view of some odd character there, and then he thinks he is entitled to favour us with this view of his, at the same length which we could only have pardoned from some chosen friend, and life-long familiar associate of the hero himself.

Perhaps Southey's Life of Wesley is the most remarkable instance extant, of the ridiculous extremities to which vanity of this kind can carry a man of great talents and acquirements. Who but Southey would ever have dreamt that it was possible for a man that was not a Methodist, and that had never seen John Wesley's face nor even conversed with any one of his disciples, to write two thumping volumes under the name of a Life of Wesley, without disgusting the public? For whom did he really suppose he was writing this book? Men of calm sense and rational religion, were certainly not at all likely to take their notion of the Founder of the Methodists, from any man who could really suppose that Founder's life to be worthy of occupying one thousand pages of close print. The Methodists themselves would, of course, be horrified with the very name of such a book, on such a subject, by one of the uninitiated. Probably, few of them have looked into it at all; and, most certainly, those that have done so, must have done so with continual pain, loathing, and disgust. But our friend, from the moment *he* takes up any subject, no matter what it is, seems to be quite certain, first, that that subject is the only one in the world worth writing about; and, secondly, that he is the only man who has any right to meddle with it. On he drives —ream after ream is covered with his beautiful, distinct, and print-like autograph. We have sometimes thought it possible that the very beauty of this hand-writing of his, may have been one of his chief curses. One would think, now, that writing out, in any hand, dull and long-winded quotations from Wesley's Sermons, Whitefield's Sermons, their Journals, their Magazines, &c. &c. &c., would be but poor amusement in the eyes of such a man as Southey—more especially as it must be quite obvious, that they who really think these people worthy of being studied like so

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many Julius Cæsars, will, of course, study them in their own works, and in the works of their own ardent admirers; and that, as to mankind in general, they will still say, after reading all that the Laureate has heaped together, "Did this man never read Hume's *one* chapter on the Puritan Sects?"

The truth is, that a real historian, either a Hume, or a Clarendon, or a De Retz, or a Tacitus, would have found no difficulty in concentrating all that really can be said, to any purpose, about Wesley, Zinzendorf, Whitefield, and all the rest of these people, in, at the most, fifty pages. And then the world would have read the thing and been the better for it. At present, the Methodists stick to their own absurd Lives of Wesley, and there exists no Life of him adapted for the purposes of the general reader, or composed with any reference to the ideas of any extensive body of educated men whatever.

Nevertheless, who will deny, that in these two thick volumes a great deal both of instruction and amusement is to be found? The hero being what he was, it was indeed quite impossible that this should be otherwise. And the complaint is not of the materials, nor of the manner in which the most interesting part of them is made use of, but of the wearisome mass of superfluous stuff with which the Laureate has contrived to overlay his admirable materials, and to make his fine passages the mere oases in a desert; and of that portentous garrulity, for the sake of indulging in which, he has *not* drawn the extraordinary man's character.

Wesley was, no doubt, a man of ardent piety; and, no doubt, with much evil, he has also done much good in the world. He was mad from his youth up, and vanity, and selfishness of the most extravagant sort, were at least as discernible in every important step he took in life, as any of those better motives, the existence of which it is impossible to deny. His father was a most reverend, holy, devout, and affectionate old clergyman, who educated a large family upon a very slender income, and spent his whole strength in the spiritual labours of a poor parish, full of ignorant and rude people. When he found himself near death, he saw his wife and a number of daughters likely to be left destitute. He had influence, as he thought, to get his living for his son John; and he called upon him to say that he would take it when he should be no more, and give his mother and sisters a right to keep their home. John Wesley, then in holy orders, and residing at Oxford, said, *his spiritual interests* were incompatible with his acceptance of his father's benefice, and he allowed the old man to die without comfort, and left his other parent and sisters to face the world as they might.

John Wesley, in America, flirted with a fine lass, a Miss Causton, and offered her marriage; suspecting, however, that she was not sufficiently religious for him, he consulted a committee of six Moravian elders, whether he should, or should not, marry her, as

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he had told her he would do. They deciding in the negative, by the truly Christian method of casting lots, he drew back. Miss Causton married another man. Mr. Wesley upon this commenced a long series of priestly admonitions and inquisitions, and at length, when she was some months gone with child, the jealous, envious Monk refused her admission to the sacramental table; the consequence of which was a miscarriage, and the great danger of her life.

This was the behaviour of Wesley to his father and his mistress. What wonder that such a man saw no evil in creating a scism in the church? He always determined what he was to do when in any difficulty, by opening the Bible, and obeying what he conceived to be the meaning of the first text his eye fell on. But we have no intention to go into the details of his life and character here.

The remainder of this article consists of quotations, relating to Whitefield, the rival of Wesley, and Haimes, one of his disciples.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

From *Southey's* Life of Wesley.

George Whitefield was born at the Bell Inn, in the city of Gloucester, at the close of the year 1714. He describes himself as froward from his mother's womb; so brutish as to hate instruction; stealing from his mother's pocket, and frequently appropriating to his own use the money that he took in the house. 'If I trace myself,' he says, 'from my cradle to my manhood, I can see nothing in me but a fitness to be damned; and if the Almighty had not prevented me by his grace, I had now either been sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, or condemned, as the due reward of my crimes, to be forever, lifting up my eyes in torments.' Yet Whitefield could recollect early movings of the heart, which satisfied him in afterlife, that 'God loved him with an everlasting love, and had separated him even from his mother's womb, for the work to which he afterwards was pleased to call him.' He had a devout disposition, and a tender heart. When he was about ten years old, his mother made a second marriage; it proved an unhappy one. During the affliction to which this led, his brother used to read aloud Bishop Ken's Manual for Winchester Scholars. This book affected George Whitefield greatly; and when the corporation, at their annual visitation of St. Mary de Crypt's school, where he was educated, gave him, according to custom, money for the speeches which he was chosen to deliver, he purchased the book, and found it, he says, of great benefit to his soul.

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Whitefield's talents for elocution, which made him afterwards so great a performer in the pulpit, were at this time in some danger of receiving a theatrical direction. The boys at the grammar school were fond of acting plays: the master, 'seeing how their vein ran,' encouraged it, and composed a dramatic piece himself, which they represented before the corporation, and in which Whitefield enacted a woman's part, and appeared in girl's clothes. The remembrance of this, he says, had often covered him with confusion of face, and he hoped it would do so even to the end of his life! Before he was fifteen, he persuaded his mother to take him from school, saying, that she could not place him at the university, and more learning would only spoil him for a tradesman. Her own circumstances, indeed, were by this time so much on the decline, that his menial services were required: he began occasionally to assist her in the public-house, till at length he 'put on his blue apron and his snuffers,* washed mops, cleaned rooms, and became a professed and common drawer.' In the little leisure which such employments allowed, this strange boy composed two or three sermons; and the romances, which had been his heart's delight, gave place for a while to Thoms à Kempis.

When he had been about a year in this servile occupation, the inn was made over to a married brother, and George, being accustomed to the house, continued there as an assistant; but he could not agree with his sister-in-law, and after much uneasiness gave up the situation. His mother, though her means were scanty, permitted him to have a bed upon the ground in her house, and live with her, till Providence should point out a place for him. The way was soon indicated. A servitor at Pembroke College called upon his mother, and in the course of conversation told her, that after all his college expenses for that quarter were discharged, he had received a penny. She immediately cried out this will do for my son; and turning to him said, Will you go to Oxford, George? Happening to have the same friends as this young man, she waited on them without delay; they promised their interest to obtain a servitor's place in the same college, and in reliance upon this George returned to the grammar school. Here he applied closely to his books, and shaking off, by the strong effort of a religious mind, all evil and idle courses, produced, by the influence of his talents and example, some reformation among his schoolfellows. He attended public service constantly, received the sacrament monthly, fasted often, and prayed often, more than twice a day in private. At the age of eighteen he was removed to Oxford; the recommendation of his friends was successful; another

* So the word is printed in his own account of his life; it seems to mean the sleeves which are worn by cleanly men in dirty employments, and may possibly be a misprint for *scoggers*, as such sleeves are called in some parts of England.

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friend borrowed for him ten pounds, to defray the expense of entering; and with a good fortune beyond his hopes, he was admitted servitor immediately.

Servitorships are more in the spirit of a Roman Catholic than of an English establishment. Among the Catholics, religious poverty is made respectable, because it is accounted a virtue; and humiliation is an essential part of monastic discipline. But in our state of things, it cannot be wise to brand men with the mark of inferiority; the line is already broad enough. Oxford would do well if, in this respect, it imitated Cambridge, abolished an invidious distinction of dress, and dispensed with services which, even when they are not mortifying to those who perform them, are painful to those to whom they are performed. Whitefield found the advantage of having been used to a public house; many who could choose their servitor preferred him, because of his diligent and alert attendance; and thus, by help of the profits of the place, and some little presents made him by a kind-hearted tutor, he was enabled to live without being beholden to his relations for more than four-and-twenty pounds, in the course of three years. Little as this is, it shows, when compared with the ways and means of the elder Wesley at College, that half a century had greatly enhanced the expenses of Oxford. At first he was rendered uncomfortable by the society into which he was thrown; he had several chamber-fellows, who would fain have made him join them in their riotous mode of life; and as he could only escape from their persecutions by sitting alone in his study, he was sometimes benumbed with cold; but when they perceived the strength as well as the singularity of his character, they suffered him to take his own way in peace.

Before Whitefield went to Oxford, he had heard of the young men there who 'lived by rule and method,' and were therefore called Methodists. They were now much talked of, and generally despised. He, however, was drawn towards them by kindred feelings, defended them strenuously when he heard them reviled, and when he saw them go through a ridiculing crowd to receive the sacrament at St. Mary's, was strongly inclined to follow their example. For more than a year he yearned to be acquainted with them; and it seems that the sense of his inferior condition kept him back. At length the great object of his desires was effected. A pauper had attempted suicide, and Whitefield sent a poor woman to inform Charles Wesley that he might visit the person, and minister spiritual medicine; the messenger was charged not to say who sent her; contrary to these orders, she told his name, and Charles Wesley, who had seen him frequently walking by himself, and heard something of his character, invited him to breakfast the next morning. An introduction to this little fellowship soon followed; and he also, like them, 'began to live by rule, and

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to pick up the very fragments of his time, that not a moment of it might be lost.'"

The following is Southey's account of Whitefield's qualifications as an orator when he first began preaching:—

"The man who produced this extraordinary effect, had many natural advantages. He was something above the middle stature, well-proportioned, though at that time slender, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion, was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue colour: in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more rememberable, than any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass, and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator. An ignorant man described his eloquence oddly but strikingly, when he said, that Mr. Whitefield preached like a lion. So strange a comparison conveyed no unapt a notion of the force, and vehemence, and passion of that oratory which awed the hearers, and made them tremble like Felix before the apostle. For believing himself to be the messenger of God, commissioned to call sinners to repentance, he spoke as one conscious of his high credentials, with authority and power; yet in all his discourses there was a fervent and melting charity—an earnestness of persuasion—an out-poring of redundant love, partaking the virtue of that faith from which it flowed, inasmuch as it seemed to enter the heart which it pierced, and to heal it as with balm."

Of his maturer powers, he thus collects the testimony of the most unquestionable witnesses.

"Dr. Franklin has justly observed, that it would have been fortunate for his reputation if he had left no written works; his talents would then have been estimated by the effect which they are known to have produced; for, on this point, there is the evidence of witnesses whose credibility cannot be disputed. Whitefield's writings, of every kind, are certainly below mediocrity. They afford the measure of his knowledge and of his intellect, but not of his genius as a preacher. His printed sermons, instead of being, as is usual, the most elaborate and finished discourses of their author, have indeed the disadvantage of being precisely those upon which the least care had been bestowed. This may be easily explained.

"'By hearing him often,' says Franklin, 'I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed, and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned, and well placed, that, without being interested in the sub-

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ject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse—a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music. This is an advantage itinerant preachers have over those who are stationary, as the latter cannot well improve their delivery of a sermon by so many rehearsals.' It was a great advantage, but it was not the only one, nor the greatest, which he derived from repeating his discourses, and reciting instead of reading them. Had they been delivered from a written copy, one delivery would have been like the last; the paper would have operated like a spell, from which he could not depart—invention sleeping while the utterance followed the eye. But when he had nothing before him except the audience whom he was addressing, the judgment and the imagination, as well as the memory, were called forth. Those parts were omitted which had been felt to come feebly from the tongue, and fall heavily upon the ear, and their place was supplied by matter newly laid in in the course of his studies, or fresh from the feeling of the moment. They who lived with him could trace him in his sermons to the book which he had last been reading, or the subject which had recently taken his attention. But the salient points of his oratory were not prepared passages—they were bursts of passion, like jets from a Geyser, when the spring is in full play.

"The theatrical talent which he displayed in boyhood, manifested itself strongly in his oratory. When he was about to preach, whether it was from a pulpit, or a table in the streets, or a rising ground, he appeared with a solemnity of manner, and an anxious expression of countenance, that seemed to show how deeply he was possessed with a sense of the importance of what he was about to say. His elocution was perfect. They who heard him most frequently could not remember that he ever stumbled at a word, or hesitated for want of one. He never faultered, unless when the feeling to which he had wrought himself overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears. Sometimes he would appear to lose all self-command, and weep exceedingly, and stamp loudly and passionately; and sometimes the emotion of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension even for his life. And, indeed, it is said, that the effect of this vehemence upon his bodily frame was tremendous; that he usually vomited after he had preached, and sometimes discharged in this manner, a considerable quantity of blood. But this was when the effort was over, and nature was left at leisure to relieve herself. While he was on duty, he controlled all sense of infirmity or pain, and made his advantage of the passion to which he had given way. 'You blame me for weeping,' he would say, 'but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction, and, for aught I know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you!'

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"Sometimes he would set before his congregation the agony of our Saviour, as though the scene was actually before them. 'Look yonder!' he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing while he spake, 'what is it that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark! do you not hear?—O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!' This he introduced frequently in his sermons; and one who lived with him says, the effect was not destroyed by repetition; even to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if they had never heard it before. In this respect it was like fine stage acting; and, indeed, Whitefield indulged in an histrionic manner of preaching, which would have been offensive if it had not been rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable power. Sometimes, at the close of a sermon, he would personate a judge about to perform the last awful part of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech faulter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would say, 'I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it: I must pronounce sentence upon you!' and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' When he spoke of St. Peter, how, after the cock crew, he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face.

"Perfect as it was, histrionism like this would have produced no lasting effect upon the mind, had it not been for the unaffected earnestness and the indubitable sincerity of the preacher, which equally characterized his manner, whether he rose to the height of passion in his discourse, or won the attention of the motley crowd by the introduction of familiar stories, and illustrations adapted to the meanest capacity.* To such digressions his disposition led him, which was naturally inclined to a comic playfulness. Minds of a certain power will sometimes express their strongest feelings with a levity at which formalists are shocked, and which dull men are wholly unable to understand. But language which, when coldly repeated, might seem to border upon irreverence and burlesque, has its effect in popular preaching, when the intention of the speaker is perfectly understood: it is

* Wesley says of him, in his journal, "How wise is God in giving different talents to different preachers! Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner, were a means of profiting many who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse, or a more calm and regular manner of speaking." St. Augustine somewhere says, that is the best key which opens the door: *quid enim prodest clavis aurea si aperire quod volumus non potest? aut quod obest lignea, si hoc potest, quando nihil quærimus nisi patere quod clausum est?*

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suited to the great mass of the people; it is felt by them when better things would have produced no impression; and it is borne away when wiser arguments would have been forgotten. There was another and more uncommon way in which Whitefield's peculiar talent sometimes was indulged; he could direct his discourse toward an individual so skilfully, that the congregation had no suspicion of any particular purport in that part of the sermon; while the person at whom it was aimed felt it, as it was directed, in its full force. There was sometimes a degree of sportiveness* almost akin to mischief in his humour.

"Remarkable instances are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. A man at Exeter stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand, ready to throw at him; but he dropped it before the sermon was far advanced, and going up to him after the preaching was over, he said, 'Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart.' A ship-builder was once asked what he thought of him. 'Think!' he replied, 'I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield, I could not lay a single plank.' Hume† pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard; and said, it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. But, perhaps, the greatest proof of his persuasive powers was, when he

* Mr. Winter relates a curious anecdote of his preaching at a maid-servant who had displeased him by some negligence in the morning. "In the evening," says the writer, "before the family retired to rest, I found her under great dejection, the reason of which I did not apprehend; for it did not strike me that, in exemplifying a conduct inconsistent with the Christian's professed fidelity to his Redeemer, he was drawing it from remissness of duty in a living character: but she felt it so sensibly, as to be greatly distressed by it, until he relieved her mind by his usually amiable deportment. The next day, being about to leave town, he called out to her 'Farewell:' she did not make her appearance, which he remarked to a female friend at dinner, who replied, 'Sir, you have exceedingly wounded poor Betty.' This excited in him a hearty laugh; and when I shut the coach door upon him, he said, 'Be sure to remember me to Betty; tell her the account is settled, and that I have nothing more against her.'"

† One of his flights of oratory, not in the best taste, is related on Hume's authority. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addresses his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to Heaven; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways!' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!'" Hume said this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing he ever saw or heard in any other preacher.

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drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give: it was for the orphan-house at Savannah. 'I did not,' says the American philosopher, 'disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened, soon after, to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold* and all.' "

We suspect that, after all, this man was worth Irving and Chalmers put together *in the pulpit;* and certainly the dozen or two pages Southey has devoted him, are no more than his due. Wesley might have been contented with a similar allowance.

For the Port Folio.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.†

THIS is a collection of lively and well-written tales, by an anonymous writer, who displays acuteness and sound sense, combined with the power of engaging the reader in no ordinary degree. They are faithful "*Sketches from Life,*" by an accurate observer, who does not endeavour to attract attention by meretricious ornament nor deform his canvas by absurd caricature. The incidents are of every-day occurrence; but it needs scarcely be observed, that every day presents something in the ever-shifting scenes of life,

* "At this sermon," continues Franklin, "there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home: towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely, but not now; for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.' "

† Sayings and Doings, a series of Sketches from Life. In two volumes. Philadelphia, Carey and Lea. 1824.

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not less surprising than the marvellous legends of romance. Opulence, stript of her proud pageantry, sinks into obscurity; poverty is suddenly invited to revel at the costly banquet; and the fair outside of innocence is found to conceal a corrupted mind.

The first of these tales, entitled, "*Danvers*," presents the history of Tom Burton, an attorney at law, of extremely pleasing manners, vivacious spirits, and ready wit; full of anecdote and good taste. In proportion as his society was courted and admired in consequence of these estimable qualities, his profession became disagreeable to him; and he abandoned it, at the age of eight and twenty, for an office of two thousand pounds *per annum*, which required his residence in one of the western counties of England. Here his fine qualities and his admirable talents soon made him an object of admiration among the young ladies,—while his comfortable income excited the calculating faculties of their mothers and maiden aunts. Burton's imagination, however, had conceived the *beau ideal* which might tempt him to inscribe over his portal —"here lives Benedict the *married man*."

He determined that although beauty is fading, and a lovely face loses its novelty, and consequently much of its charm by constant association with it, it was still essentially necessary that his wife should not be ugly: —"plain, but uncommonly amiable, and with such a heart,"—as one woman says, when describing another of whose attractions she stands in no awe,—did by no means come up to his notion of what was actually requisite in a partner for life. A bright sparkling eye—a look of sense—animation—a varying expression, and features which should take a different cast, when their mistress heard of the death of a child, from that which they would wear when she lost a pool at loo—an air—a manner, gentleness and grace—a lady-like figure—a feminine diffidence—an amiable softness—a total absence of affectation and an inexhaustible fund of good humour, were essentials with him; and if the union of these qualities in one woman were not discoverable, then Burton devoted himself, in his own mind, to a life of perpetual single blessedness. p. 7–8.

He resisted so many attacks upon his heart and his income that he appeared to be on the eve of perpetual celibacy, when his good fortune placed the amiable Mary Gatcombe before his eyes.

This paragon of perfection knew no language except her own. She neither played nor sang; her dancing was confined to the common English jog-trot performance of a line of men placed immediately opposite to a line of women,—the one party being employed in flirting fans, and the other in fanning flirts. She had a strong mind and particularly good sense. To her the imagery of poetry, or the language of enthusiasm, were as unintelligible as Greek or Hebrew; she had sufficient intellect to conduct herself with the strictest propriety, to judge prudentially of events in which she herself was concerned, and to decide discreetly upon every point submitted to her reason; always observing, by the way, that she seldom applied her faculties to subjects not strictly useful and conducive either to her comfort or advancement, her health or her pleasure. p. 9.

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The revenue of Burton was sufficient for his moderate desires, and his wife had the absolute control of thirty thousand pounds. They therefore began life with every thing, as the newspapers say, necessary to render the marriage state happy. An easy competency, contentment, cheerful dispositions, youth, health,—talents on one side and prudence on the other,—with all these circumstances to bless their union, can it be imagined that a single dark cloud should ever lower upon it? We have the authority of our author for asserting, and we are quite certain that every young lady who does us the honour of perusing these pages, will believe, that they were perfectly happy. "Mary thought Burton perfection; and when she read of Crichton, she would shut the book and turn with entire satisfaction to her husband, not as a living illustration of that extraordinary man's extraordinary qualities, but as a being so much his superior, as to render all the feats of the lost wonder mere child's play."

The only drawback to the general comfort which this happy couple enjoyed arose from a stiff shyness and cold distant civility on the part of the Duke of Alverstoke, whose splendid domains adjoined the more humble territory of Burton. The manner of his Grace and his family, is brought before the eye of the reader quite graphically, in an account of a dinner to which the Burtons were invited by their haughty neighbours:

Not a soul except the apothecary of the neighbouring town was there; the dinner was served up magnificently at seven o'clock; it lasted till twenty minutes after eight; the champagne needed nothing colder to chill it than the company; the daughters spoke only to their brothers, the brothers only to their parents; Burton was placed on the right of the Duchess, Kilman, the apothecary, on her left: the whole of her Grace's conversation was directed to the latter, and turned upon the nature of infection, in a dissertation on the relative dangers of typhus and scarlet fever, which was concluded by an assurance on the part of her Grace, that she would endeavour to prevail upon Doctor Somebody of London to come down and settle in the neighbourhood—a piece of information which was received by her medical hearer with as much composure as a man could muster while listening to intelligence likely to overturn his practice and ruin his family.

The Duke drank wine with Mrs. Burton, and condescended to inquire after her little one: his Grace then entered into a lengthened dissertation with his second son upon the mode of proceeding he intended to adopt in visiting Oxford the next morning; and concluded the dialogue by an elaborate panegyric upon his own character, that of his children, his horses, his wines, and his servants.

After a brief sitting, the ladies retired, and coffee being shortly brought to the dinner table, the gentlemen proceeded to the drawing room, which they found occupied only by her Grace and Mrs. Burton: the Lady Elizabeth having retired with a head-ach, and the Lady Jane having accompanied her as nurse.

About this period a small French clock on the chimney-piece struck ten: never were sounds so silvery sweet on mortal ear as those to Mrs.

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Burton. Her misery had been complete; for, in addition to the simple horror of a *tete à tete* with the Duchess—a thing in itself sufficient to have frozen a salamander, her Grace had selected as a subject for conversation the science of craniology, the name of which, thanks to her unsophistication, had never reached Mary's ears; and the puzzle she was in to make out what it was, to what body it referred, to what part of a body, or what the organs were, to which her Grace kept perpetually alluding, may better be conceived than imagined. The Duchess voted Mary a simpleton; Mary set her Grace down for a bore; and Mary, with all her simplicity, was the nearer the mark of the two. p. 14–15.

The Burtons returned to the quiet repose of home, rendered if possible more delightful by the contrast which it presented to the horrid restraint of Milford Park; and concluded a domestic chat with the agreeable resolution that they were far happier than the Duke and Duchess.

In the course of time, Mrs. Burton received a letter announcing the arrival in England of her uncle, Mr. Frumpton Danvers, —an obstinate old gentleman who contradicted every body around him; whose temper was soured by ill health, who thought that his boundless wealth, accumulated in a long life of industrious perseverance in various parts of the world, gave him a right to be as rough and as rude as he pleased,—a compound of liberality and meanness, harshness and kindness—according as he felt the influence of society or the weather.

The good feelings of Mrs. Danvers were powerfully kindled when she reflected that this was her only existing relative, that he was old, infirm, and alone in the world, and that he had sought her out and addressed to her an affectionate letter. This disposition was cordially cherished by her excellent husband, whose pleasure happily coincided with his duty in reciprocating all her sentiments. But other reflections soon followed. They could not shut their eyes to the prospects which the kindness of their kinsman opened to their view. Visions of affluence flitted around the couch of the peaceful inhabitants of Sandown Cottage, and awakened the turbulent desires of ambition.

The reply to their invitation to pay them a visit, which was transmitted by the nabob, is so characteristic, that we shall make no apology for transcribing it:

"*Ibbotson's Hotel, Kere Street,*
Cavendish Square, April—, ——.

"My Dear Niece,

"I duly received yours, dated the 5th inst. and have to acknowledge same. You might have spared your compliments, because as the proverb says, 'Old birds are not caught with chaff.' It will please me very much to go and see you and your husband: hope you have made a suitable match; at the same time cannot help observing that I never heard the name of Burton, except as relating to strong ale, which I do not drink because it makes me bilious. I cannot get to you yet, because I have promised my

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old friend General M'Cartridge to accompany him to Cheltenham, to drink the waters, which are recommended to me. I will perhaps go to you from Cheltenham the end of May, but I never promise, because I hate breaking a promise once made, and if I should find Cheltenham very pleasant, perhaps I shall not go to see you at all.

"I thank you for your attention certainly, but I hate to be under obligation; I have therefore directed my agent to send you down with great care my two adjutants, which I have brought home with vast trouble, together with the largest rattle-snake ever imported alive into England. I meant them as presents to the Royal Society, but they have no place to keep them in, and therefore I want you to take care of them, as you tell me you have space about your house.

"My kitmagear and a couple of coolies, or rather beasties, who have attended me to England, will look after them and keep them clean. The fact, that one of the adjutants is a cock, is satisfactory, and I am not without hopes of securing a breed of them to this country. I consider them a treasure, and I know by confiding them to you, I shall secure good treatment for them. You will allow the men to remain with them till further advice from your affectionate Uncle,

FRUMPTON DANVERS.

P. S "I am in hopes of being able to add two or three bucks from Cashmire to the collection."

We cannot stop to describe the dismay into which the family was thrown by the tidings of this perplexing donation; nor the confusion and mischief which was brought to the cottage, by a whole caravan of wild animals, in addition to those which were announced in the letter. But the destruction of aviaries and shrubberies was trifling in comparison with the interruption of the regular routine of their secluded life, which was occasioned by the troublesome and disgusting habits of Mr. Frumpton Danvers.

In good season, however, he dies, and the patience of his niece and the good nature of her husband, are rewarded, according to long established usage among novelists, with a fortune, far to be preferred to Dr. Johnson's "*potentiality* of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

The effect of this metamorphosis of plain Mr. Burton, with a competent income, to Mr. Burton-Danvers, heir of a wealthy India nabob, is thus described:

Four days had scarcely elapsed after his return, before he received innumerable letters from persons with whom for years he had had no intercourse, congratulating him upon his wonderful good fortune; and in less than a week he accumulated two maternal uncles, one aunt, a half-mother-in-law, and upwards of fourteen cousins in Scotland alone; he was elected a member of three learned societies, and received a communication from an university which shall be nameless, to know whether the honorary degree of D. C. L. would be agreeable to him

Various post-chaises, replete with fashionable upholsterers, milliners, dress-makers, booksellers, and wine merchants, thronged the sweep before Sandown cottage; nine capital estates were offered to him for sale, and thirty-one persons, whose names he had never heard, appealed to his

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well-known charitable disposition to relieve their wants in various degrees, from the loan of twenty pounds up to the general discharge of the embarrassments of a reverend gentleman with thirteen children.

His little, heretofore quiet, library was crowded with country gentlemen and directors of charitable institutions; those who had sons in the army solicited him to get companies for their boys, others who had chosen the navy, entreated him to get ships for their lads, nay, one man, and he no fool, high at the Bar, going the summer circuit, requested Burton's influence to lift him to the Bench.

All this, although worrying in the extreme as to the *physical* part of the thing, had, it must be confessed, a very strong effect upon Burton's mind, and from rejecting the incense and avoiding the solicitations of his would-be creatures, which he at first cordially and naturally did, he began to get in some degree accustomed to the thing, and to feel that if these aristocratic persons were so ready to cede to him the possession of influence in the world, which he knew at the moment he had not, it was quite clear if he chose really to attain it, that it was on the cards for him to do so. p. 56–57.

The first use he made of his *per-cents* was to exchange a part of them for the magnificent property of the Duke of Alverstoke; his Grace's feelings towards his neighbour having undergone so wonderful a change since the recent acquisition of fortune, that he rode from London to Sandown to offer him the preference, "on account of the personal esteem he had always entertained for him." The scanty furniture of decayed nobility was quickly made to give place to the more magnificent decorations of modern opulence. Some dozen *original* Vandykes, Titians, Rubenses, &c. were added to his Grace's collection; and Mr. Danvers was so much pleased with the gentlemanwho kindly selected for him, that he presented him with a thousand guineas as a recompense for his zeal and activity. In return for this liberality, the gentleman introduced him to one of his friends, who stored the apartments at Milford Park with the most beautiful *morceaux* of *bijouterie*, or-molu candelabras, *made expressly for Buonaparte*, ebony cabinets, &c.

When the proper season arrived, the family went up to London, where they were soon initiated in all the splendid and expensive amusements of that wonderful metropolis. Among their first visiters were the Duchess of Alverstoke, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Jane—and the morning call was followed up by a card to a dinner, which presented so striking a contrast to that which has been arleady described, that we shall extract two or three passages, for the edification of those of our readers who are playing off every manœuvre to get into "*the first circle*."

The Duke's dinner was splendid in the extreme; but the company, instead of being confined to a family party, aided by a country apothecary, as it was on the last visit of our hero and heroine, consisted of two cabinet ministers and their ladies, a leash of earls, a countess and two daughters, one English baron, two Irish ditto, a judge and daughter, a full general;

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together with a small selection of younger scions of noble stock, in and out of Parliament, and a couple of established wits to entertain the company.

The poor, dear, mild, innocent Mary, felt oppressed, as if she were all flattened down upon her chair, and had no right to be in the room, and when the Earl of Harrogate, who sat next her at dinner, asked her by way of starting a conversation, whether she preferred Ronzi di Begnis to Camporese, her apprehension grew into perfect alarm, for never having heard of either of the personages or things, whichever they might be, which his Lordship named, it appeared to her somewhat difficult to decide. This, if she had been used to good society, would have been nothing. As it was, her answer was less happy than might be imagined; for the question having been put to her in the midst of a prevailing discussion between the Duke and a flighty Countess, upon the comparative merits of Silleri and St. Peray, the unsophisticated woman concluded that her neighbour wished to ascertain her opinion of some other wines, with the names of which she happened to be unacquainted, and in order to do what she thought right, she replied to his inquiry on the comparative excellence of the two opera-singers, by saying, "Whichever you choose, my Lord!"

His Lordship set Mrs. Danvers down either for a wag, or one of the most complying persons upon earth. However, he determined to renew the attack, and ascertain more of the character of his fair friend, and therefore, turning again to her, inquired if she "liked the Opera?"

This question, which passed with her for changing the subject, was a great relief. She answered in the affirmative; and it was truth that she *did* like it, for its novelty, having visited the King's Theatre but twice in her life.

"So do I," said the Earl; "but I am seldom able *to make it out*."

"Nor I," said poor Mrs. Danvers; "and it is certainly a great drawback to one's pleasure."

"What, Ma'am, not going?" said the Earl, still fancying his fair friend a wag.

"No, my Lord; not understanding what they say; not being able *to make it out*."

"Oh," said his Lordship with an affected gravity, which showed that he had *made her out*, and which would have been instant death to a person more skilled in the ways of the world.

From this embarrasment she was agreeably relieved by her left-hand neighbour, who began a dissertation upon the relative wit of the French and English, and contended with much force and gaiety for the superiority of the former.

"For instance," said his Lordship, "I remember a French loyalist showing me the statue of Buonaparte resting on a triumphal car, in the Place de Carousel: but hating the man, he pointed to the figure, and said with incomparable archness, 'Voilà Bonaparte, *le Char l' attend!*' The same man, on my remarking the letter N used as a decoration for the public buildings in Paris, said, 'Oui, Monsieur; nous avons à présent les *N-mis partout!*' "These," added the gay narrator, "I establish in opposition to any English puns I ever heard; and I appeal to my neighbour Mrs. Danvers to decide between the jokes of my admirable friends (the wits) at the bottom of the table, and those which my French acquaintance sported to me spontaneously, and without effort or consideration."

This was the climax of poor Mary's misery; for, in addition to the diffidence she naturally felt at her first entrance into *real* society, she labour-

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ed under the disadvantage of not knowing the French language, or, if knowing any thing of it, assuredly not enough to decide upon, or even entirely to comprehend, the double meaning of the jests.

She coloured, and fidgetted, and thought herself fainting. Burton, who sat opposite to her, heard what was going on, and saw her agitation,—he was quite as miserable as herself. Any attempt to extricate her would have risked an exposure: but, as good fortune would have it, just as Mr. Trash was puzzling his brains either to make an extempore joke or exert his available memory by quoting one from the well-known authority of Mr. Joseph Miller, the Duchess, who had no taste for the buffoonery of her husband's retainers, gave the welcome signal of retreat to the drawing-room. p. 62–64.

Our limits do not permit us to follow this infatuated man through all the rounds of dissipation. Fortunately his eyes were opened before he was involved in utter ruin. After squandering thousands upon thousands, he was glad to save enough to purchase a cottage in Devonshire, whither he retired, with an income, greatly reduced indeed, but adequate to all the purposes of rational want. Here the health of his children, which had been sadly impaired by the luxuries of fashionable life, was restored; his own mind regained its energies, and his temper its wonted placidity. The author pays a just compliment to the sex, in portraying the character of Mary as undergoing little change from their exaltation. Undazzled by the *eclat* of the metropolis, she was still amiable, still unaffected, still inartificial—and when adverse circumstances compelled them to return to that station in life which they were so well qualified to fill, she was still the same mild, gentle, amiable and domestic wife. We need not, we presume, be more explicit, in describing the conclusion of this entertaining tale.

The *Sayings* intended to be illustrated in the *Doings* of which we have given this sketch are, that *enough is as good as a feast*—and—*too much of a good thing is good for nothing:* musty saws, to be sure, but not the less true.

Having dwelt so long on this tale, we can do no more than refer the reader to the others as equally amusing and instructive. The author is evidently no hackneyed scribe—no *tenth transmitter* of the ideas of others. He is a close observer of men; and writes with the spirit and originality of an eye-witness.—We have just learned, as the proof-sheet is passing through our hands, that this work has already reached to a third edition, in London.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CANALS.

M. Hubane de Pommeuse, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies has published a work on navigable canals (*Des Canaux Navigables*) in which he illustrates with considerable detail every thing connected with the execution of them; their first expenses, the rates of remuneration, the precautions necessary to be observ-

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ed, the formation of reservoirs, the construction of locks, inclined planes, rail-ways, &c. &c. and embracing in one general view the canals both of France and England.

The protracted war between these two countries rendered the people of both of them strangers to the progress of the works of art in each respectively; and we have no doubt, indeed, the publications every day issuing from the Paris press demonstrate,—that much astonishment has been manifested in France since the peace, on finding that, during the most arduous contest perhaps in which any nation was ever engaged, the progress of England in the mechanical arts far surpasses all former example: proving that, while they were for some time opposed almost single-handed to the united powers of Europe, they found leisure and ability to be also contending with and conquering, those obstacles which nature had opposed to the increasing activity of their commerce and commercial speculations. To effect such achievements, canals were carried from coast to coast, at one time over ridges of hills some hundred feet above the level of the seas, or rivers, with which they communicated; at others, by penetrating within them, navigable waters were conducted through the interior of the largest mountains; and at others, again, they were led over vallies which must appear insuperable obstacles to a continued stream across them, thus presenting the novel and interesting spectacle of vessels floating above vessels, and transporting with ease and expedition the productions of one district of England to another, in which they might be employed to the greatest advantage either for the purposes of agriculture or commerce, or for the formation of roads, causeways, bridges, &c. In the mean time, ports were formed where before only the smallest boats could find an entrance;—docks were constructed, capable of containing the united navies of the world;—rail-ways were made to connect one canal with another;—and machinery was constructed to supply the place of manual labour, and to operate where the latter would have been ineffectual. By these plans, mines of immense value were brought into activity, which must otherwise have remained unproductive; and the materials which they yielded were transported to places which they could not, by any other means, have ever reached. Roads before nearly impassable were also rendered of the best quality, and thus the most prompt communication was established between every part of the United Kingdoms. To all these inestimable improvements, recent years have added another not less important; viz. that of steam-boats and packets; by which communications between port and port are carried on with nearly the same degree of certainty as by land, though they before partook of all the inconstancy of the element which separates those ports from each other.

These several topics, to which we have thus briefly alluded, M. Huerne has examined and illustrated at great length, particularly

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all such as are connected with the formation of canals; in doing which he has very judiciously avoided political questions, and carefully abstained from making comparisons calculated to excite those national prejudices and animosities which are now subsiding.

With regard to the subject of Inland-Navigation, whether we consider it as exhibiting one of the proudest triumphs of art over nature, or as one of the most unquestionable means of improving the wealth and comfort of nations, it is highly interesting both to the man of science and to the political economist.

It appears from M. Huerne's work that the number of canals in the United Kingdoms is one hundred and three, of which ninety-seven are formed in England alone, not including those of which the length does not exceed five miles; five in Scotland; and only one in Ireland. The total extent of these canals for the three kingdoms is 2682 1-4 miles: *i. e.* 2471 miles of English canals, 149 3-4 miles in Scotland, and 61 1-2 miles in the Dublin and Shannon canal. The sum expended in these constructions is estimated at more than *l.*30,000,000 sterling; and, in some cases, the original shares have risen in a few years to fifteen and even twenty times their original value. In the lines of these canals, forty-eight subterraneous passages occur, the entire length of which is not known; but forty of them, whose lengths are stated, give a total development of 57,051 yards, or more than thirty-two miles. It is deserving of remark that, of the total length of the English canals (2471 miles) more than 1400 miles communicate with the grand navigable line between London and Liverpool, the length of this alone being 264 miles; and it is connected in its course with forty-five others, of which the united extent equals 1150 miles.

In speaking of the iron rail-ways, the author states, on the authority of a report dated 17th August, 1817, of the proceedings of a society for the projection of a canal between Newcastle and Carlisle, that at that time, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and within a space of twenty-one miles in length and twelve in breadth, 225 miles of iron rail-way were constructed above ground, and an equal length under ground; making the almost incredible total of 450 miles in length, within a space of less than ninety miles of superficies.

Such is the present state of the English navigable canals: not a yard of which existed before the year 1755. Till that time, the idea of canals was ridiculed as superfluous and absurd, in a country like England; enjoying, as it was said, favourable lines of coast, and provided with numerous navigable rivers. It is well known that the Duke of Bridgewater, by opposing himself to the prevailing opinions and prejudices of his country, first demonstrated the practicability and importance of such works: and to effect his purpose, on coming of age, he limited himself to a personal expenditure of *l*400. per annum; applying the remainder of his revenue to the construction of the first canal, bearing his name, and

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which forms an imperishable monument of his genius and patriotism. This work, completed in 1759, proved the practicability and advantage of the system, and laid the foundation of all that has since been effected in it, so highly to the interest, the convenience, and the reputation of the country.

Of navigable canals in France, the number is very inconsiderable, there being only six of the first order, and about twenty of inferior dimensions. These six are, the canal of Briare, completed in 1642: that of Languedoc, in 1680: that of Orleans; that of Lorgn, finished in 1723; the *Canal du Centre*, in 1791; and that of St. Quentin, 1810: the total length of which amounts only to 591, 000 metres, or 378 English miles. The secondary canals have a total length of 250 miles, making thus together only 628 miles of navigable canals, in a territory containing 26,700 square French leagues; being quadruple the surface of England, and with a population nearly three times as great.

For the Port Folio.

SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ultimate analysis of vegetable salifiable bases. Mr. Brande has lately performed the ultimate analysis of several of the native vegetable salifiable bases. Those examined were, Cinchonia, the active principle of the pale Peruvian bark, (Cinchona Lancifolia,) Quinia, obtained from the yellow bark, (Cinchona Cordifolia,) and Morphia, the pareotic principle of Opium. These substances, when exposed to the action of a red heat, are decomposed with nearly similar phenomena; ammonia being produced in abundance, some prussic acid, as is indicated by the odour, and an oily matter, resembling naphtha in smell; while an abundant charcoal remains. These products are singular, on account of their being the usual ones of animal and not of vegetable matter.

Mr. Brande has obtained a curious and unexpected result in his ultimate analysis of cinchonia. Messrs. Pelletier and Caventou, its discoverers, reported it to be a compound of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, and to be deficient in azote. Mr. Brande, on the other hand, finds it composed of hydrogen, carbon, and azote, oxygen being entirely absent. This he proves most satisfactorily, by the fact, that potassium has no action on it. Quinia and Morphia were also analysed, and found to be, as heretofore considered, quaternary compounds of carbon, azote, hydrogen, and oxygen.

Free acid of the stomach. Dr. Prout, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society of London in December last, considers, from his experiments, that the free acid which exists in the stomach,

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and which is frequently thrown up in indigestion, is the muriatic acid.

Microscopical observations on the animalcules which cause the disease, in wheat, called Ear-cockles. Mr. Bauer has given an interesting paper on these animalcules, which appear in the field of the microscope as minute worms in lively motion, upon putting the white globular matter included by the diseased grains, into water. When the water dries, they become stiff and motionless, but grow lively again, even after an interval of six years, upon being re-moistened.

New kind of white copper. A peculiar kind of white copper has been manufactured for some time past, at Suhl in Germany, which is remarkable for its strong resemblance to silver, not being liable to tarnish, and giving a trace on the touch stone similar to that occasioned by silver. Being usefully applied to several purposes, such as the mounting of guns, the manufacture of spurs, &c. it became matter of interest to ascertain its source and composition. From a report made to the Society of Natural History, of Suhl, by Messrs. Muller and Keferstein, it appears that this species of white copper is obtained from the slags, (the produce of deserted copper works,) which were neglected by the smelters as of no value. The district which furnishes the alloy is very limited, and the source of it already nearly exhausted; so that, unless it should be found in new districts, or a natural ore be discovered capable of furnishing it, this useful compound, must cease to be an article of commerce. Its composition is stated by Mr. Brande to be essentially copper and nickel, in the proportions nearly of 9 of the former to 90 of the latter. No arsenic being present, it differs entirely from the alloy of copper and arsenic, also sometimes called white copper. The real white copper of the Chinese, called pakfong, is, however, essentially the same as that of Suhl, but the method by which it is obtained is not known.

Silver mines of Mexico. Several companies have been recently established in England, for the purpose of working the silver mines of Mexico—The first, called the *Anglo-Mexican Mining Association*, possesses a capital of one million sterling, in shares of 100*l.* each, and has engaged the mines situated in the Real of Guananuato, about two hundred miles N. W. of the city of Mexico; the principal one of which is that of Valenciana, mentioned by Humboldt, as having probably alone produced one-fourth of the silver of Mexico. It is, at present, nearly filled with water, in which state it has been for the last twelve years. The engines and machinery, necessary for clearing the mine, and for preparing the ore, are already constructing, and a select body of miners from Cornwall are engaged to undertake the several operations.

The second company has a capital of *l*200,000, in 500 shares of *l*400 each, and proposes to work the mines of Real del Monte,

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about 60 miles N. of the city of Mexico, and also the mine of Moran.

A third company is proposed to be established, with a capital of £240,000, in 600 shares, of £40 each. The general objects of this association are the same as those of the others, but as yet no contracts for working particular mines have been entered into.

Means of preventing the corrosion of the copper-sheathing of vessels. A paper by Sir H. Davy on this subject, was laid before the Royal Society of London in January last. The attention of Sir Humphrey had been drawn to it by the commissioners of the British navy Board, and the result of his experiments has been the discovery of an effectual remedy for the corrosion in question. The action of the sea-water consists in the formation of a green coat, on the copper, which is found to be a submuriate. Sir Humphrey ascertained, that copper rendered negative by contact with another metal, as for example tin, which was found best suited to the purpose, was no longer in the least corroded by sea water, the electro-positive metal bearing the whole force of the chemical action itself. The surface of tin, found adequate in this way to protect the copper, was ascertained not to be greater than 1-100th part of that of the copper. From the satisfactory results of these trials, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have made arrangements for having the experiments repeated, on a large scale, on ships of war.

Magnetism produced by Percussion. In a paper lately communicated by Mr. Scoresby to the Royal Society, some new methods of magnetising bars by percussion are detailed. They consist in practising the percussion on the small steel wires inclosed between two bars of iron. The magnetism developed in the latter was transferred to the former, on the principle, as Mr. Scoresby conceives, of the tendency to equalisation in the magnetic intensity of bars in contact. A wire six inches long, was in this manner magnetised, so as to lift four times its weight.

Mr. Lukens of this city has been recently making experiments on this subject, and, we believe with interesting results. No doubt, when his investigations are completed, they will be laid before the public. At present, it is only known, that by his peculiar method, the magnetical power is so greatly increased, that a magnet weighing only 11 ounces, was found, in one instance, to be capable of lifting 20 pounds.

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ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a syren; have her dressing room decorated with her own drawings, tables, stands, flower pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure, and degree, may be done; but there are others, which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance. But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. Though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration, yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, sooth his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman, who is fit for a wife, a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company; but is entirely unfit for a help-mate to man, and to "train up a child in the way he should go."

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For the Port Folio.

MEDICAL REPORT.

We are happy to observe in the commencement of our report, that no period within our recollection has furnished less employment for the faculty than the present. Hygeia diffuses a benignant influence through our atmosphere. Her face has long been turned from us, but she promises to be more indulgent in future. It is true that the intermittent fevers which were so prevalent the two last years have again appeared since the commencement of warm weather, but they are certainly of more rare occurrence, and of milder character. As yet we believe no case has originated from a primary influence of the season, and all may be properly attributed to the country air of the past year. The occurrence of intermittents in the beginning of summer from exposure to causes the previous season, constitutes a singular phenomenon. This has frequently been witnessed by us in families who have spent the summer in the country, when those who have remained well, preserve apparent good health through the winter, and are attacked on the first approach of warm weather in the ensuing year. From the evidently favourable change, made more apparent by a comparison of the present season with the past, we anticipate less of the sickness which has prevailed for the three last years.

The small-pox has not yet entirely left us, but the few cases which occur are chiefly confined to the most distant suburbs. All anxiety has subsided in the city, and were it not for two or three deaths announced from time to time, in the reports of the Board of health, the presence of this lingering and once terrific visiter would scarcely be observable.

If we except two or three oppressive days in May, we have as yet scarcely felt the heat of summer. The temperature of the weather has been unusually low. On the night of the 14th of June there was said to be frost not far from the city, and it must have been destructively severe further to the north.

> ——— "Our fathers talk
> Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
> Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
> This dismal change!"

22nd June.

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For the Port Folio.

A TOUR IN ITALY.*

THERE is an obvious increase in the number of original productions from our press, in the class of travels and tours. Not only is our own territory explored, but foreign regions have been visited and described by our own countrymen. It may be considered a bold undertaking to attempt the classic shores of Italy, the subject of learned and polished tourists, from Addison to Eustace. Yet such a performance, properly executed, would derive a new interest from the contrast of features so different from what we are accustomed to contemplate at home; some of which strike us more forcibly than they do the more practiced eye of an European. In no part of the civilized world, perhaps, could an American find so great a dissimilarity from his own country as in Italy, where the productions of art are beautiful and sublime, but where man is degenerated almost to the lowest region of moral and political depravity.

As the writer of this journal maks no claim to literary merit, we shall spare ourselves the disagreeable task of pointing out the many offences against good composition which his work presents. He professes only to give a relation of objects and events as they occurred; and from these we shall endeavour to glean something for the information of our readers.

After a journey to the crater of Mount Vesuvius, the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii attracted the attention of this traveller. These singular models of antiquity, drawn from the veil of centuries, in all their freshness and reality, could not be passed with indifference. No one can contemplate these interesting relics,—these streets, houses, theatres, tombs, and pictures, without emotion, when he recals to mind where he is, and to whose wants and pleasures these objects were once subservient; and reflects on the catastrophe by which their owners were overwhelmed, while they were preserved to kindle the curiosity of distant ages.

Pompeii, as well as Herculaneum, was deeply buried by the showers of sand and ashes which descended from the clouds during the eruption of the mountain: but Herculaneum was afterward flooded with a river of hot water, which converted the whole mass into a solid rock of cement; and it is conjectured that a quantity of lava subsequently flowed over it, by the heat of which those ancient books, or papyri, lately discovered, were converted into charcoal, and rendered imperishable. Pompeii, on the contrary, was found imbedded in ashes so loose as to be easily removed with a spade, and about one third of the low hill which contains it has

* A Journal of a Tour in Italy, in the year 1821. With a description of Gibraltar. Accompanied with several engravings. By an American. New York. Abraham Paul. 1824. 8vo, pp. 468.

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been dug away, and a number of streets and some hundreds of buildings are opened again to the sun.

The narrow Consular Way, paved with heavy stones, in which deep ruts were worn by ancient wheels, and lined with small shops, built close together, led on before us about fifty yards, and then turned to the left and was lost. The side walks were made of bits of marble, and other stones of all colours, laid in a hard cement, and worn perfectly smooth by the feet of the old inhabitants, but they were very narrow, and every thing about us was on a most diminutive scale. There was not a single window, yet every door was open, which gave an air of hospitality to the town: but when we entered, we found the roofs gone, no furniture to be seen, and nothing but the remains of a fire-place raised two or three feet from the floor, or a few earthen jars.

The Consular Way crosses at right angles the street in which we now were walking: and, turning to the right, and passing down it some distance, you come, to the house of a surgeon, in which more than fifty surgical instruments were found. It consists of three small rooms, which, according to custom, are plastered and ornamented with pictures, in water-colours. The Pompeians were so fond of pictures, that scarce a house is to be found in the city without them. It is well known, that all the valuable ones are removed as fast as they are discovered, by a very ingenious process, by which they are taken down and transported to the king's palace at Portici, without the least injury. In these apartments however they had all been left untouched, and proved much more interesting in their original localities. They were all small, and one occupied the middle of each wall. Two of the rooms, I think, were painted with birds, and the other with groups, relating to the profession of the inhabitant, of which I can recal but one: Adonis, lying on a bank surrounded by Venus and her weeping nymphs, with a bloody bandage staunching his wound. The group was graceful; and the colours, which are all metallic, were as bright as if just painted. In a closet was still remaining a wooden shelf, from which the instruments had been taken to be carried to the palace of studies at Naples.

Returning from this place toward the Public Way, on the opposite side of the Consular Way is the shop of a sculptor, in which were found bits of marble, several busts and statues, with others half formed of rough blocks, and the tools with which they had been wrought. In some of the dwellings were found tickets for the theatres and amphitheatres, in the forms of birds, beasts, &c. with Roman numbers answering to those of the doors and stair-cases; but all these various objects have been removed to Portici.

Proceeding still farther along the street, we passed another oil and wine shop, a public fountain and reservoir, long since dry, two shops where wine was sold by the draught, a soap-manufactory, and the public weighing-office. Here were found weights of lead and marble, two pair of scales, and several *steelyards!* Near by, is a baker's shop, where was a heap of wheat perfectly black, and converted into charcoal; with a loaf of bread, in the same state, which had been baked in a round, scalloped dish, and was marked with crossing lines on the top, and the brand of the maker. P. 97—106.

The process of exhumation was still going on, in 1821, though on a very contracted scale.

A large building of two stories, lately cleared of earth, contains a statue of Ceres, erected by the bakers of Pompeii. It is much admired, and has

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been suffered to remain, with the inscription on the wall behind it. What followed, is a confused impression of much that was surprising and interesting in a high degree, which gave the mind alternately great pleasure and great pain, until we came to where the streets and houses have been uncovered within a year—a month, a week; and saw fine buildings whose names or inhabitants have not yet been conjectured; rich marble columns, variegated pavements, and beautiful paintings, still untouched; and, at last, where two or three labourers were at work, with spade and mattock, in the loose sand hill which still entombs so large a part of the city. These half-clad wretches fell a begging as soon as we approached, though the sound of a voice made us shudder with an involuntary horror: for this house had been disinumed to-day, and the figures on the walls seemed the men of antiquity just waking from the dead, and gazing on the heavens again, after a sleep of seventeen centuries. P. 107.

The villa of Diomedes presents an object, which is too interesting to be omitted in an account of Pompeii:

There remains one more villa to be seen: that of Marcus Arrius Diomedes, one of Cicero's friends. It stands among a few other ruins, which formed the village known by the name of Pagus Augustus Felix, and is much more spacious than those we had visited in the city. It enclosed a large court, which we overlooked in passing along an old gallery on the second story. The cellar is built of stone and mortar, arched overhead, and dimly lighted by narrow slips or loop holes, extending round the three other sides of the court. Here we saw many amphoræ, or jugs and jars of different forms, and some of them large enough to contain a barrel or two, some of which were lined with a crust—the remains of the oil and wine which they formerly contained. Whole rows of similar vessels have been removed, as well as certain other objects of a more melancholy description, such as the skeletons of seventeen persons, who had probably sought refuge here during the fatal eruption of the mountain. It is to be supposed that they had been detained in the neighbourhood by saving their property, or searching for lost friends, until they were afraid to attempt an escape, over a region covered with cinders and ashes from the mountain, which had overspread the whole surface, with such drifts as we saw on our journey to the crater, and had already crushed in the roofs of their own or their neighbours' dwellings. The substantial walls of this cellar, and its arched roof, were admirably calculated to withstand such a dangerous pressure; but they were overtaken by another calamity, which was as inevitable as unexpected. The mountain poured down a river of hot water, which, although it did not enter the walls of Pompeii, flowed through this little village, and drowned the forlorn and terrified persons who had fled to it for safety. The neighbourhood was consequently covered with a hard cement, like that at Herculaneum; and the bones, which were principally found heaped together in a corner, were thus imbedded, and protected from decay. At a little distance from them was the skeleton of a man, probably Diomedes himself, with necklaces and coins in his hand, and a bunch of keys, once fastened to his girdle, now to his bones; and behind him that of a servant, with several vases of silver and bronze. Among these gloomy reliques, were the bones and jewels of a woman, supposed to be the mistress of this once magnificent edifice; and the surrounding mass of indurated ashes retained the impressions it had received, from the arms and the breast of the corpse, although the flesh had long ago mouldered away. P. 117.

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From the Italians of the age of the Cæsars, of whom we are reminded at every step we take in these cities, we turn to the Neapolitans of 1821, who, at the time of the writer's visit, were daily expecting an incursion from the Austrians, already on their march through upper Italy, for the purpose of reestablishing the ancient *régime*. The event is well known: scarce a shadow of resistance was made by these degenerate sons of heroes, and the hopes of Italian freedom were extinguished in a short campaign. The occasional views afforded by this work, of the character, and views of the government and people, and of their preparations for this emergency, would not have justified the slightest hope of a different result. We cannot refrain from remarking, as a matter of surprise, that the writer of this journal, who was on the spot at the critical period of the late Neapolitan revolution, should have taken so little pains to collect and embody something like information on a subject in which so deep an interest has been felt, and which will probably for a long time possess an influence in that country.

Beyond, the road lay among rough mountains, uninhabited and uncultivated. Little sentry-boxes grew more frequent; and in some places were seen marks of former terraces and breast-works, on which cannon had once been planted. The road was still very fine, and followed the course of a torrent, though so high above as to be out of its reach at all seasons of the year. Many advantageous positions for artillery might be pointed out, even by one the most ignorant of military affairs; and it was surprising that no attention was yet paid to them, as this is one of the great passes by which alone the country is accessible to an army, and the Austrians are now said to have nearly reached Rome. In one place there were two men occupied with their shovels, about a long-neglected battery of two pieces of artillery, which, from that situation, might sweep the road, that declined before them for the distance of a mile—a mere burlesque on the subject. But perhaps it was intended, when the danger approached nearer, to throw more important obstacles in the way of their enemies. The road had been built up in many places over ravines, and might in a few hours be destroyed: cannon might be mounted here and there on commanding points, to annoy the ememy while they should be occupied in repairing it, and then, retiring a little and repeating the same operations, an army might be ruined before the mountains were passed. P. 194.

At Rome, an improvisatore, or extempore poet, undertook, among other subjects, to treat of America, and its history; but he made miserable work of it. After he had exerted his talent successfully on various topics, says our tourist,

The next subject proposed was "the discovery of America, and its consequences;" but here we were chagrined to find that he was childishly ignorant of our history, and formed the blindest jumble imaginable of North and South America, calling us both the children of freedom and the sons of Spain. He had read something of Cortes and Pizzaro, but had never heard I presume of the landing at Plymouth, which is of prime importance to us. After taking us on a boisterous voyage across the At-

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lantic with Columbus, and making several unsuccessful attempts to induce the goddess of Liberty to remain in a country of which he had no idea; and after a meagre tribute of praise to Washington, under the familiar appellation of "Il Giorgio" [George,] he was obliged to renounce the undertaking, and ended with an ingenious apology to the Americans present, for his ignorance of that country in which the genius of Old Rome had found a refuge, also expressing a wish that poets might arise more worthy to sing its praises. P. 264.

Canova, who was then living, naturally became an object of curiosity.

We next directed our course to the work shop of Canova, which is accessible at any hour of the day, although the artist is very rarely to be seen there, as he has a more secluded retreat where he can meditate, and design, and form his models without fear of interruption. These models, which are of plaster, are copied mechanically in marble by his workmen; and it is not until they have been reduced very nearly to the intended surface, that the master spirit assumes the chisel: for then alone is an opportunity for the display of genius. Canova is considered the greatest sculptor of modern times, and the restorer of the pure taste of the ancients; and has even received from some, the high title of the rival of Phidias and Praxiteles. P. 317.

We saw a fine model of a horse, of such a size that we could walk under it without stooping. It is for an equestrian statue of the king of Naples. Canova spoke of his statue of Washington in such a manner as to prove that he was proud of it, and I thought his eyes sparkled at the recollection of a new world beyond the Atlantic, now coveting his works and offering him its fame. P. 333.

Florence presents an art of imitation in wax, which is worthy of notice:

The Museum of Florence contains fine cabinets of all the branches of Natural History, far too large and splendid to be described with any degree of justice even in a large volume. The specimens in the Cabinet of Anatomy are all of wax, moulded and coloured with the utmost perfection, furnishing students with subjects nearly as just as natural ones, and far more convenient and agreeable. They are not confined to the human frame, but embrace the anatomy of various inferior animals. Preparations of this sort are now to be found in various parts of the world, but Florence is the place where the art began, under a monk of a gloomy character, and whence other countries have been supplied. Some specimens have lately been sent to America, particularly to Cambridge College, to facilitate the study of anatomy. The largest and most complete statues cost seven hundred and fifty zecchini, or dollars, and are packed in such a manner as to be transported in perfect safety.

But the mind of the inventor of this singular art did not allow him to rest here. As if he had acquired a love for what is revolting to human nature, by a familiarity with anatomical horrors, he next turned his attention into a still more gloomy channel, viz. to represent in all its stages the progress of the plague, which in the year 1632 ravaged the city of Florence, and destroyed so large a portion of its inhabitants. "*The Chamber of the Plague*" appeared to me as I entered it much like what my childish imagination used to represent the fatal apartment of Blue Beard, in which

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he placed the corpses of his murdered wives. The walls were hung with cases containing small waxen figures, only a few inches high, intended to represent the marks of the disease in its various stages; and the work was performed in so masterly a manner as to produce very nearly the same effect on the mind, as if they had been real. Here the object was not, as in the anatomical cabinet, to facilitate the study of an useful science; but principally, as it would seem, to shock the feelings. One of the groups presents the affecting sight of an affectionate family just entered by the plague; and a beautiful daughter is turning pale and languid under the influence of the incipient disease, while the countenances of her friends show the dread with which they receive the unwelcome visitant. Like the other specimens, the composition, the colouring, the postures, and the whole arrangement of the groups, would have done credit to a painter or a sculptor; and display an acquaintance with the secret of effect, which would have been more welcome in more agreeable subjects. Yet notwithstanding the shocking nature of the scenes, the attention is almost irresistibly attracted to them, and the distinctness with which their memory is preserved will prove the interest which they excite in the feelings.

This is the second book concerning Italy which American travellers have produced. The first, entitled "Rambles in Italy, in the years 1816–17, by an American," was published anonymously, a short time after the writer's return. He has since gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returns;" and it may now be stated that that work was by Mr. *James Sloan*, of Baltimore, who was taken from this scene of care, just at the moment when his unfolding faculties gave promise of a rich reward for the liberal manner in which his youth had been trained. Mild and amiable in his manners, upright in principle, well versed in ancient, and familiar with modern, literature, he was by far the most accomplished scholar which Baltimore has produced in our day; and his early loss was well fitted to leave upon the minds of his associates a solemn and affecting impression. After surveying, with a critical eye, all the glories of this delightful region, he reverted with fond remembrance to his native country, and thus eloquently expatiates upon its advantages:—"Independently of the sacred attachment which must indissolubly bind the heart of every American to the moral and political institutions of his own country, it possesses attractions which cannot be diminished by the longest residence in the most favoured climes of Europe. His moral principles severe and pure,—his taste unvitiated by artificial refinements,—yet delicately alive to the nobler and finer impulses of the soul,—the young American, under the bright skies of Italy, and encompassed by the dazzling achievements of art, often sickens at the depravity and misery of man, and languishes for his native home. His imagination presents to him, its untrodden wilds,—its waste fertility, as an image of man unsophisticated by artificial society. He contrasts the youthful governments of America, which have grown up unfashioned by the hand of hoary prejudice, with those of Italy, fabricated by despotism and super-

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stition. If America can boast no stately palaces, no monuments of ancient grandeur, she is exempt from the miseries which follow in the train of arbitrary power. If no ancient fortresses, no ruined convents, crown the tops of its hills, or frown upon the summits of its mountains, it is because the peaceful vales beneath have never owned the sway of feudal or monastic tyrants. These are inestimable blessings, and incomparably of more value than that empty but fatal splendour for which the price of liberty and happiness must be paid."

REDWOOD.*

The editors of *Blackwood's Magazine*, speaking of the distorted and imperfect representations of America, which have been palmed upon the British public, by those heartless renegadoes who have infested our shores under the name of *Travellers*, complain, that there is "no work which gives them any tolerable notion of the state of manners in this country." And in descanting on the merits of our celebrated Irving, after lamenting that his pictures are not American rather than English, they exclaim, "Who is there to fill his place in the description of American manners,"—"who, except Washington Irving can portray the manners of America in a style fitted for the thorough comprehension of European readers?" In reply to the desponding question of Mr. Christopher North, we hold up the "Spy," and "Pioneers" of Mr. Cooper: and if description to the life and to the comprehension even of British readers, will entitle an author to share the laurels of the "Sketch Book" we may exultingly claim the honour for the work whose title honours the head of our page:—a performance which we pronounce to be *American*, exclusively, in scenery, manners, and sentiments.

Various causes, besides the vast extent of space which is covered by the United states, have conspired to vary the manners of the different sections; travellers, therefore, who stretch their chain from East to West and from North to South, are competent to estimate the whole ground; but, as far as a novel can go in laying down the mountain and the valley—the farm-house and the city, "Redwood," is a fine map.

That "Redwood" is what it professes to be, American, without mixture or affectation, is its first praise; and to this we can add, that the plot is interesting—the incidents are natural and well-imagined, and the sentiments are full of good sense and moral beauty. The *dramatis personæ* are sufficiently numerous and va-

* Redwood; a tale. In two volumes. New York. Bliss and White. 1824.

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ried to fill or embellish the scenes in which are successively exhibited. Without being dull or tedious, they are generally such people as we have all seen at one time or another—neither too wise nor too weak, too virtuous nor too wicked for our common nature. Even its fair heroine is not an angel. If we should demur in the least, it might perhaps be to Miss Deborah. She is rather too active and efficient a personage; but, since the first happy conception of a mysterious agent, who is to be every where, and to do every thing, in times of need, every novellist must be allowed his Meg Merrilies. Nothing, however, supernatural, is attributed to the all-sufficient old maid, in our American tale; and we do sometimes see, that an uneducated woman, whether married or single, may be gifted with a head to devise, and a heart to perform.

The episode of Africk is an affecting story, and extremely well told; yet we could have dispensed with it, in the fullness of our entertainment, because we believe that the sentiments and feelings which it is calculated to excite in a certain class of our population, require rather to be repressed than aggravated. The amiable author, we are sure, had not this view of the subject. A re-consideration will perhaps, convince her, that it is time to speak with caution of an unavoidable evil, and that we ought to be satisfied with the efforts that are making to meliorate the present order of things; and strive to promote them, rather than throw impediments in the way.

As it is our desire that this ingenious tale should be read by all readers, we shall not gratify the curiosity of the indolent by an abstract of the story, but endeavour to excite them by a few desultory remarks on the sentiments and characters.

If we had not other evidence of the fact, we should have suspected the authoress to be a lady, from the partiality that is shown to that sex. Her females are more virtuous, more active, and more engaging, than her males. It is indeed the general verdict of all candid observers of human nature, that women are less vicious than men—and there is good reason that it should be so; but let us give the latter a due share of praise, whilst we remember how numerous are the temptations to which they are exposed in comparison with the former. Perhaps our author would plead as a reason for the prominence of her females, that she was more intimately acquainted with their sentiments and feelings. Her females are truly feminine—particularly Mrs. Harrison, who "was deemed by all her acquaintance to be quite blind to her husband's faults" because she had the virtue to conceal her disgust. It is however a singular kind of delicacy with which she has invested Mary, the wife of Redwood, the cord of whose affection is at once snapped, on the discovery of his unworthiness, and his desertion of herself. Such sudden, and complete alienation is a rare instance in the history of matrimonial disappointments. Could we lift the veil that conceals the "secrets of the prison-house" we

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should find that devoted woman clings fondly to that shrine "where she has garnered up her heart," and that she often loves long, and loves fervently, after all the graces with which her youthful fancy had adorned the object of her attachment, have vanished, and even after her whole soul is agonized by personal unkindness. All-conquering time, alone, dissolves the charm!

We wish that the evidence of the parentage of Emily had been placed in the hands of her sister, by means not so revolting as theft and the violation of a seal. These are vices too odious and paltry for the character of a young lady of family and fashion; and although she is selfish and heartless in the extreme, she is no where represented as mean and vicious. We do not *suddenly* become base, is the old adage. Her letter to her Grandmother, in chap. vii, is spirited and graphical. We can see the hearty Yankee lasses fixing on their bonnets to go to the village to hear a lecture on botany, and are diverted at the idea of their brothers returning from the labours of the field, laden with flowers for their sisters to analyse. The observation of the Carolina lady that servants are called *helps*, in the eastern section of our country because they do no more work than the rest of the family, is a very natural one; and we regret that it was not made public before that profound philologist, Noah Webster, Esq. sailed to Europe, with the MS. of his Dictionary. We are not so favourably disposed towards the letter in chap. xxvi, which interrupts us in rather an unwelcome manner when we are hurrying on to the *denouement* with intense interest. To this the author may reply that a bachelor-critic is not the most impartial judge on the relative merits of two letters—one of which is from an old lady who is married and the other from a young one who is single,—and beautiful—and rich. We shall not argue the matter, lest we might be convicted of a weakness which would impugn the character of our decisions.

There are a few instances of incorrectness in the style, which must be placed to the account of carelessness, in a performance which is so generally without blemish. Thus at p. 79 we are told of Mr. Redwood that after a few years, he *wearied* of the toil of political life, &c. In some part of the work we saw the word *jeopardise*,—an Americanism, which we wish could be found only in the proceedings of a certain society, of great promise but little performance, *got up* some time ago in New York, for the purpose of regulating and fixing our language. Were it once there, we should consider it as gone to the tomb of the Capulets, and feel assured that its horrid sound would never offend our ears again.

At no former period could we boast of so much literary effort as the present displays. Too much of it is mere chaff; but when that shall be blown away and forgotten, the authors of Arthur Mervyn—the Spy, Redwood, and Knickerbocker will furnish satisfactory evidence that in our country, the region of fancy is not

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a barren waste. It is not unworthy of remark that all these *American Novelists* are natives of New York; that great state which is constantly displaying some illustrious incentive for the emulation of her sisters.

But it is time that we should make our bow to the lady. To the benignant regard of our fair readers, especially, we commit the claims of their accomplished countrywoman. They deserve to be examined with attention, and decided upon with candour. Let it be recollected that the field is entirely new; for this is the first *American* novel, strictly speaking, which has appeared. It may be perused as a faithful delineation of our own fireside; and commended for its unpretendingness of manner, its charming delicacy, and its uniform good sense.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself, says one of the London papers, are, we believe, lost to the world for ever. This posthumous record of the deceased nobleman had been deposited in the keeping of Thomas Moore, Esq. and designed as a legacy for his benefit. This gentleman intrusted the manuscript to Mr. Murray, some time ago, as a security for the sum of 2000 guineas which he borrowed of the bookseller. Since the death of lord Byron, it occurred to the sensitive and honourable mind of Mr. Moore, that, by possibility, although the author had himself given full authority for a disclosure of the document, some of his family might be wounded by it. He appointed, therefore, a time for meeting Mrs. Leigh, a sister of the deceased, and after a deliberate and joint perusal of the work, finding that this lady apprehended from it much pain to the minds of many persons still living, though no sort of imputation on her brother's memory, Mr. Moore, with a spirit and generosity which the better part of mankind will be at no loss to appreciate, placed the manuscript in the lady's hands, and permitted her to burn it in his presence. On the following day Mr. Moore returned to Mr. Murray the sum which he had received from him.

The Rev. S. S. Schmucker, Virginia, has in the press, An Elementary Course of Biblical Theology, translated from the German of Professors Storr and Flatt.

The work which is here offered to the public, is the result of the joint labour of two of the most eminent Divines of the present age. Having been harrassed by metaphysical and speculative, and infidel systems of pretended christianity, they were taught the absolute necessity of building their faith exclusively on the word of God; and the present work is purely of this biblical nature. It is confined to the doctrines which are taught in revelation *totidem*

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verbis. The various *inferential*, sectarian doctrines, which are used by Divines of different denominations to connect and complete a system agreeable to their own views, are here omitted. The work is composed with the highest regard to exegesis; composed too in view of all the objections which the liberalists of the last thirty years have been able to raise. That such a work is peculiarly needed in the present day, must be evident to every reflecting mind, acquainted with the course of theological discussion in our country. To render the work more extensively useful, the translator has given, beside other additional matter, a version of all the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin quotations contained in it; so that the intelligent layman may here have access to the ultimate ground of his faith, and be the better qualified to give a reason for the hope that is in him. We need only add that the translation has been submitted to a number of gentlemen, well qualified to judge of its merits, who have warmly recommended it to public patronage.

The American Philosophical Society has just published a Catalogue of its Library. Great praise is due to the committee—Messrs Carey, Seybert, Duponceau, and Vaughan, for the zeal and industry which they have displayed in the performance of the task imposed upon them in preparing this work for the press. The divisions and subdivisions are numerous, but not too much so, as they will enable a reader, at a single glance, to see what may be found in this collection on a particular subject, without losing his time or patience, in the perusal of titles of books, not within the scope of his inquiries. On the shelves repose, no doubt, a great deal of "such reading as never was read;" but there is also much that is curious, useful, and rare, in this library. During a period of nearly twenty years, the librarian (Mr. Vaughan,) has been indefatigable in his exertions to increase this stock. He has been a liberal contributor himself; and in this respect he has been cheerfully seconded by some of the more wealthy members, who have frequently made voluntary subscriptions for the purchase of valuable and expensive works, for the use of the company.

Noah Webster has gone to England for the purpose of publishing his great Dictionary.

Professor Everett, of Harvard University, proposes to publish an American Annual Register, on the plan of the English Register. There can be no doubt of this gentleman's abilities to render a work of this kind eminently useful, and all who know what an interesting publication the English Annual Register is, must anticipate much from a similar one to be edited by Mr. Everett.

He designs to give in the first volume, a history of the Holy Alliance, and a sketch of the great national events which have transpired since its formation, by the treaty of Paris, of September 26, 1815.

The following is the plan:—Part I. History of the United States for the year, containing an account of all events of national im-

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portance; especially of the doings of Congress. Under this head, the most important speeches will be given as reported in the National Intelligencer. 2. An account of all events of importance in the several States. History of the independent States of America, south of the United States, for the year.—History of the States of Europe, with a chronicle and appendix.—The publication to be annual or semi-annual, at the option of the publishers. Price $5 per annum, or $2 50 for each part. To be commenced in July next.

The editors of the National Intelligencer announce their intention to commence, at the next session of Congress, the publication of *a Register of Debates*, to comprise an accurate and ample report of the debates in both Houses of Congress on main questions, and of such debates, incidentally arising, as may involve important principles, with, perhaps, an appendix, embracing the principal documents of the session.

Professor Hall, of Middlebury College, has published a book of about fifty pages, which will direct the Mineralogist in searching for the best localities throughout all the Northern, most of the Middle, and much of the Southern and Western parts of our long and broad country. The minuteness, the brevity, and the clearness, of the statements are admirably calculated to answer the purposes of the explorer, and the alphabetical arrangement of the Minerals, with the authority on which the statements are made, must render it convenient, safe, and useful.

Among the works announced as in the press, at Boston, is "a Treatise on the Common Law in relation to Water Courses, with notes and references, and an appendix containing the adjudged cases, by Joseph K. Angell, Esq." This work is intended more particularly to illustrate and explain the rights and duties of the owners and occupants of mill privileges.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, American State Trials, with notes and references to English Cases and Decisions, by Jacob D. Wheeler, counsellor at law.—The work will contain all the Criminal cases tried in the Courts of the United States, and of the several States, since the period of the revolution. It will also contain State Papers in this department of law—the opinions of eminent men, &c. It is expected they may be comprised in 6 volumes, each of which will contain 600 pages of compact matter. It will be printed upon good paper, new type, and will be issued from the press in numbers, quarterly. The price will be $5 per annum, payable at the expiration of six months.

The first volume of this work has been published, and the second will be completed in a few weeks.—The first volume is principally filled with cases collected in the courts of New York.

The new Novel from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, is entitled "Redgauntlet, a Tale of the Eighteenth Century." Messrs. Carey and Lee have it in the press. (28 June.)

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For the Port Folio.

EXPLANATION OF THE EMBELLISHMENT.

For the Chronological Chart which embellishes the present number of the Port Folio, we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson. Perhaps we shall do some violence to the unostentatious habits of our learned friend by this disclosure of his name; but we must venture to use it on this occasion, because, as the value of the Table depends upon its accuracy, we wish to fortify it by his authority: an authority which will at once be acknowledged by all who are acquainted with his profound erudition and extensive researches into every branch of that profession of which he is so eminently the strength and ornament. This Table was constructed for private purposes; but at our solicitation it has been drawn from the author's library, that it might be made more extensively useful. It is proper to state that some diversity of opinion exists in relation to the writings ascribed to Hermas, Barnabas, Ignatius, and Papias: that in a few instances names have been omitted, when fragments only of their writings remain in the works of other authors, and that a few more writers of less importance might have been assigned to the fourth and fifth centuries. In the shaded part of the Chart, will be found the names of some who were not Christians, and of a few whose writings are known only by quotations.

ERRATUM.

In the column of the First Century, for *Egypt* read *Epiph.*— This error was not detected until the whole impression was printed.

SONNET.

From the French of Scarron.

Ye monuments of human power and pride!
Ye pyramids and tombs of structure vain!
In you Art triumphs, human toils and pain
Have vanquished nature, and her power defied—
Ye temples vast that ruins still abide,
And thou, last pledge of Rome's imperial reign,
Bold Coliseum! red with many a stain,—
Where Romans shouted while their victims died—
Time's hand shall drag you from your high estate,
Nor of your boasted pride a vestige leave:—
If marble then must yield its strength to fate,
Oh! let me not with thankless bosom grieve—
If *my black doublet*, now of three years date,
Shows my bare elbow through the ragged sleeve.

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ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The ensuing verses are from the *Edinburgh Magazine;* in which journal they appeared shortly after the demise of the illustrious personage whom they celebrate. We think they are well adapted *for the use of schools*, as the phrase runs, and venture to express a wish that such pieces could be substituted for the stale and deceptive trash about the virtues of the Romans, with which our childhood is amused.

Amid the incense of a world's applause,
That hails thee champion of his country's cause,
By virtue's tears embalmed, to merit just,
Thy ashes, WASHINGTON! return to dust.
But not to Death's oblivious shade return
Thy soul's warm energies—they guard thy urn.
When Freedom, shrieking through the western sky,
Call'd all her sons to conquer, or to die,
Turn'd her fair face, and shuddering as she view'd
The kindred hosts with civil blood imbrued,
Full in the van thy withering arm revealed
Its awful sweep,—and conquest had the field:
When torn Humanity in sorrow stood,
As war's wild vengeance poured the crimson flood;
Thine was the boast, mid ranks with terror lin'd,
To blend the feeling with the mighty mind!
In scenes of havock and devouring flame,
No brutal carnage stained thy glorious name;
No voice of misery in vain implored
The meed of mercy from thy conquering sword.
These were the triumphs, whose supporting power
Shed its soft influence on thy dying hour.
To thee no terrors deepened into gloom
The long unfathomed twilight of the tomb;
That heart, with virtue's purest feelings warm,
That arm, the first in battle and alarm,
Still shield thy country—for thy birth was fame,
And latest ages shall adore thy name. A. B.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Young Love was once a prisoner kept,
For roaming late in Beauty's bowers;
The nymph surprised him while he slept,
And bound him with a wreath of flowers.

She guards him with her virgin train,
They watch by turns while Love reposes;

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Or weave fresh rose-buds for his chain,
For young Love's chains are made of roses.

Yet still Love pined, and only sought
To rid him of his rosy fetter;
For though his chains were flowers, he thought
No chains at all would suit him better.

But scarce this discontent began,
And scarce the angry thought had risen,
Before the boy conceiv'd a plan
To free him from his flowery prison.

'Twas this—the little artful elf,
While he and Beauty watch'd together,
Resolv'd at once to free himself,
And bind her in the self-same tether.

One night the train of nymphs had fled,
Fatigued with all day's anxious duty;
And having put young Love to bed,
They left him to the care of Beauty.

Then master Cupid heaved a sigh,
And drooping low his gaudy pinion,
He seemed, at once, to Beauty's eye,
As if resign'd to Sleep's dominion.

And now he spoke, and now he stirr'd,
And sobbed and smiled: to Beauty seeming
The urchin dreamed; and she had heard,
That Love was always fond of dreaming.

So Beauty watched him late and long,
Till, feeling rather tired and stupid,
She sunk, herself, the flowers among,
And slept beside the couch of Cupid.

Then Love arose, his rosy bands
With eager haste he tore apart;
And bound poor Beauty's eyes and hands—
But, more than all, he bound her heart.

Then high in air, at once he springs,
With bow, and shaft, and glittering quiver;
And soaring far on wanton wings,
He flew away, alas! forever!

G. F. R.

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LOVE AND HYMEN.

When Love and Hymen both were boys,
They fixed a day of smiling weather,
To show each other all their toys,
And pass an afternoon together.

To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,
And each with each was quick delighted;
Love shot his darts of surest aim,
And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen soon, capricious elf,
(Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow,)
Told Love, he wished the bow himself,
And then began to pout and bellow,

Love gave his friend the weapon strait,
(Young Love is such a cheerful giver!)
And thus, for Hymen's torch of state,
Changed his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possest,
Men neither could nor would resist 'em;
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,
And Cupid's arrows seldom missed 'em.

But, changing thus their arms about,
The boys became perplexed and stupid;
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,
And broke affection's firmest tether;
So now if Love and Hymen meet
They seldom sojourn long together.

MELANCHOLY.

There is a mighty spirit, known on earth
By many names, tho' one alone becomes
Its mystery, its beauty, and its power,
It is not Fear—'tis not the passive Fear

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That sinks before the future, nor the dark
Despondency that hangs upon the past:
Not the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,
Nor that which dreads itself, or slowly eats
Like a dull canker, 'till the heart decays.
But in the meditative mind it lives
Shelter'd, caress'd, and yields a great return:
And in the deep silent communion
Which it holds ever with the poet's soul,
Tempers, and doth befit him to obey
High inspiration. To the storms and winds
It giveth answer in as proud a tone,
Or, on its seat, the heart of man, receives
The gentler tidings of the elements.
I, often home returning from a spot
Holy to me from many wanderings
Of fancy or in fact, have felt the power
Of Melancholy stealing on my soul,
Mingling with many images, and from
Sorrow dividing joy, until the shape
Of each did gather a diviner hue,
And shone, unclouded by a thought of pain.
Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the sting
From out its breast, and muse until it seem
Ethereal, starry, speculative, wise;
But then it is that Melancholy comes
Out-charming Grief, (as the gray morning stills
The tempest oft,) and from its fretful fire
Draws a pale light, by which we see ourselves,
The present, and the future, and the past. W.

SONG.

Whither, ah! whither is my lost love straying—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
Oh! ye winds now playing,
Like airy spirits, round my temples, free,
Fly and tell him this from me.

Tell him, sweet winds, that, in my woman's bosom,
My young love still retains its perfect power,
Or like the summer blossom
Still changing from the bud to the full-grown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.

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Say, and say gently, that since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow I have known,
Only not broken-hearted,
Because I muse upon bright moments gone,
And think and dream of him alone. M.

ABSTRATCT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

Massachusetts. A subscription has been raised among the proprietors of the Boston Athenæum to purchase a marble statue of WASHINGTON for that institution, from the chisel of an Italian artist.—The President has received from an American gentleman in England, two very valuable donations to that noble institution accompanied by a very polite letter. The first is a likeness of the late venerable President West, of the Royal Academy, painted by our young countryman Leslie, from an original portrait taken by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is a half length, and the Boston Evening Gazette says is a very superior composition. The copy was taken before the decease of Mr. West, whose time was so occupied that, though requested, he could not sit to Mr. Leslie. The other gift is a bust of the *Apollo of Belvidere*, in marble, done in Italy which is very beautiful, and will form an elegant ornament to one of the rooms of the Athenæum.

Four promising Greek youths, natives of Scio, arrived at Boston, from Malta, having come to this country with the hope of obtaining the advantages of education. Their names are CONSTANTINE and PANDIAS RALLI, NICHOLAS PETROKOKINO, and ALEXANDER PASPATI. The two first are brothers, whose father was a hostage from Scio at Constantinople, and was hung by order of the grand seignor. Nearly all his effects were destroyed by the Turks at Scio; and Mrs. Ralli, with her children, escaped with difficulty, and is now at Malta. Nicolas has parents living at Malta in reduced circumstances. His father was at Malta when Scio was overthrown; his mother, himself, and a younger brother, were among those who escaped from the destruction. The father of Alexander died before the revolution. His mother and her family were taken by the Turks at Scio; one brother, being capable of bearing arms, was put to death; Alexander and his mother, one brother and three sisters, have been redeemed, and one brother remains in captivity.

Constantine Ralli and Nicolas Petrokokino, are 16 years of age, Bandias Ralli 13, and Alexander Paspati 12. They all read ancient as well as modern Greek, have more or less acquaintance with the Italian, and while in Malta, have made some proficiency in English, in which they converse intelligibly. They are all youths of good intellectual powers, amiable dispositions, and correct deportment. These young Sciots were sent from Malta by the American missionaries, and commended to the patronage of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions. There are already four Greek youths residing at New Haven, under the patronage of the same board, who do not expect to return till they

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have obtained a collegiate education; and it is much to be desired that these should enjoy equal privileges. The resources of the board of foreign missions are not, however, sufficient to allow of their affording them such privileges, without specific appropriations by donors to the object; and it depends, therefore, upon the bounty of a *philellenic* community—if we may be allowed the use of a word furnished us by the father of one of the lads at New Haven—whether such privileges shall be conferred.

Connecticut. The Indian, called George Henry Washington, lately convicted of the murder of his wife, was executed on the 1st inst. at Tolland, (Conn.) His appearance and behaviour ever since his imprisonment, though quiet and submissive, is stated to have exhibited something of the proud spirit and stout heart of the Indian. He said nothing at the place of execution, but previously confessed the murder, and acknowledged the justness of his sentence. He was even unwilling that an application should be made to the Legislature to commute his punishment.

New York. MAY DAY.—The oldest of our inhabitants do not remember to have seen as much moving as on Saturday last, at any period in the history of city affairs. There are but two cities of any note, where the custom prevails of moving on the first of May—New York, and our beloved grandam, the city of Amsterdam, from whom we draw our being, our order, cleanliness and stupidity; and surely no practice could be more stupid than that of moving a whole city in one day: such an encounter of carts and handbarrows; such clashing of jurisdiction in relation to furniture and other moveables; such moving in and out at the same moment; such smashing of glasses and china jugs, cracking of card tables and bedsteads; such havoc among the decanters, sweatmeats and pickles, such clouds of dust and remnants of dirt, left gratuitously by tenants; such an army of black scrubbers and whitewashers; such slopping and mopping, and, above all, such anxiety and painful effort to raise the quarter's rent, to appease the just demands of the landlord! Every thing is dear, difficult, and out of order; mistresses are jaded to death, the maids fatigued, to the loss of their Sunday evening's walk in Broadway, and the master ready to make his escape, and actually escaping, from a scene of dirt, dust, clamour and confusion. Poets paint May-day like Flora, wreathed with hyacinths and honeysuckles, when the lads and the lasses, in their holiday attire, gambol on the green and dance around the May-pole. Don't look for these sylvan joys in New York on that day. We have been frequently tempted to propose an alteration of the system, but we shall have the owners of real estate down upon us like the nightmare, for interfering with their rights; but suppose a law should be passed, making the quarter days of all houses in the first ward expire in the month of January, the second ward in the month of February, the third ward in the month of March, and so on? why, in one year, the whole system would be changed without loss. As the city increases, the evil extends.

Among the innumerable flocks of the feathered tribe which have this season visited Vauxhall Gardens, is a huge Eagle, which is majestically perched on one of the trees, and manifests no disposition to quit his agreeable quarters. Every exertion is making to secure his permanent residence in the gardens.

The collector of tolls on the great Canal has taken above 7000 dollars for tolls in one week. Between the 5th of May and 1st of June, 17,738 dollars were received.

The sum of 31,932 dollars and 29

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cents, besides a quantity of munitions of war, has been sent to the Greeks.

We learn that since the completion of the Canals, some of the enterprising crockery merchants of Utica have transmitted their orders directly to the manufacturers in Liverpool, and a consignment of fifty packages has already arrived, without land carriage, or even having been landed between the two *ports* of Liverpool and Utica! One crate of elegant blue, dinner setts has been received, adorned with *devices* prepared at Utica, and *inscriptions* commemorative of the "meeting of the waters," and bearing honourable testimony to the exertions of Gov. Clinton, in accomplishing the great work which will enable the merchants of Utica, Buffalo, and Detroit, to become their own importers whenever they *please*.

Pennsylvania. The average number of paupers in Lancaster county, maintained-in doors, in the year ending 8th of May, 1823, was 256 per month, and the whole number of out-door paupers 126, and the amount expended 13,134 dollars and 2 cents, while the average number during the last year was 20 1-3 per month, the number of out-door paupers 84, including children and sick, and the amount expended 10,353 dollars and 25 cents; proving a decrease in pauperism of 47 2 3 in-door paupers, and 42 out door paupers, and a saving of expense to the county of 2780 dollars 77 cents.

The state loan of 220,000, authorised by the last legislature, has been taken by the Bank of Pennsylvania at a premium of $3. 80 on every $100. The interest is 5 *per cent.*

Ten steam-boats have been built at Pittsburgh, in the course of the last two years.

In the course of the last spring there have descended to Port Deposit, through the Susquehannah Canal, three hundred and thirty-eight arks and five hundred and nine rafts—exclusive of a great number which passed down the bed of the river. These arks and rafts were laden with the rich and varied products of the Susquehanna country.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convened on the 20th of May, in the First Presbyterian Church. The session was opened by a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Chester, of Albany, founded on part of the fifth verse of the third chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians—"Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but Ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man?" The character of Paul, which was the subject of the discourse, was eloquently delineated, and the divine origin of Christianity fully proved by the example of the Apostle of the Gentiles. After the services were concluded, the Assembly met in the Prayer Room of the same church, and examined the commissions of the members, previous to entering on their duties. Dr. Green, of Philadelphia, was elected Moderator, and Dr. M'Dowell, of New Jersey, Clerk.

There are sent by mail from the Philadelphia post-office, every quarter, 162,040 newspapers, published in the city, and annually, 648,160. The quarterly postage on these amounts to 1864 dollars 87 cents, and the annual, amounts to 7,450 dollars 48 cents. There are eighteen newspapers in Philadelphia, *eleven* of which are daily; the remainder weekly; averaging on the whole, as sent by mail, about 2100 a day, 4200 every other day, or 8600 weekly.

Delaware. CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL. This great work is now rapidly going on, and in all probability, it may with certainty be expected to be completed in three or four years. The whole of the contracts are made for cut-

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ting from one bay to the other, and about one thousand men are now engaged as labourers upon it; in a few weeks more are expected; and from 1500 to 2000 will be engaged in the course of the summer. Every man on the Eastern Sore of Maryland is deeply concerned in having this work finished, as it will add twenty-five per cent. upon the value of the Eastern Shore lands.

Maryland. At the house of Mr. Duncan, who lives on the post road between Bush and Havre-de-Grace, a young robin was kept in a cage, and hung out in the porch every day, near a place frequented by some wrens. One of the wrens somehow imbibed an affection for it, and commenced passing through the wires of the cage, and feeding the captive robin, which it continued to do for many weeks.

Dist. of Columbia. Mr. M'Lane, the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in a recent debate upon the subject of Fortifications, entered into a view of the present prospects of the finances of the country, and declared that *the national debt will be extinguished by the year* 1832, even allowing for any diminution occasioned for a time by the proposed tariff bill.

Louis XVII.—A person calling himself Louis the 17th, of France, has made his appearance in Washington. The facts he states are historically true, but whether the circumstances in relation to his own life are correct, we are not sufficiently acquainted with them to say. His features are said to be very much those of the Bourbon family: his age corresponds with what the Dauphin's would have been, and several incidents he mentions of his early life, serve to render his tale at least plausible. He states that he was carried from the tower of the Temple in great secrecy, brought up among the Alps, and afterwards sent to the island of Cuba, where he learned the trade of a carpenter, and where he has been till he came to this country. He pretends to show certain marks on his head, which he says his sister, the duchess of Angouleme, will at once recognise, and to this lady he has written, through a gentleman at Washington, stating the circumstances and events of his life.

The Commission appointed three years ago, under the Florida treaty, for ascertaining claims against the government of Spain, expired lately, by the terms of the treaty, and accordingly, the Board finally adjourned. The report of their proceedings has been transmitted to the Department of State, with a complete list of all the claims allowed, and the amount of each. The amount of the claims allowed as valid by the board is 5,454,545 dollars 13 cents; and as only five millions were stipulated by the treaty, and appropriated by Congress for the payment of those claims, an abatement of 8 1-3 per cent. will reduce the amount of each claim allowed to $91 66 1-3, in the 100 dollars.

The loan of five millions of dollars, authorised by the act of Congress to provide for the payment of the awards of the Commissioners under the Treaty with Spain, has been taken by the Bank of the United States. By the treaty, these claims were to be paid either immediately in money, or in a stock bearing an interest of six per cent. a year. With a view of profiting by the present reduced rate of interest, it was determined to adopt the former plan, and by the creation of a stock at a low rate of interest, provide the means of paying the claimants in money, instead of a six per cent. stock, saving the difference of interest.

The rate of interest fixed in the act of Congress, was 4 1-2 per cent. and at this rate the loan has been taken by the Bank of the United

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States. Independent of the lowness of the nominal rate of interest, the connexion of the bank with the Government renders it still more beneficial to the latter. The Government is a partner in the Bank, to the amount of a large proportion of its capital and will receive back in dividends a proportional share of the interest of a loan, and as, at the present moment, the Bank of the United States, like all other moneyed institutions, and moneyed men, both here and in Europe, finds it difficult to invest all its funds in business loans, and can take this loan without reducing its discounts, the whole interest of the loan is so much clear profit to the Bank and the Government

The dividends receivable by the Government on its Bank shares, out of the 225,000 dollars, the interest of 4 1-2 per cent. on the 5 millions, will amount to more than fifty thousand dollars a year, which will reduce the whole sum to be advanced by the Government for these five millions, to a little less than 175,000 dollars, which will be actually a fraction below 3 1-2 per cent. So that in fact the loan at par from the Bank is as advantageous to the Government, as if individuals had given for it a premium of 6-10th per cent.

Virginia. A few days since, a youth of this city, (14 or 15 years of age,) swam from Ludlam's wharf to Warwick—a distance of about five miles, without any support.—He was in the water from about 9 o'clock to one.

Dr. Robert Honeyman, a physician of much reputation and learning, who died on the 21st ult. in Virginia, whither he emigrated from Scotland in 1774, has left the following bequest in his will dated in 1821.

"I also give and bequeath to my son, *a human rib* which will be found in a small trunk in my chest, with my earnest request that he will carefully keep the said rib (*which is of James the Fifth King of Scotland*) and transmit it carefully to his descendants."

South Carolina. At the last sessions in the town of Cheraw, twenty-two cases of assault and battery were tried.

In the autumn and winter of 1820 and 1821, an account was taken of the horses and mules which passed the mountains from Tennessee and Kentucky to North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, for sale — From the 1st of October, 1820 to the 1st of April, 1821, the whole number exceeded 10,000. In 1822, the hogs passing Ashville, from and to the same states was 73,000 — The number of beeves passing in one season has not been ascertained, but they are computed to be at least 5,000. The annual amount, therefore, received by two western from three atlantic states, in the sale of horses, hogs, and cattle, may be thus estimated.

Ten thousand horses and mules, averaging 75 dollars each, - - - - - - - -	$750,000
Seventy-three thousand hogs at ten dollars each,	730,000
Five thousand beeves at twenty dollars each, -	100,000
	$1,570,000

Missouri.—A considerable trade has been carried on latterly between this state and the northern and eastern parts of Mexico, which is exposed to great hazard of life and property from the Indians. It has been proposed to establish an agency at Santa Fe for the protection of the intercourse. The Governor of the province of New Mexico has despatched a special messenger to the Council Bluffs, to apprize the commander of that station that he should arrive there in the month of June with fifteen hundred men. His object is said to be a desire to make an impression upon the Indians.

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Miscellaneous. The following is a general view of the different Religious denominations in the United States, made from the latest official returns by the NEW YORK OBSERVER.—Presbyterians, 53 Presbyteries, 1204 congregations, 687 Ministers.—Baptists, 3103 churches. 1883 ministers.—Episcopalians, 474 Congregations, 369 ministers.—Congregationalists, 1096 churches, 846 ministers.—Methodists, about 2500 churches, local preachers, 3000, travelling preachers 1226.—Dutch Reformed churches 97, pastors 76.—Societies of Friends 525.—German Reformed Church, 411 churches, 73 Ministers—christians, so called, about 150 churches, and the same number of Ordained Elders—Universalists, 200 Societies, 120 Ministers—Roman Catholics, 90 churches, 160 Clergymen.

A spectacle of an extraordinary description was presented a few days ago, in the neighbourhood of Alnwick. About four miles from that town there is a pond known by the name of the Freemen's Well, through which it has been customary for the freemen to pass from time immemorial before they can obtain their freedom. This is considered so indispensable that no exemption is permitted, and without passing this ordeal the freedom would not be conferred. The pond is prepared by proper officers in such a manner as to give the greatest possible annoyance to the persons who are to pass through it. Great dykes or mounds are erected in different parts, so that the candidate for his freedom is at one moment seen at the top of one of them only up to his knees, and the next instant is precipitated into a gulf below, in which he frequently plunges completely over head. The water is purposely rendered so muddy that it is impossible to see where these dykes are situated, or by any precaution to avoid them. Those aspiring to the honour of the freedom of Alnwick, are dressed in white stockings, white pantaloons, and white caps. After they have "reached the point proposed," they are suffered to put on their usual clothes, and obliged to join in a procession and ride for several miles round the boundaries of the freemen's property—a measure which is not a mere formality for parade, but absolutely indispensable, since if they omit visiting any part of their property, it is claimed by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, whose steward follows the procession to note if any such omission occurs.—The origin of the practice of travelling through the pond in the manner we have described, is explained by a tradition. It is said that King John was once nearly drowned upon the spot where this pond is situated, and saved his life by clinging to a holly tree; and that he determined, in consequence, thenceforth that before any candidate can obtain the freedom of Alnwick, he should not only wade through this pond, but plant a holly tree at the door of his house on the same day, and this custom is still scrupulously observed. On the occasion to which we have just alluded, no less than thirteen individuals went through the necessary formalities.—*Tyne Mercury.*

Canada—The legislative Council of Lower Canada have passed Resolutions declaring the claim of the United States to the free navigation of the river *St. Lawrence* to the sea, from the territories of the State bordering thereon, as alluded to in the President's Message, to be contrary to the established and recognized law of nations, and praying the British Ministers to advise the King not to accede to it on any condition. These resolutions were sent to the *Assembly*, the popular branch, where they were warmly opposed, and postponed to a future day.

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OBITUARY.

Died, at his residence, near Wheeling, Va. on Sunday the fifteenth ultimo, Laurence Augustine Washington, Esq. in the 50th year of his age. He was nephew and one of the heirs of Gen. George Washington, who educated him, and in whose family he resided for a number of years.

At Marietta, General Rufus Putnam, aged 86 years. Gen. Putnam was born in Sutton, in the state of Massachusetts. At the age of sixteen he entered what is called the old French war in 1756. In our revolutionary struggle he took an active part. He commanded a regiment at the commencement of hostilities, and performed the part of an engineer during a great part of the war. Towards its close he was appointed a Brigadier General by brevet. At the conclusion of peace he retired to his farm and engaged in agricultural pursuits. He represented his town in the legislature several years, and performed the duties of a magistrate. In 1786–7, he was engaged in organizing the Ohio Company for the purpose of purchasing and settling lands in the N. W. Territory. He was appointed a director and superintendant of the affairs of that company. On the 7th of April 1788, he, in company with about 40 others, commenced the first permanent settlement in the territory (a part of which now comprises the state of Ohio,)—they located themselves at the mouth of the Muskingum river, and called their village Marietta. From so small a beginning, he lived to see a flourishing state composed of nearly 70 counties and a population of 700,000 inhabitants. So rapid a progress in population is without a parallel in the U. States. In 1789, President Washington appointed him a judge of the Supreme Court of N. W. Territory, and in 1791, he was appointed a Brigadier General in the army of the U. States under Gen. Wayne. In 1795 he was appointed Surveyor General of the U. States, which office he held during a part of the presidency of Gen. Washington—all of Mr. Adams's, and several years under President Jefferson. He was chosen a member of the convention which formed the constitution of Ohio, and took a prominent part in those deliberations which resulted in that excellent instrument. In politics he was a true disciple of the Washingtonian school. His life exemplified a practical comment upon the principle that "all men are born free and equal." In his moral conduct he was upright and inflexibly just; doing unto others as he would have them do unto him. In early life he made a profession of the Christian religion, which he continued to adorn until his death. In the early settlement of the country, he maintained a preacher of the Gospel, for several years, almost at his own expense. His benefactions for benevolent purposes are witnessed by the assistance which he afforded in the erection of academies, churches, and collegiate institutions. And the history of missions will exhibit his liberal donations in promotion of these invaluable objects. At the age of 8 years he was thrown upon the world an orphan boy, without the blessings of a common English education; yet by industry and application, at leisure moments, he made such progress in the arts and sciences, that he was enabled to sustain many important offices with credit to himself and advantage to the public.

In Mexico, on the 28th of March,

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Mr. James Crawford, merchant, of Philadelphia.

About five months ago Mr. Crawford and Mr. Andrews were despatched by the United States' Bank to Mexico, for the purpose of effecting some important negociations. On their return from the city of Mexico to Alvarado, as considerable danger was apprehended from an attack by robbers, they were furnished with a strong escort of 25 men, well armed, under the direction of Captain Murray, of the British navy. On arriving at Puebla, they were deprived of this escort, by the public authority, and an inferior guard of twelve worthless men substituted. A short distance from Puebla, most of this guard deserted them, and they were soon after attacked by a set of banditti, of 25, in ambuscade. Mr. Crawford, who was an excellent horseman, being mounted, by his gallant port and mien, attracted the first attention of the robbers; he received the first shot, their balls passing through his lungs; four of the party were wounded, and a courier, who had joined them at the moment with despatches for Capt. Murray, killed. —Captain Murray and Mr. Andrews escaped unhurt. The banditti made prisoners of the party, robbed them of every thing, including 25,000 dollars in specie, and being joined by those of the guard who had deserted, deliberated whether to put them to death, but, through the intercession of two or three who had some remains of humanity, they were, after some hours detention and cruel treatment, set free. Mr. Crawford expired in the arms of Mr. Andrews, three hours after receiving the fatal wound.

Major Samuel Hodgdon of Philadelphia, whose ardent zeal for liberty engaged him in the service of his country, from the commencement to the close of the revolutionary war. He was a Lieutenant of Marines in 1776, and cruised against the enemies of America. In 1777, he was Captain of Artillery at Ticonderoga, where he was charged with the office of Quartermaster to the forces attempting to oppose the advance of Burgoyne. After the retreat to Fort Edward, and the subsequent union of the troops under Gates, he was charged with the office of Quartermaster General. This commission he bore for many years, and exercised it in the campaign of St. Clair against the Indians beyond the Ohio. He was subsequently Commissary General of Military Stores, which commission he held until the election of Mr. Jefferson. Major H. served the United States twenty-five years in the Quartermaster and Commissariat departments, and always with a zeal and fidelity which left no room for reproach. A man of the most exact temperance, he lived three quarters of a century almost unacquainted with disease, and died in his seventy-sixth year.

"Witherford *the Prophet.*"—This celebrated Savage Warrior is at length vanquished; the destroyer is conquered; the hand which so profusely dealt death and desolation among "the whites" is now motionless. He died at his late residence near Montpelier, in Alabama, on the 9th inst. His deeds of war are well known to the early settlers in South Alabama, and will be remembered by them while they live, and be talked of with horror by generations yet unborn; but his dauntless spirit has taken its flight—"he has gone to the land of his fathers"—"Billy Witherford," denominated "the prophet," was about one-fourth Indian, (some say "a half breed,") his ancestry, on the white side having been Scottish. It has been said that he boasted of having "no yankee (meaning American) blood in his veins." This ferocious Chief led the hostile Indians to the attack upon Fort Mims (at Tensa,) on the 30th August, 1813, which re-

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sulted in the indiscriminate and shocking massacre of men, women and children, to the number of near four hundred. He was also a leader, (associated with the Prophets Francis and Sinquister,) at the battle fought on the 23d December following, at Ecchanachaca, or the "Holy Ground," which had been considered by them inaccessible to their enemies, and "the grave of white men;" but it proved a fatal delusion. His party suffered great loss of warriors, and all the provisions, munitions of war, &c. deposited at this place of imaginary safety, being as they supposed, rendered secure by the influence of some supernatural agency. It is stated, that after being saturated with the blood of Americans, and witnessing the almost total extinction of his own tribe, he voluntarily and dauntlessly flung himself into the hands of Gen. Jackson, and demanded his protection He is said on surrendering himself, to have made the following speech to the General, which looks very little like claiming *protection*. It displays a spirit which would have done credit to Napoleon under similar circumstances, after the battle of Waterloo.—"I am in your power, do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them, and fought them bravely: if I had an army, I would yet fight, and contend to the last; but I have done; my people are all gone; I can now do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emaucfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend wi h the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people, but such as they should accede to: whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you shall find me amongst the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told us where we might go, and be safe. This is a good talk, and my nation ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it."

Ap. 28, in Baltimore, Henry M. Murray, a distinguished member of the bars of Baltimore and Annapolis. Mr Murray was returning from Annapolis, in full health, on Sunday night, the 18th instant, and was reading in the cabin of the steam boat, *the Eagle*, when the boiler of the steam boat burst, and the cabin was instantly filled with scalding steam. The assault was so sudden and the suffering so dreadful as to deprive him of his recollection; and it was not until, in his confusion, he had crossed the cabin three times, (as was afterwards discovered by the traces of his lacerated flesh,) that he found his way to the deck.

Mr. Murray was about thirty-five years of age when he died. He was already an able lawyer; and, what is still more important, his habits of investigation were so steady and invincible, that with the aid of his uncommonly fine mind, they would, in a few years, have infallibly carried him to the front rank of his

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profession. His classical attainments were also of high order. 'He was a scholar and a ripe one' His reading was diversified and extensive. But his peculiar enjoyment was in the department of *belles lettres*. His familiarity with the classics displayed itself, unsought, in his own style and manners; the former was always that of the polished scholar, the latter always those of the polite and accomplished gentleman.

Baltimore, 24th May, Gen. William H. Winder, of that city; an eminent lawyer and a distinguished citizen, aged 50.

General Winder was one of those men with regard to whom it was impossible to be indifferent; for there was nothing negative in his character: all his qualities were positive, strong and striking. There never was a human being more entirely animated. There seemed to be no dead particle in his system—all "the life of life," in all its force, thrilled in every fibre, throbbed in every pulse, beamed in every feature, and spoke in every gesture. He was ardent to the very verge of enthusiasm; and, in his conduct, he took counsel much oftener from his heart than his head. His mind was uncommonly quick, acute, and vigorous. Whatever it was capable of doing, it performed at once, and without effort. His speeches were not marked either by method or research; yet his views were always clear, and bold. Hence he was an able and popular advocate, and a commanding member of the Legislature. His manners were such as would be naturally expected from such a character: they were uncommonly spirited, frank, graceful and engaging.

Mr. Wirt announced his demise to the court in terms, which were alike honourable to his own feelings and the character of the deceased. "The court," said he, "is aware of the shock, which has been sustained by every heart, in the death of our respected brother, General Winder. It is a bereavement, not only to the Bar, where he found in every member a brother, not merely by profession, but a brother by love; but to the whole society of which he was so justly a universal favourite, and of the state, of which he was so bright an ornament. It is the second visitation of Providence, which we have experienced during the present term, and in both instances attended with circumstances and to be followed by consequences of such distress—that it is impossible to look that way without anguish too deep for utterance. This consolation only is left to us, that death seems to have selected his victims with reference to their peculiar fitness for a better and a happier world; two spirits more pure have never winged their flight, from this scene of sorrow and suffering.

"We are aware of the importance of the time of the court to the public. But, I am sure that I should dishonour the sensibility of the Court, not less than of the Bar, by supposing them capable of proceeding to business, with the equanimity which is essential to its just execution. How would it be possible to proceed, without feeling at every step, the absence of the valued brother, who has just left us; whom we were wont to see and hear in almost every cause, and whose warm and generous character was our chief support and solace, amidst the toils of our laborious profession. Something is due to humanity; much is due to the honoured dead, who has not left his superior behind him, in all that is ennobling and attaching in the human character. How is it possible to do otherwise, than to love the man, who had so much love for others!"

He concluded by moving an adjournment until the day after the funeral; which was granted by a special order, as a testimonial of respect. Other honours were paid to

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his memory by the members of the bar, the university and the militia.

At Clifton, England, Miss Sophia Lee, a writer of considerable repute as a novelist and dramatist. Besides assisting her sister, Miss Harriett Lee in the Canterbury Tales, she wrote the Chapter of Accidents, a popular Comedy; Almeyda, a Tragedy; the Recess; the Life of a Lover; Osmond; and the Hermit's Tale, a poem.

At Munich, (Feb. 21,) the court of his father-in-law, where he had chiefly resided since the restoration of the Bourbons, Eugene Beauharnois, Prince of Eichstadt, the son of the Empress Josephine and her first husband Gen. Viscount Beauharnois. Eugene was born Sept. 1, 1781, and at the age of 14 bore arms for his country under Gen. Hoche. In 1796 he was made Ai-de-Camp to Buonaparte, with whom he was always a great favourite. After the treaty of Campo Formio he was sent to Corfu, to see that treaty carried into execution with regard to the Ionian Islands. In 1800 he was appointed Major, on the field of battle at Marengo: in 1802 General of Brigade and Col.-Gen. of Chasseurs; and in 1805, Viceroy of Italy, in which capacity he effected much for the government of Milan. After 1814, he retired to a private life, selecting the court of the King of Bavaria, whose eldest daughter, Augusta Amelia, he had married, Jan 19th, 1806. In his private character, Prince Beauharnois was truly amiable, possessing all the good qualities of his mother, and like her, proving himself worthy to fill the illustrious rank to which he had risen. His obsequies were performed at Munich, on the 25th Feb. with great pomp, and the funeral service was read by the Bishop of Pirta, First Almoner of the King.

Of the African fever, (Jan. 10th,) while surveying the River Gambia, T. E. Bowdich, Esq. the enterprising traveller and author of the interesting account of the Mission to Ashantee. Mr. Bowdich was born 1793, in Bristol, of which city his father was a considerable manufacturer. Disliking trade, and having a relative in an important situation on the Gold Coast, he obtained an appointment as Writer in the service of the African Company. In 1816 he arrived at Cape Coast Castle; when, it being determined to send an embassy to the interior of Ashantee, a service in which few were willing to embark, he was at his own solicitation appointed to that perilous enterprise. Of this expedition he published a narrative that was very favourably received by the public, and obtained for him the reputation of a scientific traveller. His services did not, however, meet with any further remuneration, for he had given offence in a quarter that affected his interests. Mr. Bowdich was author of some other publications; and, just before his death, had been employed upon a work relative to Madeira, and illustrating the Geology and Natural History of that Island. He has left a widow and three young children wholly unprovided for.

At Paris, the Duke of Cambaceres, Ex-Arch-Chancellor of the empire. He was born at Montpellier, in 1753, and was educated for the bar, where his talents and assiduity soon distinguished him, and after procuring for him some important offices, caused him to be named Deputy to the National Convention in Sep. 1792. No member was more active, and few more able: he brought forward a plan for a new civil code, which he afterwards produced again when he was in the Council of the Five Hundred. In the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, by which Napoleon was made First Consul, he took a distinguished part, nor were his services and abilities forgotten, for he was shortly after made Second Consul by the man to whose elevation

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he had thus contributed. When Napoleon became Emperor, he made him his Arch-Chancellor, and in 1814, Grand Dignitary of the Order of the Iron Crown. After the abdication of the Emperor he resided at Paris in apparent privacy, but in Feb. 1816, was banished as a Regicide and retired to Brussels: however, in 1819, he was permitted to return. He was extremely rich, having an income of 400,000 francs. For some time previous to his death he had been occupied in writing his memoirs, and had made considerable progress in the work, which is now in the hands of his Secretary M. Lavolle. Should they ever be given to the public they will doubtless throw much light on many of the principal events in France during the Revolution and the reign of Napoleon.

At Rome, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the distinguished minister who governed Rome during the last three and twenty years. The career of this distinguished statesman and admirable politician was marked by events of the highest interest, and the ability with which he conducted the Papal government during a very critical period, is the proof of his superior talent. Whilst on the one hand he negociated the most important treaties, he was on the other equally attentive to the internal police of Rome, and also to the cause of it by preserving the fine remains of antiquity: thus filling the Papal states with noble monuments of his munificence, at the same time that he replaced the Holy See in a situation of comparative independence and security.

At his Apartments in the British Museum, in his 70th year, the Rev. Thomas Maurice, Assistant Keeper of the MSS: at that Institution. Mr. Maurice was well known in the literary world by a variety of publications, both in prose and verse, but particularly by his "Indian Antiquities," and "History of Hindostan,"—works which exhibit great diligence of research, and intimate acquaintance with a department of history comparatively little known in Europe.

In Half-Moon street, Piccadilly, aged upwards of 70, William Cooke, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, author of "Conversation," a poem, the "Life of Macklin," the "Life of Foote," &c. Mr. Cooke was a native of Cork, at the Grammar-school of which city he received his education. After the death of his first wife he married the sister of Major Galway, Commander of Trichinopoly.

At her father's, at Ongar, Miss Jane Taylor, author of "Essays in Rhyme," "Display," &c.

After a short illness, Edward Jones, Bard to the Prince of Wales, aged 72. He was a native of Merionethshire, and about 30 year ago published a work entitled, "Relics of the Bards," which contained much valuable historical information;—also a collection of Welsh Airs, arranged for the harp, an instrument on which he performed after the manner of his forefathers, playing the treble with his left hand, and the bass with the right. He possessed a library of rare books, both manuscript and printed, many of which he lately disposed of. He was a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, the Governors of which, hearing that he was totally unable to follow his professional pursuits, granted him an annuity of 50*l*., but he lived to enjoy only the first receipt of their bounty.

At the age of 77, Mr. John Murdoch, the early teacher and friend of the celebrated Burns. His latter years were passed in indigence, and a subscription had recently been set on foot for his relief. Mr. Murdoch was author of a work entitled, "The Dictionary of Distinctions," 1811, and some publications relative to the study of the French Language.

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TAME DEER PURSUING CATTLE.

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

MEMOIRS OF DAVID RITTENHOUSE, L. L. D.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE was born near Germantown, Philadelphia county, on the 8th April, 1732. His father, Matthias Rittenhouse, was a paper-maker, and was descended from William Rittenhouse, who emigrated to this country from the city of Arnheim, in the province of Guelderland, in the United Provinces. His grandfather, William's son, established in the neighbourhood of Germantown, in 1703, the first paper-mill erected in America.

Not long after the birth of David, his father retired from the business he had pursued, and purchased a farm in the township of Norriton, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, about 20 miles from Philadelphia, where he engaged in agriculture. This son, the elder of his children, was destined to the same occupation, and was employed in the labours of the farm during the principal part of his youth. Such strong manifestations, however, occurred, of an insurmountable predilection for mechanical and scientific pursuits, as afterwards to give a new turn to his course of life.

His natural propensities were stimulated by an incident of his early boyhood. A chest of joiner's tools that had belonged to one of his uncles, who died in his minority, remained at his father's house, and to them he had free access. In this chest were likewise books on geometry and arithmetic, together with calculations and other papers in manuscript. With the tools he framed ma-

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chines of different kinds, and succeeded in forming a complete watermill in miniature. He was then about seven or eight years of age. At seventeen, he constructed a wooden clock of very ingenious workmanship, and soon after gained so thorough an acquaintance with the art, as to finish a clock of the usual materials. But his mind was not satisfied by mere mechanical contrivances. While occupied at the plough, his arithmetical calculations were visible, in the figures with which the fences at the head of the furrows, and even the plough and its handles were covered. At about the age of eighteen, the bias of his mind became so obvious, that he obtained his father's consent to exchange the culture of the ground for the work-shop; and having erected a small building on his father's land, he entered on the business of a clock and mathematical instrument maker. From this period till the age of twenty-five, though assiduous in manual labour, his leisure was devoted to the acquirement of knowledge. His studies even impaired his constitution, and occasioned a malady that assailed him with more or less violence during the remainder of his life. His early education had been limited to reading, writing, the English language, and the knowledge of the simplest rules of arithmetic, and he perceived the necessity of unremitting application to supply its deficiencies. He procured books from a small circulating library, established at Norriton, by himself, in conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Barton, a gentleman of classical education, who married his sister, and who had, at an early date, discovered his genius and encouraged it. The same gentleman, on his return from England, brought, at his instance, a small, but valuable collection of scientific books. Among other works that he now became master of, was sir Isaac Newton's *Principia*, which he read in the English translation of Mr. Motte, and which inspired him with a profound veneration for that philosopher. Perceiving the truth and solidity of the sublime discoveries of Newton in his favourite science, he afterwards vindicated his doctrines from the mistakes or perversions of others. "It was at this time," says Dr. Rush in his eulogy, "he became acquainted with the science of fluxions, of which he believed himself the author: nor did he know for some time afterwards, that a contest

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had been carried on between sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz for the honour of this discovery." It cannot, therefore, be said that Mr. Rittenhouse was self taught, if, by this expression, is meant that he acquired knowledge merely by the clearness of his own perceptions, and from his own experience. This far, however, is true, that he mastered the sublimest sciences, without an instructor, guided by the light of a powerful understanding. But much application was requisite to possess himself of the discoveries extant in his day: and without this his progress would have been trivial.

He lived a retired life till the year 1755, distinguished by most persons only for the accuracy of his workmanship, but remarked by a few of the judicious for acquirements in mathematics and astronomy, much beyond the ordinary attainments of his countrymen. His rare talents could not be long confined to a narrow sphere, and, in the year 1763, they were employed on a public occasion. The Penn family, to whom he had become known from some of his acquaintances, among whom were Dr. W. Smith, president of the college, and Mr. Lukens, surveyor general, applied to him to fix the line which forms the boundary between Delaware and Pennsylvania, on the precise location of which depended the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, ordered by the court of Chancery in England, to be run, in pursuance of the agreement between the Penns and lord Baltimore. In 1767, the college of Philadelphia excited further attention to his merit, by conferring on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, accompanied with a flattering compliment to "the extraordinary progress and improvement he had made, by the felicity of his natural genius in mechanics, mathematics, astronomy, and other liberal arts and sciences, all which he had advanced by singular modesty, and irreproachable morals."

One of those celestial phenomena was now approaching, which attract the eyes of astronomers, throughout the civilized world to the planetary bodies, and it awakened general attention. On the 3d of June, 1769, the planet Venus was to pass over the disk of the sun, so as to be correctly observed in this latitude. But one of these transits had occurred within 130 years preceding, name-

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ly, in June, 1761, and was observed in England; and another was not expected till the year 1874: a period so remote, that no person then living, and of competent age to observe the appearance, could hope to witness another. It was not only an event in itself remarkable, but was important to astronomy and navigation, by the opportunity it furnished of ascertaining the sun's parallax, and thereby calculating the distance of the planets from the sun: a point still a desideratum, from the imperfection of the observations previously made. This event may be esteemed fortunate for the rising philosopher, as his genius was now sufficiently known to be put in requisition, and its successful exertion could not fail to confer celebrity on astronomical talent. The American Philosophical Society, at the instance of Dr. Ewing,* took the lead in this undertaking, and appointed Mr. Rittenhouse, with other gentlemen, to conduct it at Norriton, a temporary observatory being erected there, and furnished with proper instruments, made by himself;—the observations were satisfactorily prosecuted. The results gave universal pleasure, conferred no little renown on the state of Pennsylvania, and enlarged the reputation of the principal conductor, especially among the European literati. So deep was the interest he felt, and so anxiously did his mind vibrate between the fears of a disappointment, which the smallest cloud might have occasioned, and the hopes of a fortunate issue, that at the instant of one of the contacts of the planet with the sun, he was near fainting under the emotions it excited. About the same period he derived additional reputation by the construction of two orreries, or, representations of the solar system, which for ingenuity of contrivance and perfection of workmanship, stood unrivalled. It was in reference principally to these, that his friend Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, mentioned him with Washington and Franklin, in refutation of the ridiculous theories of some French writers, who had underrated American capacity. One of these machines was immediately purchased by the college of Princeton, the other by the college of Philadelphia, and both still remain in the possession of these institutions. The

* See Port Folio for March, 1824.

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legislature of Pennsylvania made him a present of 300*l.*, in testimony of their high sense of his merits in the construction of them, and contracted with him for the purchase of a third; but his subsequent public occupations prevented its completion. In the fall of 1770, Mr. Rittenhouse left Norriton, and came to reside in the city of Philadelphia, where he might, with more facility, gratify his thirst for science, by access to learned men and libraries, and where his well-earned fame would receive a more adequate recompense. Two years afterwards, the death of his wife preyed on his spirits, and for some time he contemplated a visit to England. Had he gone thither, and chosen, like West and Copley, to spend the remainder of his days abroad, it is possible he might have extended his astronomical researches far beyond those which he prosecuted here, where the requisite instruments were not attainable, and other employments divided his attention. He might have anticipated Herschel in the construction of those stupendous telescopes, by which unknown planets have been discovered, their orbits designated, and their names assigned. In science and industry he equalled the celebrated Anglo German astronomer, and in mechanical skill probably surpassed him. This supposition is strengthened by the fact, that even with the much inferior instruments within his power, and amidst other pursuits, he did catch a gleam of the subsequent success of the European astronomers, so as to predict, in his oration delivered in 1775, before the American Philosophical Society, that "if astronomy should again break those limits that then confined it, and expatiate freely in the celestial fields, amazing discoveries might yet be made among the fixed stars." He never, however, visited any foreign country, nor imbibed from the communion of scientific opinions, and the products of consummate art, that expansion which they impart to powerful minds. Through life, as in youth, his own genius principally supplied his mental resources.

In 1775, a project was entertained by the American Philosophical Society, highly honourable to the character of Mr. Rittenhouse, and to the learned body from which it emanated. Astronomy being rather a speculative than a practical science, and requiring the aid of expensive instruments, it has seldom risen to

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eminence in any country without public support. Under this impression, the Society petitioned the legislature for aid in the erection of an observatory, and to allow a salary to a person as public astronomer, in connection with the situation of surveyor of roads and waters: designating Mr. Rittenhouse as the person contemplated, not by name, but by allusion to his character and circumstances in terms of panegyric. But the critical state of the country obstructed the fulfilment of a plan, which men of influence zealously supported, and which, if adopted, might have contributed to a large advancement in astronomical science in America. His fellow citizens, thenceforward, uniformly evinced their respect for his elevated genius, and their love of his virtuous simplicity of character. He was successively placed in such public stations as were suited to his turn of mind. He was treasurer of the state for thirteen years: loan officer: commissioner to settle the boundaries between Pennsylvania and Maryland, and, afterwards, between Pennsylvania and New York, and was appointed by president Washington director of the mint on its establishment. In the organization of this institution, his knowledge and skill were peculiarly useful. Of the American Philosophical Society he was a distinguished member—enriching their proceedings with various communications; and, in the year 1791, on the death of Dr. Franklin, he succeeded that great man in the chair of president. Various other scientific societies from time to time honoured him with membership. He was far from being indifferent to the important political events which marked his age and country. He embarked in the cause of American independence with zeal and energy, and suffered loss and temporary exile, in common with other distinguished patriots. He was the ardent friend and advocate of the liberty of man. His writings are not numerous. Indeed, when we consider that his time was absorbed by public business, and his health delicate, this ought not to be a matter of surprise. Such of his productions as were published, are able and ingenious, but do not convey an adequate idea of his genius and acquirements. His oration delivered before the American Philosophical Society, in February, 1775, is composed with force and elegance, and contains several eloquent and sublime

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passages. In the spring of 1795, he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society of London; a convincing evidence of his standing as a philosopher. This honour, though gratifying to his friends, occurred too late in life to be felt by him with much emotion. His useful and virtuous career was then approaching a termination. "A few years ago," said he, on receiving the diploma, "such a mark of respect from that illustrious body, would have been received by me with pleasure and pride."

On the 26th of June, 1796, Dr. Rittenhouse died, at his house in Philadelphia, in the sixty-fifth year of his age: suffering, in his last illness, from the malady that had afflicted him from the age of twenty-five. The last words he spoke, attest the firmness of his religious belief, and the serenity of conscience that attends a well spent life. A medical application had been used, and, in answer to a question of his physician, the late Dr. Barton, whether it gave relief, he uttered these impressive words: "Yes, you have made the way to GOD easier."

Ceracchi, a celebrated Italian sculptor, who visited America, executed a fine bust of him in white marble, in the year 1795, and presented it to the American Philosophical Society, in whose custody it still remains.

An eloquent eulogium on his memory was delivered soon after his decease, by the late *Dr. Rush*, and the late William Barton, Esquire, of Lancaster, in the year 1813, published Memoirs of his Life.

LORD BYRON AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As the lords of the manor of learning on the other side of the Atlantic, are busily employing themselves in detecting the literary poaching of Lord Byron, it would be a pity not to bring to their notice a very remarkable plagiarism, committed by this same poet on the facetious history of Diedrich Knickerbocker, whereof the renowned Washington Irving is reputed the author, published some twenty years ago in this country, and latterly republished in England.

The following passage is from the *seventh book, chap. 7*, of this veritable history:

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"With a variety of other heart-rending, soul-striking hopes and figures which I cannot enumerate—neither indeed need I, for they were exactly the same that are used in all popular harangues and fourth of July orations at the present day, *and may be classed in rhetoric under the general title of* RIGMAROLE."

Now for Lord Byron.

> "But there were ample reasons for it, none
> Of which he specified in this his pleading:
> His speech was a fine sample on the whole,
> Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call 'rigmarole.'
>
> *Don Juan.*"

On the elegance and force of an idea which has been adopted by two such distinguished writers, it would be superfluous to dwell. I need only remark, that Lord Byron has done no more than turn it into verse, without making the slightest addition, for which he deserves the maledictions of those who are now picking him to pieces in all directions, and serving him just as Virgil, Pope, Sterne, and hosts of others falsely termed original writers, have been treated by their worthy contemporaries.

LIBRA.

For the Port Folio.

THE ALBUM.—No. V.

Hints to Delinquents.—Rabelais tells us of a man who died of paying an old debt, which melancholy event produced so lasting an impression on the world, that it is wonderful how cautious some men are in that particular. Many had as soon pay the debt of nature as an old debt, and indeed give a pointed preference to the discharge of the former. The statute enacting that time may be pleaded in bar of actions for debts, was probably passed with a view to the longevity of debtors, and to secure them from the perils of rash payments.

The Andalusians.—The Andalusians fancy themselves Spaniards, but I look upon them as Arabs: stout, plump in their persons, with clear dark eyes, dark hair, thick beard, and aquiline nose, they still preserve the physiognomy of their ancestors. Volatile, passionately fond of show, gallant with the fair sex, gay and lively, they bear no resemblance to the Spaniards of the other provinces. They are almost continually on horseback; and invariably travel armed, at one time as inoffensive members of society, at others as smugglers or highwaymen, like the Bedouin Arabs. Their imagination is poetical; their language hyperbolical as orientalists. Anselmo, the muleteer who accompanied me to this place, one day asked me which was the most powerful nation,

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England or Spain? On my replying "England," he rejoined with the emphasis of Pindar, "No, Sir! when Spain is mentioned all other nations tremble!" On another occasion, when I inquired whether the mule I rode was quiet, Anselmo, who, from Pindar had become Anacreon, answered—"*El es monso como el sueno;*"—he is as gentle as sleep!

The age of Elizabeth and James was prolific in great men. Shakspeare, Bacon, Hooker, Raleigh, and Spencer need only to be named to prove this. But it was an age of more strength than polish. The English tone of polite literature was derived from the Spaniards, who were then the most powerful nation in Europe. Shakspeare imitated Lope de Vega, who was his cotemporary, in the style as well as in the fertility of his dramatic productions.

In Milton, the Italian manner predominated. He visited Italy, composed some poems in Italian, and in his English productions imitated Tasso and Ariosto.

The reign of queen Anne was the Augustan age of English literature. Pope, Swift, Addison and Steele refined the language and gave it softness and harmony. They imitated the French writers, to whom the reign of Louis XIV gave eminence and celebrity.

The English are now following German literature: which within half a century has risen to great distinction in the works of Schiller, Goethe and others. For some time its influence was vehemently resisted in England, but it has now conquered.

Is it unlikely that the time may come when American literature shall have its meridian, and English writers shall be found modelling their productions on our style and manner? Nature has given our people genius enough: all that is wanting is education and study.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Spare not nor spend too much, be this thy care,
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare;
Who spends too much, may want, and so complain:
But he spends best, that spares to spend again.

RANDOLPH.

CERTAINLY, if a man will keep of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts, and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.

It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. Some forbear it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken. But wounds cannot be cured without searching. He that cannot look into his own estate at all, hath need

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both choose well those whom he employeth, and change them often; for new are more timorous and less subtil. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties. A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other: as, if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable, and the like; for he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds, will hardly be preserved from decay.—Lord Bacon.

Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve if thou observe three things. *First*, that thou know what thou hast, what every thing is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The *Second* is, that thou never spend any thing before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The *Third* is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality: if thou smart, smart for thine own sins, and above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men.

If any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee farther, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself, than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an evasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee;* if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, it need not; therefore, from suretyship, as from a manslayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy, if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

What virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised: besides, poverty is oft times sent as a curse of God, it is a shame amongst

* Sir Walter had woful experience of the truth of this observation, in the case of the Sherborne estate, granted to him by Queen Elizabeth, which, to gratify the base designs of her unworthy successor, was, through the omission of *a single word* in the conveyance thereof, which our illustrious knight had made to his son, wrested entirely from his family, and conferred upon the King's *Scotch favourite*, Car, afterwards created Earl of Somerset. It may not be improper to remark, that this *honourable* transaction was brought about by means of an information exhibited in the Court of Exchequer, by an *Attorney-General*.

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men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit: thou shalt neither help thyself nor others, thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them, thou shalt be a burthen and an eye-sore to thy friends; every man will fear thy company, thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts, and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds.* Let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health, comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live and defend themselves and thine own fame. Whereas, it is said in the proverbs, "*That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure.*" It is further said, "*The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends.*"—IBID.

LET thy servants be such as thou mayest command, and entertain none about thee but yeomen, to whom thou givest wages; for those that will serve thee without thy hire, will cost thee treble as much as those that know thy fare. If thou trust any servant with thy purse, be sure thou take his account ere thou sleep, for if thou put it off, thou wilt then afterwards for tediousness neglect it. (I, myself, have thereby lost more than I am worth) and whatsoever thy servant gaineth thereby, he will never thank thee, but laugh thy simplicity to scorn; and, besides, 'tis the way to make thy servants thieves, which else would be honest.—IBID.

VENTURE not thy estate with any of those great ones that shall attempt unlawful things, for such men labour for themselves and not for thee, thou shalt be sure to part with them in the danger, but not in the honour; and to venture a sure estate in present, in hopes of a better in future, is mere madness. Great men forget such as have done them service, when they have obtained what they would, and will rather hate thee for saying thou hast been a mean of their advancement, than acknowledge it.

* Human experience obliges us to subscribe to these observations in their fullest extent. They contain a lamentable truth, which ought to be engraven in the minds of all who possess a necessary competence in life, to induce them to avoid the extravagant and dissipated habits of the times, to cherish and preserve the good things with which God has blessed them, and thereby to avoid the temptations and dangers to which men in reduced circumstances are generally exposed. We have a remarkable example of this fact, in the case of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, who, by gay and expensive courses, unbecoming his situation in life, became involved in difficulties, which led to the commission of an act of felony, for which he suffered a most disgraceful and untimely end.

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I could give thee a thousand examples, and I, myself, know it, and have tasted it in all the course of my life; when thou shalt read and observe the stories of all nations, thou shalt find innumerable examples of the like. Let thy love, therefore, be to the best, so long as they do well; but take heed that thou love God, thy country, thy prince, and thine own estate, before all others; for the fancies of men change, and he that loves to-day, hateth to-morrow; but let reason be thy school-mistress, which shall ever guide thee aright.—Ibid.

In all your expenses, consider beforehand, can I not be well enough without this that I am about to buy? Is there an absolute necessity of it? Can I not forbear till I am in a better condition to compass it? If I buy or borrow, can I pay? and when? and am I sure? Will this expense hold out? How shall I bring about the next quarter, or the next year? If young men would but have the patience to consider and ask themselves questions of the like nature, it would make them considerate in their expenses, and provident for the future.—Sir Matthew Hale.

The vanity of young men, in loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing themselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profuseness and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity and too much expensiveness in your apparel: let your apparel be comely, plain, decent, cleanly, not curious, or costly; it is the sign of a weak head-piece, to be sick for every new fashion, or to think himself the better in it, or the worse without it.—Ibid.

THE POLITICAL SHOEMAKER.

Monsieur Arago has just published a very interesting narrative of a voyage round the world in the Uranie and Physicienne corvettes, commanded by captain Freycinet, during the years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, on a scientific expedition undertaken by order of the French government. The principal object was the investigation of the figure of the earth and of the elements of terrestrial magnetism. Leaving matters of such high importance to a class of readers who seldom look at newspapers, we proceed to transcribe from the lively pages of M. Arago his account of a son of St. Crispin whom he found at the Cape of Good Hope.

"This extraordinary man has acquired no less notoriety by his title, than by the capital shoes which he makes. From the fishing-boat to the ship of the line; from the jolly church-warden to the half starved scribbler of melo-dramas; from the tragedy queen to the humble washerwoman, he knows every body, and every

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thing that occurs, either in the harbor, the town, or the country: he would hang himself if he were to remain ignorant for twenty-four hours of any circumstance, however trivial, that happens in the colony. With a telescope, constantly pointed to the Lion's Head, he watches the signals, runs to the landing-place, examines every face, seeks such as are strange to him, begs scraps of news, accosts and follows passengers, and does not quit them till he is certain of learning more elsewhere. There he is sure of fresh news, fixing upon new victims, and quitting them only to return to his seat, convinced that it will not be long before he will have visitors.

On the day of our arrival he was very early in the morning on the top of the Table, looking for stones and plants. He perceived us!—How unfortunate!—He should be too late for our landing. Away he throws what he has collected, runs, tumbles, rolls down the hill, and arrives breathless at the beach. How lucky! Nobody is yet acquainted with more than the general outline; the detail, the circumstances of the event are unknown. Every one says: "It is the Uranie cutter, commanded by captain Freycinet, who accompanied M. Baudin, brother of the brave officer, who lost an arm off St. Domingo.

Without having seen our commander, without knowing an individual among us, he described us all to the first comer, stated our different ranks, offered any wager that he was right, and hurried with impatience to convince the whole town of it.

Heaven must this once have been pleased to baffle his designs. The *Political Shoemaker* could not be there, when we paid our visit to the governor. On the most frivolous pretexts he called upon all his customers, manufactured news expressly that he might be contradicted, in order that he might get at the truth. Before the day was over, he knew the christian and surname, age and rank of every officer on board; and certain that he was now right, he went home and amplified his notes. Here lodge Mess. so and so; there, so and so. The gazette of the day is composed, and the *Political Shoemaker* satisfied. Now come along and he will show you fine things.

I heard mention made at my lodgings of this modern M. Roch,* and, desirous of becoming acquainted with him, I requested my landlord to accompany me to his house. We accordingly set out. By the way I inquired what had procured this disciple of St. Crispin the title of *Political*, rather than that of *Inquisitive:* "Come along, Sir, you will soon know; here is the house." "It is remarkably clean." "Don't stop about trifles at the door: walk in." The smell of leather conducted me into the room on the right. A man, apparently between forty-five and fifty, of a most prepossessing countenance, seated on a high stool, was giv-

* A character in a petty French comic opera entitled *Avis au Public.*

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ing directions to two slaves, who will some time or other, perhaps, become pupils worthy of himself. He rose, took off his spectacles, untied his apron, and saluted us. "Good day, M. Arago!" "Good day, Sir; how do you know my name?" "The Uranie is arrived, M. Arago, draughtsman to the expedition, lodges at M. Rouvière's; he has a dark complexion, animated eyes, a port folio under his arm. You are come with M. Rouvière; your complexion is not fair; your eyes are animated; this port folio completely establishes your identity: good day, M. Arago!" "You are a conjurer, Sir, and a physiognomist." "Oh! I have seen a great deal, run about a great deal, and observed a great deal: I am never wrong, Sir, never wrong. But I beg your pardon: a chair for the gentleman: but you had better walk into the parlor, you will be more comfortable."

This parlor is adorned with enormous dried specimens of *fucus*, stags' horns, ostriches' eggs, fans of peacocks' feathers, and large fragments of rock. "So!" cried he, with a triumphant air, "you are already astonished at my penetration. What then would you say, Sir, if I were to tell you that more than fifteen years ago I predicted the downfall of Napoleon, (there it is) the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors, the marriage of the Duke de Berry to a Sicilian princess, and the exploits of his sons? We received intelligence a month ago that his illustrious consort was confined. How fortunate for my prediction." "His child is dead:" "indeed! It would have been a hero." "It was a girl." "That is extraordinary! this is the first time I have been out. I would lay a wager that some fall, some—" "She died in the birth." "Oh then I need not be surprised that I was wrong: it is impossible to answer for such events."

Tired enough already of the political pretensions of the shoemaker, I was going to acquaint him with the motive of my visit, and to ask for some shoes, when he suddenly resumed: "*Apropos*, Sir," said he with a doleful look: "Europe has lately been the theatre of a very dreadful event. The battle of Waterloo has deprived France of many of her brave fellows! I foretold, Sir, that those guards would rather die than surrender."—"That was no difficult matter." "Certainly not: but it was Columbus' egg—say beforehand what will happen; and don't wait for events before you pronounce: but let us waive that subject and proceed to an affair almost as terrible, and much more glorious for you, the battle of Toulouse! *Long live Soult*, sir! *Long live Soult*. There's a general for you. O that I had been there." "*I* was there." "Why, did you not tell him to exterminate that odious race of islanders?" "He did." "Some of them, however, escaped. But then, with so small a force it was impossible to effect more. So! you were at the battle of Toulouse! (N. B. I was not.) As a draughtsman probably? I know that country well." "I dare say you do!" "I have been all over it!" "That is very clear." "And

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at this distance I have detailed the action and drawn an accurate plan of the battle. You shall judge, Sir, whether I have misconceived the thing." He immediately fell to work, and in a trice the two armies were drawn up on the parlor floor. Some stout lasts are the French; a new shoe is a substitute for Soult. Wellington is represented by a boot strap, and his soldiers by scraps of leather. A chair is the hill where the carnage takes place; a calf skin the Garonne; a pail the canal; nothing is forgotten. The shoemaker gives the word, every thing moves and acts. With one touch the rapid historian overthrows columns, causes our troops to advance, puts to flight the descendants of Lusus, tumbles them into the river, and *leathers* the English. Here one of his divisions falls back, he hastens up, and order is restored; he is himself the Commander in Chief—"Quick! open a battery there! and it is instantly represented by two brass candlesticks! "Come, my lads, charge with bayonets!" and he rattles away with his awl. The fire flashes from the eyes of the narrator; he rolls about with enthusiasm; and when the action is ever, he clasps Soult under his arm; throws the French upon a sofa, and the English among the rubbish; puts a general in his pocket; gives Welling on a kick; and rises breathless and proud of his triumph.

"Excellent, Sir, excellent! one would swear you had been at that battle, your representation of it is so correct!" "I was there, Sir; yes, I was there, and from this place I directed all the movements; for I foresaw this engagement. Stop a moment, look at this map of the conquests of the French; observe all these dots; they are so many cities taken by them! (So saying, he showed me a paper quite black with dots,) There is Vienna—and there Berlin." "Where then?" "Yonder," and his finger, covered with wax, stuck to the map, and tore off the face of the paper. "This map is rather the worse for the wear; but I keep it, for I made my first campaigns with it, and we ought not to be ungrateful to our old friends—will you do me the honor to take a glass of wine? The ungrateful man has but one fault, all the rest may be accounted virtues in him. You will take a glass of wine, Sir?" "No, I thank you, Sir, I came to——"—"To-morrow, Sir, I will measure you: and we will resume the conversation."

Next day it was my turn, and I am certain, that without being displeased with my stories, he was not a little astonished by them. What absurdities he had the politeness to listen to, and to believe! how many gulls he must have made in the succeeding days!

You see this man with astonishment the first time; with pleasure the second; but it is wise to avoid a third interview: so *striking* are his gestures; so animated his politics; and such is the danger of being in the field of battle where he is executing his manœuvres. I was assured that he lately seized one of his auditors by the hair and dragged him about the room in the midst of

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his narration, under the idea that he had taken prisoner one of the enemy's generals.

N. B. The *Political Shoemaker* could never be prevailed on to make shoes for English feet.

For the Port Folio.

AN OLD MAID'S GOSSIP.—No. I.

DEAR MR. OLDSCHOOL,

ON looking over one of the last year's numbers of your Port Folio for want of something better to do, I met with some pathetic lamentations upon the scarcity of contributors to your venerable work; now, as I love to be useful, and as I have no affairs of my own to occupy me, I have come to a resolution to treat you occasionally to a little old-maid's gossip. I think, good Mr. Oldschool, it will harmonise wonderfully well with the gravity of your bachelor lucubrations—a sort of sprightly creaming, (I beg you will not call it frothing,) upon the surface of your potent Philadelphia brown stout. To be sure, it seems a sort of anomaly in nature that an old maid should bestow any kindness, even of a harmless literary sort, upon an elderly bachelor. But I am a surprising woman Mr. Oldschool; although I am old, I am not very cross;—and although I am an old maid, I keep my claws cut and never scratch nor bite. And what is more wonderful still, I have not the least antipathy in the world to an old bachelor. So you may trust me in a nook of your journal; and I will tell you many little secrets of my various friends and acquaintances which no one has ever dreamed of my discovering. And when I have no secrets to tell, which strange to say is sometimes the case, I can relate some anecdote, and sketch some prominent traits of character, or —but why attempt to classify an old maid's gossip?

Perhaps, before you decide upon admitting me within the pale of your literary territory, you would wish to know something of your self elected correspondent. In the true spirit of feminality I ought to commence with a description of my personal appearance, but between ourselves Mr. Oliver, the less that is said on that score the better. I am not quite endued with the candor of the frank duchess of Orleans, and I have too much honesty to palm off a fancy portrait upon you, even though you are a bachelor. My situation in society is that of most of my sisterhood, a sort of independent dependence. Independent, because my own purse is sufficient to supply my frugal wants. Dependent, for without a house or family or any ties of domestic life, I am compelled to find my home, my occupations, and the necessary employment of my natural affections, amidst those connexions with whom it has pleased my Heavenly Father to station me.

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My usual residence, my *home par excellence*, is in the country: but I often make excursions from it to change the scene and see the world; occasionally passing a few weeks in the winter, or even a whole season, in the neighbouring city; where I have some few friends who welcome me with kindness although I can make but few returns beyond the little attentions we feel so happy to render to those we love, and which, alas! but too frequently win for my sisterhood the ungrateful prefix of meddlesome or officious. Sometimes also, I am solicited to join some party in a tour of health or pleasure; but these digressions from the straight-forward course of my existence have been but "few and far between."

I have abundance of all the usual relatives, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, nephews and neices; most of them very much like other people of the same standing in society: but here and there, we have a sprinkling of oddities amongst us, who stand out from the general mass, and afford a fine relief to the monotony of common-place character.

The being that I love best in the world, better even than my cat or canary bird, is my nephew Ned. He is a tall lanky sallow-faced college boy whom I nursed and cherished in his sickly infancy, when his poor mother was herself too ill to perform maternal duties. There is a strange mystery in the female heart that leads us to love best those for whom we have endured the most; and the sleepless nights and weary days the little Edward cost me in his helpless infancy, seem to have given him a paramount claim upon my affections ever since. It was my task to guide his tottering footsteps when he first essayed to walk; the earliest inquiries of his opening mind were lisped to me; it was mine to plod with patient toil from A to Z and Z to A again; his catechism was always my especial care, for I had promised at the altar that he should know it well. That inevitable affliction of schoolboy existence, the Latin grammar, was the greatest pang I ever endured on my little Ned's account; for it was the first evil I could neither avert nor mitigate. When the sad business was first brought before me, I had serious thoughts of studying the intricacies of the crabbed volume myself, that I might be enabled to make it clear to my little pupil with the least misery to him, but I soon resigned my lofty purpose, for I quickly discovered that like Sir Hugh, I had no genius for the classics. But unlearned as I was, I could still find various ways of extracting the thorns of knowledge while I left him to enjoy its flowers.

> "It is no unsubstantial good to dwell
> In childhood's heart,
> On childhood's guileless tongue;
> To be the chosen favourite oracle,
> Consulted by the innocent and young:
> To be remember'd as the light that flung
> Its first fresh lustre on the unwrinkled brow."

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And amply have I been repaid for my poor services to the grateful boy, for I know and feel that there is at least one heart in this cold world that thus remembers me.—But I must not grow sentimental, for that has been the exclusive privilege of my prettiest niece ever since she left her boarding school, and took to transcribing Byron and Moore into a morocco bound album bedizined with gilding.

When, in the usual routine of every-day life I find that the particular avocations of each individual, are quite sufficient to keep the domestic machinery in motion without my aid, I cast my eyes abroad, and I am generally fortunate enough to discover some one or another, to whom my services may be acceptable. I am a capital nurse; and a sick chamber is my kingdom, and if it were not for my very good friend the doctor, I should there reign without a rival, but as he is but young yet, his self-conceit is apt to give me a good deal of trouble; however, I hope with the aid of my hints, he will improve in time. I am a famous needle-woman; and when any friends' children are to be sent to school with new wardrobes, or when they return home with ragged ones, my talents are in great request during the bustle of making or mending. I am a delectable pastry cook; and am, in consequence, behind the scenes of every party given far or near, and my confections are always the *chef-d'oeuvres* of the entertainment, the renown of my pickles and preserves has been resounded from the Carolinas to the West Indies, and even across the wide Atlantic ocean! I am a great horticulturist; and know the proper seasons and soils for every esculent and farinaceous denizen of the garden;

"Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too,"

and I also have for my own especial amusement a cherished collection of exotics, which flourish and bloom in the windows of my apartment, furnishing an occasional bouquet for my neices, and supplying my friends with slips and cuttings to add to their collections. I am also *tout-a-fait* the oracle of the dairy and the poultry-yard.—But the grand occasion for the display of my talents is the annual *spinning visit* of our parson's wife; here I am chief officer. When "merry June" comes round, I fix upon the proper period with some of the good wives of the neighbourhood; and then I set to work in earnest. With a dearborn wagon and a female companion, I scour the country around, collecting all kinds of prog, and giving due notice of the appointed days of meeting. I then work up the materials into the legitimate loaf-cake appropriated to these particular parties. It is my business also to borrow all the supernumerary tea equipages, &c., which are required for the overflowing guests, and to arrange the parson's dwelling to receive them all. And when the gala afternoons arrive, which are generally two in succession, I guard the huge

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basket behind the door, receive the donations, and duly make after mention of any examples of munificence which I may think worthy of commemoration and imitation. I also have my eye upon the young female auxiliaries whom I have stationed at the various tables to officiate in dispensing the hospitalities of the ample board. In short, I am there in my element.—So you see that with all these modes of employing my time, although I am an old maid, I have reason to be almost as happy and contented as if I had a husband to control me, and half a dozen boisterous children to occupy my time and thoughts; perhaps my very singular placidity under these privations may proceed from the absence of all cause for self-reproach, for, between ourselves Mr. Oldschool, I have never refused a good offer in my life, the remembrance of which might have embittered my after years!

With so many means of useful employment, you will wonder probably why I have been led to think of addressing you. But with all my accomplishments there will be times when even I am obliged to look beyond my family and neighbourhood for occupation;—and finding in my search, as I have before related, that you, most venerable Oliver, have been labouring winter and summer, spring and autumn, for many a weary year, with few to help you in your calendary task—in the bountiful overflowings of my good will I have indited this epistle as a promissory specimen of future aid in the lighter department of your Port Folio.

There be some who scorn your small wares,
And only deal, forsooth, in mighty matters;
Well, an' they list so let them. But d'ye see
'Tis my humour to choose otherwise.

R. E.

For the Port Folio.

RURAL ECONOMY.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF PEASE, AND THE PEASE BEETLE.

The Quarterly Review of April, 1824, in the article on the subject of Dwight's travels, contains the following remarks:

"Josselyn observes that the pease in America were the best in the world, and that during his eight years' residence he never saw, or heard of one that was worm eaten. The *Bruchus pisi*, or pease beetle, however, has since his time *conquered the country*. It was first noticed in Pennsylvania. The Swedes who were the original colonists there, had every man his field of pease; the culture became hopeless, after the legislature offered rewards for destroying the purple daw, as a maize thief; and it was discovered when too late, that this bird had kept down the numbers of an

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insect far more injurious than itself. Kalm, the Linnæan traveller, had very nearly introduced them into Sweden. He took home with him some sweet pease, which were fresh and green when he packed them in America; but on opening them at Stockholm, he found them all hollow, and the head of an insect peeping out of each: some of the beetles even crept out, and he hastily shut the packet. 'I own,' says he, 'that when I first perceived them, I was more frightened than I should have been at the sight of a viper: for I had at once a full view of the whole damage which my dear country would have suffered, if only two or three of these noxious insects had escaped. The posterity of many families, and even the inhabitants of whole provinces, would have had sufficient reason to detest me as the cause of so great a calamity.' It appears, however, from Linnæus, that the creature had been imported into the south of Europe."

On this subject we extract some observations from the New England Farmer, of July 14, 1824, last, from a speech delivered before the Monroe (N. Y.) Agricultural Society, by James Sperry, Esq., president. Of pease, he says—

"The return they make for the expense of cultivation and harvesting is ample: they are excelled by no grain except corn for fattening swine; they ripen early and are harvested before corn is fit for feeding; and as they leave the ground in such excellent order for wheat, they merit the particular attention of the farmer, as an important crop in whatever rotation he pursue. Perhaps as good wheat may be grown next after corn, as next succeeding pease; but the expense of harvesting stout corn, by cutting it up and drawing it off from the ground in season for sowing, is a very heavy drawback from the profits of the crop. This expense is avoided by cultivating pease between corn and wheat; and if it be desirable to seed with the third crop, wheat ought to be the last.

"But there is an important objection to the cultivation of pease. Of late years they are much infested with the bug—so much so, that those who have heretofore raised, have abandoned them as an unprofitable crop. Yet I am of the opinion, that could the cultivators of the pea be prevailed on to act in concert, this objection might be removed. Entomologists inform us that the pea bug is propagated only in the pea—that the nit is deposited on the pod soon after it is formed, and being hatched by the heat of the sun, eats its way into the pea, and there remains until the ensuing spring, when it escapes, and is inoffensive until the pea is in the pod again, and dies soon after the nit is deposited. By observation, we have ocular demonstration of the fact. This being the case, by destroying these insects in those pease kept through the winter, the succeeding crop would escape un-

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hurt. This may be effected with ease. Let those designed for seed be put in a barrel soon after they are threshed, and covered so as to prevent a free circulation of air, and there will be no danger of an escape; let them be thus kept until a short time before sowing, when let the barrel be filled with water brine or weak ley, that the pease may be completely immersed for twenty-four hours, and the destruction of the troublesome insects is complete. The insects may be seen in and about the fields sown with buggy pease, from the time they are sown till some time after the podding of the pea; it is therefore believed that they do not stray far, and that all who are careful to prevent their escape, will not suffer by them."

VALUE OF OXEN.—Mr. Asa Rice, of Shrewsbury, owned and fatted a yoke of oxen, which were lately slaughtered by Messrs. Winchesters. These cattle performed, unaided, all the work on the farm of Mr. Rice, consisting of one hundred acres, for the two last years. They hauled all his wood, on a hard road, a mile and a half the last season. They ploughed ten acres of ground twice, and harrowed the same, moved about one hundred loads of manure, and in the time worked seven and an half days on other people's land. They were kept constantly at hard labour of one kind and another, till the first of August last. In this month they were kept in good feed only. The months of September and October they were fed with stalks and small ears of corn.—The months of November and December they eat thirty-five bushels of potatoes, and ten bushels of *cobish meal*,* so called, together with good hay. They were sold at Brighton the last Monday in December, it was said for half a dollar per hundred more than had been given for any other cattle, for a number of months. Their weight was 2763 lbs. tallow 302.

In a late number of the *Hartford Mercury*, the following directions are given for expelling worms from fruit trees: Take a half-inch auger or bit, and bore to the centre of the tree; then, by means of a paper tube, fill the hole with sulphur, crowding it in with a ram-rod; cut out a green limb from the same tree, and plug the hole. It will not require more than two spoonsfull of sulphur for each tree, and in forty-eight hours the worms will leave the remotest branches. The process will also be beneficial for young fruit trees, even when not infested by worms; it renders them more thrifty.

* By "cobish meal," we believe our correspondent means the produce of Indian corn ground or broken with the cob, without shelling it before it was submitted to the operation of the mill.

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LIFE OF ROSSINI.

[Rossini is a name which has lately obtained a celebrity in the musical circles, equal to that of *Mozart* or *Haydn* in their respective days, "Though the son of an itinerant horn-player, he has contrived by the potency of the talisman called genius to do more to agitate, than all the allied sovereigns to tranquillize all Europe." His visit to England last winter, excited universal interest, and we extract from one of their periodical works, a notice of his life derived from memoirs lately published there.]

Gioacchino Rossini was born on the 29th of February, 1792, at Pesaro, a town in the Papal States. His father was an inferior performer on the French-horn, of the third class, in one of those strolling companies of musicians who attend the fairs of Sinigaglia, Termo, Forli, and other small towns of Romagna and its vicinity. The little musical resources in which the company is deficient, are collected in the neighbourhood where they pitch their tent; an orchestra is collected impromptu, and the good folks of the fair are treated with an opera. His mother, who passed for one of the prettiest women of Romagna, was a *seconda donna* of very passable talents. Poverty was of course the companion of their wanderings."

At Bologna, when he was twelve years old, he was placed under a master named Tesei, who taught him singing, counterpoint, and accompaniment; he promised to become a fine tenor. He made a musical tour through Romagna, and in 1807, entered the Lyceum at Bologna, where he studied under Mattei. His first composition was a cantata, *Il Pianto d'Armonia*, and his first opera, *Demetrio e Polybio*. It was written in 1809, but not acted till some years afterwards, and it was performed by the family of Mombelli, which has given more than one celebrated singer to Italy. At the age of nineteen he had advanced so far in musical science as to be chosen to direct the performance of Haydn's Seasons at Bologna. In 1810, he was sent to Venice by the aid of a rich family who patronized him, where he composed *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, the first opera of his that was ever acted at a public theatre. His success was flattering—he returned to Bologna, and composed *L'Equivoca stravagante*, and wrote for the carnival at Venice the next year, *L'Inganno felice*, a piece which attracted great applause, and contains strong marks of his genius.

In the next season Rossini gave an amusing proof of the originality of his character. Being engaged to write for the theatre, St. Mosé, at Venice, the director thought he might exercise his authority without much ceremony over one so poor and so young as Rossini, who took this whimsical means of revenge. His power over the orchestra, from his office of composer, was absolute. In his opera, *La scala di Seta*, he brought together all the extra-

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vagancies and ridiculous combinations his fertile fancy could imagine or unite.

"In the *allegro* of the overture, the violins were made to break off at the end of every bar, in order to give a rap with the bow, upon the tin shades of the candlesticks. It would be difficult to imagine the astonishment and indignation of an immense concourse of people, assembled from every quarter of Venice, and even from the *Terra Firma*, to hear the opera of the young *Maestro*. The public, who, during the greater part of the afternoon had besieged the doors; who had been forced to wait whole hours in the passages, and at last to endure the "tug of war" at the opening of the doors, thought themselves personally insulted, and hissed with all the vengeance of an enraged Italian public. Rossini, not in the least moved by all this uproar, coolly asked the trembling *impressario*, with a smile, what he had gained by treating him so cavalierly. He then quitted the theatre, and started at once for Milan, where his friends had procured him an engagement. However, a month after, he made his peace with the humbled manager; and returning to Venice, successively produced two *farze*. It was during the carnival of 1813, that he composed his *Tancredi*.

No adequate idea can be formed of the success, which this delightful opera obtained at Venice,—the city which, of all others, is considered as most critical in its judgments, and whose opinions as to the merits of a composition, are supposed to hold the greatest weight. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Napoleon himself, who honoured the Venetians with a visit, was unable to call off the attention from Rossini. All was enthusiasm! *tutto furore*, to use the terms of that expressive language, which seems to have been created for the use of the arts. From the gondolier to the patrician, every body was repeating,

"Mi rivedrai, ti rivedro."

In the very courts of law, the judges were obliged to impose silence on the auditory, who were ceaselessly humming "ti rivedro."

"Our Cimarosa is returned to life again," was the expression when two dilettanti met in the streets. The national honour of the Venetians was however still alive to the insult of the *obligato* accompaniment of the tin candlesticks. Rossini, conscious of this, would not take his place at the piano. He anticipated the storm that awaited him, and had concealed himself under the stage, in the passage leading to the orchestra. After waiting for him in vain, the first violin, finding the moment of the performance draw nigh, and that the public began to manifest signs of impatience, determined to commence the opera.

The first *allegro* pleased so much, that during the applauses and repeated bravos, Rossini crept from his hiding place, and

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slipped into his seat at the piano. At length we came to the celebrated *entrata* of Tancred. The history of this *scena* is curious. Rossini, in the first instance, had composed a grand air for the entrance of Tancred; but it did not please the Signora Malanote, and she refused to sing it. What was still more mortifying, she did not make known this unwillingness till the very evening before the first representation of the piece. Malanote was a first rate singer, she was in the flower of youth and beauty, and the gallantry of the young composer was obliged to give way to this no-unusual sally of caprice. At first his despair was extreme. "If after the occurrence in my first opera," exclaimed Rossini, "the first entrance of Tancred should be hissed—*tutta l'opera va a terra.*" The poor young man returned pensive to his lodgings. An idea came into his head: he seizes his pen and scribbles down some few lines; it is the famous, "*Tu che accendi,*" that which, of all airs in the world, has, perhaps, been sung the oftenest, and in the greatest number of places. The story goes at Venice, that the first idea of this delicious *cantilena*, so expressive of the joy of revisiting one's native shore after long years of absence, is taken from a Greek Litany, which Rossini had heard, some days previous, chaunted at vespers, in a church on one of the islets of the Laguna, near Venice.

At Venice it is called the *aria dei rizi* (air of rice;) the reason is this, in Lombardy, every dinner, from that of the *gran signore* to that of the *piccolo maestro*, invariably begins with a plate of rice; and as they do not like their rice overdone, it is an indispensable rule for the cook to come a few minutes before dinner is served up, with the important question,—bisogna mettere i rizzi? (shall the rice be put down?) At the moment Rossini came home in a state of desperation, his servant put the usual question to him, the rice was put on the fire, and before it was ready, Rossini had furnished his celebrated *Di tanti palpiti.*"

Rossini's fire and his agreeable manners here won him the heart of Marcolini, the charming *cantatrice buffa*, and who, it is said, abandoned for the composer of *Tancredi* the illustrious author of the epic of *Charlemagne*, Lucien Buonaparte himself. For her was written *L'Italiana in Algieri.*

It should seem, Rossini cares little for the morrow. Lively, volatile, and confident in his own powers, so long as he has the means of pleasure, he enjoys them. The following anecdote is told of his natural indolence, but it rather affords a proof of his intellectual fecundity.

"During his residence in Venice this year (1813) he lodged in a little room at one of the small inns. When the weather was cold he used to lie and write his music in bed, in order to save the expense of firing. On one of these occasions, a duet, which he had just finished for a new opera, *Il feglio per Azzardo*, slip-

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ped from the bed and fell on the floor. Rossini peeped for it in vain from under the bed clothes; it had fallen under the bed. After many a painful effort, he crept from his snug place, and leaned over the side of the bed to look for it. He sees it, but it lies beyond the reach of his arm; he makes one or two ineffectual efforts to reach it; he is half frozen with cold, and wrapping himself up in the coverlet, exclaims, "Curse the duet, I will write it over again, there will be nothing difficult in this, since I know it by heart." He began again, but not a single idea could he retrace; he fidgets about for some time;—he scrawls, but not a note can he recall. Still his indolence will not let him get out of bed to reach the unfortunate paper. "Well!" he exclaims, in a fit of impatience, "I will re-write the whole duet. Let such composers as are rich enough, keep fires in their chambers, I cannot afford it. There let the confounded paper lie. It has fallen and it would not be lucky to pick it up again." He had scarcely finished the second duet when one of his friends entered. "Have the goodness to reach me the duet that lies under the bed." The friend poked it out with his cane, and gave it to Rossini. "Come," says the composer, snugging close in his bed, "I will sing you these two duets, and do you tell me which pleases you best." The friend gave the preference to the first, the second was too rapid and too lively for the situation in which it was to stand. Another thought came into Rossini's head; he seized his pen, and without loss of time worked it up into a terzetto for the same opera. The person from whom I had this anecdote assures me, that there was not the slightest resemblance between the two duets. The terzetto finished, Rossini dressed himself in haste, cursing the cold; and set off with his friend to the *casino* to warm himself, and take a cup of coffee. After this he sent the lad of the *casino* with the duet and the tercetto to the copyist of *San Mose*, to be inserted in the score.

Rossini composed *Il Pietro del Paragone*, for Milan. Its effects were magical. He became the prodigy whom all flocked to behold.

"While he resided at Bologna, his Milanese admirer abandoned her splendid palace, her husband, her children, and her fortune, and early one morning plunged, as if from the clouds, into the little chamber of his lodging, which was any thing but elegant. The first moments were all tenderness, but scarce had the transports of their meeting subsided, when the door opened, and in rushed one of the most celebrated and most beautiful women of Bologna (the Princess C———). A scene ensued, which the comic pencil of Gay has already anticipated in the Beggar's Opera. The reckless Rossini laughed at the rival queens; sung them, like another Macheath, one of his own *buffo* songs; and then made

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his escape, leaving them gazing on each other in dumb amazement.

From 1810 to 1816, Rossini visited in succession all the principal towns of Italy, remaining from three to four months in each. Wherever he arrived he was received with acclamations, and *feted* by the *dilettanti* of the place. The first fifteen or twenty days were passed with his friends, dining out, and shrugging up his shoulders at the nonsense of the *libretto* which was given him to set to music. *Tu mi hai dato versi, ma non situazioni,** have I heard him frequently repeat to an unhappy votary of the nine, who stammered out a thousand excuses, and two hours after came to salute him a in sonnet *umiliato alla gloria del piu gran maestro d'Italia e del mondo.*†

After two or three weeks spent in this dissipated manner, Rossini falls to work in good earnest. He occupies himself in studying the voices of the performers, and about three weeks before the first representation, having acquired a competent knowledge of them, he begins to write. He rises late, and passes the day in composing in the midst of the conversation of his new friends, who, with the most provoking politeness, will not quit him for a single instant. The day of the first representation is now rapidly approaching, and yet he cannot resist the pressing solicitations, of these friends to dine with them *a l'Osteria*. This, of course, leads to a supper: the sparkling champagne circulates freely; the hours of morning steal on apace. At length a compunctious visiting shoots across the mind of the truant *maestro;* he rises abruptly; his friends will see him to his own door; they parade the silent streets with heads unbonneted, shouting some musical impromptu, perhaps a *miserere*, to the great scandal and annoyance of the good Catholics in their beds. At length he reaches his house and shuts himself up in his chamber, and it is at this, to every-day mortals, most ungenial hour, that he is visited by some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. These he hastily scratches down upon odds and ends of paper, and next morning arranges them, or to use his own phrase *instruments* them, amidst the same interruptions of conversation as before.

Rossini presides at the piano during the three first representations after which he receives his 800 or 1000 francs, is invited to a grand parting dinner given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and he then starts in his *veturino*, with his portmanteau much fuller of music-paper than of other effects, to commence a similar course in some other town forty miles distant. It is usual for him to write to his mother after the three first representations, and send her and his aged father the two-thirds of the

* You have given me verses, but not situations.

† Inscribed with all humility to the glory of the greatest composer of Italy and of the world.

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little sum he has received. He sets off with ten or twelve sequins in his pocket, the happiest of men, and doubly happy, if chance should throw some fellow traveller in his way, whom he can quiz in good earnest. On one occasion, as he was travelling *col veturino* from Anconato Reggio, he passed himself off for a composer, a mortal enemy of Rossini, and filled up the time by singing the most execrable music imaginable to some of the words of his own best airs to show his superiority to that animal Rossini, whom ignorant pretenders to taste had the folly to extol to the skies."

Such anecdotes sufficiently speak the character of this lively composer, and it is to be lamented that they say more for the vivacity of his feelings than for his morals. But what shall be thought of a country where such a circumstance as that which we are about to narrate, could not only pass with impunity, but afford a source of such wanton outrage against an individual lamenting under the deepest of injuries on the part of the public? The celebrated buffo Paccini took the part of Don Geronio the ill-fated husband of the intriguing Fiorilla in *Il Turco in Italia*.

"About the fourth or fifth representation of the piece, all the world was busied about the unfortunate event that happened to the poor duke of——, and which he did not bear with the most stoical fortitude. The particulars of this unfortunate event, which he had discovered only that very day, furnished a topic of conversation to the whole of the boxes. Paccini, piqued at seeing no attention paid to him, and aware of the circumstances that were whispered in every part of the house, began to imitate the well known gestures and despair of the unfortunate husband. This reprehensible piece of impertinence produced a magical effect. Every eye was turned toward the performer, and when he produced a handkerchief similar to that which the poor duke incessantly twirled about in his hand, when speaking of his lamentable occurrence, the portrait was at once recognized, and followed by a burst of malicious applause. At this very instant, the unfortunate individual himself entered a friend's box, which was a little above the pit. The public rose *en masse* to enjoy the spectacle. Not only was the unfortunate husband not aware of the effect his presence produced, but scarcely had he taken his seat, when he drew out his handkerchief and by his piteous gestures, was evidently detailing the affair to a friend. One ought to be well acquainted with Italy, and with the keen curiosity which exists with regard to the scandalous chronicle of the day, to form any idea of the burst of convulsive laughter that echoed from every part of the house, at sight of the unconscious husband in his box, and Paccini on the stage, with his eyes fixed upon him during the whole of the cavatina, which had been encored, copying his slightest gestures, and caricaturing them in the most gro-

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tesque manner conceivable. The orchestra forgot to accompany, the police forgot to put an end to the scandal. Happily, some good natured friend entered the duke's box, and by some lucky pretence, adroitly drew him from the public gaze.

Paccini was *not* publicly horsewhipped on quitting the theatre.

But we must break from the magic circle of anecdote. Rossini is justly condemned for having changed the very nature of melody by substituting the ornaments which singers had been left to append, as the language of passion. This was not his original style of writing, but is called his second manner, and was occasioned by observing the effect of Velluti's gracing. This singer, prodigal of his power of ornament, so entirely changed the whole of the music of his part in *Aureliano in Palmyra*, yet with so much advantage, that while the opera sunk, the singer, was lauded to the skies. Henceforward Rossini determined not to leave a crevice for the singer, but to fill every part so full of notes as to permit no interpolation, and hence the excessively florid style of his *second manner*. This determination has been still more fatally enforced by writing for Signora Colbran, whom he has since married, and who (says the biographer) has lost the power of sustaining, and must therefore be indulged with a profusion of passages. If, indeed, half what is averred concerning this lady be true, the frequenters of the king's theatre will require all their respect for the talents of the husband to support them in the endurance of the wife.

It will be no matter of surprise that a composer who having numbered no more years than thirty-two, and who has produced no fewer than thirty-three entire operas, should have occasionally failed. The rapidity is marvellous—the success still more astonishing. The most terrific instance, however, occurred at Venice, in the production of his *Maometto secondo*, where a storm was raised, which lasted from seven in the evening till three in the morning, and even the safety of the theatre was compromised. All this arose from his indolently neglecting to write (in violation of his contract) and from his dressing up some of his old works, and endeavouring to foist them upon the public for new. He has, however, since conciliated the Venetians by the production of *Semiramide*.

He is now come to receive judgment in person, if that judgment can be said not to have been already pronounced, in the metropolis of England. But in fact he has now for some seasons shared all the honours the British public has to bestow with Mozart, for no other operas have stood their ground, and continued to occupy the stage of the King's theatre, but those of these composers. Nay, Rossini has, with Mozart, been translated for the benefit of all the family of *Mr. Bull*, at Covent Garden in the winter, and at the Haymarket in the summer. The music shops

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have subsisted upon his songs and variations, on his airs, and arrangements of his operas. The drawing rooms of affluent amateurs, and even the parlours of sober citizens have re-echoed to *Di tanti palpiti*, and *Zitti, zitti*, and that best (worst) test of captivating melody, the street organ, has brought down eleemosynary showers of pence and halfpence from the windows of the balconies, by the aid of the same enchanting strains of Rossini. Who then shall arraign his ability? Critics and good critics too may talk of simplicity and expression till they are tired; all their grave objections are answered by a single word—effect; and the interpretation of this word, conveyed by Rossini's music, has been understood and allowed from St. Petersburgh to Naples.

The following relate to his appearance in England.

Signor Rossini has learned our foible. He has refused to put pen to paper for less than 100 guineas, and demands the very trifling compensation of 1,200*l.* for the copyright of the opera he purposes, *Deo volente*, to compose.

It afforded him, indeed, a considerable triumph; and as indicating the strong feeling of what is due to talent, and the liberal desire to pay the full homage to genius, the circumstances are alike honourable to those who bestow as to him who receives. Never did we witness so early, so vehement a struggle for admission. The pay-table was choked; and strength, courage, and even a little ferocity, were necessary to enable the lover of the all-softening art to pay his half-guinea at the door of the pit. A very few minutes sufficed to fill every part of it. All the world of science was there; and when Rossini advanced to his place at the pianoforte, he was cheered in the loudest manner—every body jumped upon the seats to catch a look of the great man, who continued to bow respectfully to the audience. The opera selected was his *Zelmira*.

It will be seen that, however deficient in probability, a piece thus constructed may abound in situations of interest and in passion. Such, indeed, is the case with *Zelmira*. But though perhaps it may be said to equal, if not exceed, any of Rossini's compositions in the combination of the orchestral accompaniments, there is a weight and a gloom about it, which not even the striking characteristic of the composer's manner, his conversion of ornamental passages into the language of expression—no, nor the vehemence of the style, nor the energy of the instruments, could remove; though there is some of the music effectively dramatic during the representation, there is not a single bar—not even a solitary *trait de chant*, that the mind carries away. The piece is supported by the clangor of drums and trombones (the whole orchestra, by the way, played most intolerably loud,) by great splendour, and by some most admirable acting and singing; but we left the theatre with little desire to hear the opera again. We

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think Rossini has made an injudicious choice therefore. It is inferior to *Otello*—it is infinitely below *Tancredi*—nor indeed can we think it adds a jot to the composer's reputation. He was however called for, faintly at first, and with some opposition; but the perseverance of a few, and the curiosity of the many, aided by his fame for other deserts than Zelmira, wrought upon the house, and he was led on by Signor Garcia, and supported by Benelli, the acting manager. Few, we believe, in any other situation, would have recognized, in the short fat figure they dragged reluctantly half a dozen feet from the side scene, the animated Rossini, the composer of thirty-three operas, the idol of musical Europe, and the irresistible seducer of female hearts.

For the Port Folio.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The alteration in the mode of reviewing, which has taken place within the memory of those in middle life, may be considered as one of the characteristics of the literature of the age. Before its commencement, the critic seldom travelled out of the work in his hands. He selected its prominent passages, marked its predominating character, and stamped it with the seal of approbation or the stigma of censure. Reviews were no more than a sort of furnishing of samples, from which the reader might judge for himself of the bulk of the article. But for some time past, a new spirit has breathed in England on this species of production. The title of a book is generally no more than a text, from which the writer discourses on a certain topic. He promulgates his own opinions: he vindicates a particular side in the contests of science or politics: he brings to the subject a mass of collateral knowledge and inquiry: he communicates information collected from other books, or from private sources: and a review on the modern plan is a series of essays or memoirs, in which the subject is handled with an amplitude, a vigour, and often an eloquence, seldom met with in the other publications of the day. The popularity of this species of writing, is sufficiently evinced by the proud success of the Edinburgh; by the equal if not surpassing glory of its rival, the Quarterly, and by the train of imitators which, with more or less success, have arisen at various times by their side. In fact, the highest order of genius and talent in England, has been exerted in these reviews: and he who possesses them, possesses the productions of the eminent literary men of the age. To command such talents, their circulation must necessarily be extensive: and, on the other hand, this extensive circulation has given them a prodigious influence on the opinions of men, and even on the operations of government.

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The North American Review, published quarterly in Boston, is modelled on that plan which experience has, thus far, proved to be in unison with the spirit of the age. It has entered a field of honourable competition, and has hitherto supported itself with ability and success, and been rewarded by a correspondent respect and confidence. Its contents are worthy of passing notice, as well to remark the popular topics of the day, as to point out to our readers what are the subjects there treated of. We shall endeavour occasionally, hereafter, to recur to the contents of future numbers.

In the number for April, 1824, the first article reviewed is, *Hodgson's remarks during a journey through North America, in the years* 1819, 1820, *and* 1821. This writer is of a class much superior to that train of English book-making travellers through this country, with which we have been annoyed, we believe, beyond any other country that has existed in ancient or modern times. The playful satire of this article is sometimes well applied, but is carried too far. We consider the "Remarks" respectable as a literary performance; and there is a candour and justice in many of the facts and observations, in relation to American manners and society, calculated to give a much more faithful representation of us, than has been done by Mr. H.'s predecessors.*

History of Philosophy, by M. de Gerando, Paris: This article contains a view of the progress of philosophy in ancient times, and during the dark ages. It is to the general reader not very interesting, but creditable to the learning of the writer. He does a service who turns the attention of our countrymen to the higher fields of science.

An Abstract of a new Theory of the Earth; by Ira Hill, Baltimore. The reviewer presents an amusing collection of the wild vagaries of the human brain in world-making; a subject which, were it not for the eminent names connected with it, would seem fit only for lunatics. This article successfully applies the lash of satyrical humour to Mr. Hill's exploit.

Jacob's Greek Reader, and *Schools in the state of New York,* are short articles, the subjects of which scarce admit of any attractive dress.

Journal of a residence in Chili—A review of a work noticed in the Port Folio of May.—Some learning as to the authors who have written concerning this country is here exhibited, which may be useful to those who desire to acquire information. Why did the writer of this article postpone to a future period his view of the revolutionary history and political condition of Chili? It is a most interesting topic, and ought to have been introduced instead of a portion of the present article. Nothing can make the review

* See in the Port Folio for March last, a review of this work.

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more interesting, than seizing on such subjects at the first possible moments. One great excellence of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, consists in their selecting topics of present interest, and being in advance with their readers in knowledge. Such articles are sought with avidity, and are far preferable to the recurrence to ancient books or histories.

The Pilot, a Tale of the Sea. New York. This popular novel is too well known, to be susceptible of much illustration from a review, and yet it deserved an article. The reviewer has proceeded well enough, considering the difficulty of giving interest to a subject with which all his readers were acquainted.

Marsden's Visit to New Zealand, and *Cruise's Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand.* These are English books. The article is well done, and comprises full information as to that part of the globe. An opportunity is taken to pay a just and eloquent tribute to our countryman, Mr. *Ledyard*, who was the first of that class of modern travellers who set at defiance distance and danger. The fact of the existence of canibalism in New Zealand, is here established by incontrovertible proof.

Wordsworth's Poems. London. An intrepid but abortive attempt to give popularity to an unpopular writer, to appeal from the decision of the world, rendered over and over again, without partiality or prejudice. Why should *Wordsworth* be unpopular? For no other reason than that he does not interest, nor please his readers. It is vainly alleged that he has suffered from the criticisms of the Edinburgh Review. No review could crush the vigour of real genius, any more than it could write dulness into renown. *Wordsworth* has written much; has often been tried and as often dismissed with frigid indifference. He will never be the poet of the reading world, whatever a few of the *initiated* may choose to say in his praise. Ere long he will be forgotten. The verses selected in this article as specimens of *Wordsworth's* genius, and on which some extravagant panegyric is lavished, are jejune and listless in the extreme. How the mind springs from them to the pages of Shakspeare or Byron. *Malherbe* said, that the best test of poetry was its being frequently quoted. Who quotes Wordsworth?

Wheaton's, Johnson's, and *Tyng's* Reports. This is the best written article in the number. It is perspicuous and flowing in style: the flesh and blood of poetry are thrown over the dry bones of black letter and statutes at large. It is singular that a review of law books should be apparelled in more elegance of composition than any other article! We do not, however, accede to all its reasoning.

Tanner's and *Lucas's Atlas*, are noticed, with a designation of their respective merits.

Heeren's politics of Ancient Greece, translated by Mr. *Bancroft*. Boston. A good article, yet somewhat fanciful. Who ever

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before thought of comparing the Trojan war to the war of 1776, and the Persian war to that of 1812? They are alike, because they are both wars; but it would be hard to find any other points of resemblance.

We part from this number, however, on the whole, with a sensation of pleasure: and we anticipate from the growing spirit of the country, a continued supply of good materials, in a department which has been so successfully erected.

PERCY MALLORY, A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PEN OWEN.

It's a pretty practice this, upon "the living subject;" and we are inventing (only it must be a great secret) an improved system of "operative" surgery, by which we propose, shortly, to "cut up" authors in an entirely new way! In the meantime, however, we will open Monsieur Pen Owen, "from the systole, to the diastole."—So!—one cut across the abdomen, from right to left; another incision (transverse) about from eight to eleven inches. There! now we shall see what the gentleman is made of.

The author of "Percy Mallory" has great talents, and his books will be generally read; but, either he has not the knack of *managing* a narrative, or he will not be at the trouble of exercising it. His main excellence lies in the rapidity and boldness with which he sketches character. He is a quick observer of men's habits and oddities, and has a clever sort of idea of their passions and affections; he writes a smart, *petillant* dialogue, with great apparent facility, and gives the chit chat, in general, of a mixed company, with an adroitness hardly to be exceeded.

"Percy Mallory," otherwise "Percy Rycott," otherwise "Percy Clarendon—Lord Brandon," begins his acquaintance with the reader when he is no more than three months old. At that "tender age," he is stolen (or charged to be stolen) from the house of his (supposed) father, "Levison Rycott, Esq.," of Cumberland. After giving a great deal of trouble at the London police offices, and at the Old Bailey, he occasions the "deportation" of two ladies, "Alice Halpin," and "Judith Mallory," the last of whom, (even while under sentence,) swears to him for her child; and, at eighteen, (having duly been reconducted to the north,) being stout—valiant—handsome—and a "cragsman," he meets with a rock adventure—rather too much like that of Lovel in The Antiquary—and rescues "Miss Loo Bellenden," from a jeopardy, into which Heaven alone knows how she ever could have fallen.

The lady being carried to a cottage, near "Wolston Worthy," (Mr. Rycott's seat,) a servant is sent, post-haste, for medical assistance.

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"Dr. Drizzlethwaite, as he was called, at length made his appearance; and, although his horse was covered with dust and foam, the gentleman himself was cool and collected, as if he had just passed from one room to another.

"'For Heaven's sake, my dear Drizzle,' cried Percy, 'make haste—every moment is precious.'

"The other, taking out his watch, seemed to be calculating the time he had taken in reaching his present destination, as a sort of tacit answer to the young man's impetuosity. He returned the watch to his fob—and, repeating in a low tone of voice, 'Thirty-seven minutes and two seconds,' quietly drew a chair, and seated himself, whilst he deliberately took his hat from his head. He wiped off a few particles of dust from it with one of his gloves, which he had methodically drawn from his hand."

Mr. Percy becomes fidgety.

"'Come, come,' he impatiently repeated more than once, of which Dr. Drizzlethwaite seemed to take no note whatever—his attention being evidently pre-occupied in unbuttoning the overalls which had been the safeguard and protection of a pair of highly polished boots, now slowly disclosing themselves to view.

"'Why—Dr. Drizzlethwaite!'

"'Sir,' responded the doctor, as he turned up his head sidewise from discharging the last button at his heel.

"'The patient.'

"'True,' answered the imperturbable doctor, as he neatly folded up the leathern appurtenances, and turned them over the back of a chair.

"'Will you—will you go up stairs, sir?' demanded Percy, out of all patience with this son of Esculapius, although well acquainted with his habits, which might—as they had often done—afford food for a passing joke—but were insufferable in a moment of real agitation and anxiety.

"'I will, Mr. Percy—but first,' pulling down his shirt sleeves, and adjusting the buckle of his stock, 'the case?'

After some provoking questions the Doctor followed slowly up the narrow staircase, and Percy retreated to the lower apartment.

Dr. Drizzle finds it expedient "to bleed." Meanwhile, our hero frets up and down the cottage kitchen; and at last knocks the doctor's overalls into the fire.

At length the landlady descends, and is going towards the house-door.

"Percy caught her arm, and arrested her progress. 'Where are you going? What, in the name of Heaven, do you want?'

"'The doctor's horse, sweetheart.'

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"'Psha! the doctor can't have his horse yet. How is the young lady? how has she borne———?'

"Here the doctor's long, well-polished boots appeared on the upper part of the staircase, and gradually brought after them the rest of his long gaunt figure, bent nearly double, in order to bear him harmless from its shelving roof and contracted walls."

Percy assists him, and (of course) nearly breaks his neck.

"'How now, master Percy?' cried he, rather more rapidly than was his wont.

"'A thousand pardons, my good doctor; but how is the lady? how has she borne the operation? how is she affected? any fracture? any——'

"'Can't answer ten questions at a time.'

"'Nay, nay then, how is she? is she in danger?'

"'It is impossible to say.'

"'Have you then doubts?'

"'Never come to hasty conclusions—where's my horse, good woman?'

"'Why, you—you wouldn't leave me in this state?'

"'Why, what ails thee?' instinctively advancing his hand to feel his pulse.

"'Will you not tell me how the suffering angel is?'

"'No acquaintance with angels.'

"'Your patient above stairs, then?'

"'I have said———'

"'Will she die?'

"'Perhaps not.'

"'Only perhaps? Good God! doctor, do you really think there is a chance?'

"'There is always a chance.'

"'And only a chance?'

"'What wouldst have?'

"'A certainty—a hope at least—nay, do not trifle with me.'

"'I—I trifle, Mr. Percy!' cried the doctor, with something like an air of surprise.

"'Psha! I mean—do you think—do you think she is in immediate danger?'

"'Not exactly.'

"'Then, why did you not say so before?' asked Percy, peevishly.

"'Because you did'nt put the question.'

"'Did I not ask whether she was in danger? Did I not inquire her state? her———'

"'Repeat, I can't answer ten questions at once.'

"'Is she suffering?'

"'Suppose so—sickness is suffering. What has happened to my spatterdashes, woman?' vainly trying to button them.

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"'Nothing, your honour, I'll be sworn.'

"'Nothing, fah! been in the fire.'

"'I'll take my Bible oath, your honour.'

"'Don't do that, Goody, interrupted Percy, 'for, in the fire they certainly have been; and I wish they had been burned to ashes,' added he, grinding his teeth at the phlegmatic doctor.

"'Mr. Percy Rycott!'

"'Yes, you are enough to drive one mad.'

"'Mad, in verity,' returned the doctor, with perfect *sang froid*, as he rose up from the vain attempt to reconcile and bring together the lower buttons and buttonholes of the shrivelled straps of his overalls, or spatterdashes, as he preferred to call them.

"'Good day, mistress; keep her cool; barley-water; panada.'

"'Yes, your honour; I'll take care of her as if she were my own.'

"'Thine!' muttered Percy, as he looked upon the woman with horror, at the bare supposition of her being even of the same species.

"'I will see her friends,' said the doctor, as he stalked out of the door, again stooping to make good his retreat.

"'Her friends!' exclaimed Percy, as he caught at Drizzlethwaite's arm, and had again nearly overset him, 'do you know them?

"'What then?'

"'Will you not tell me?'

"'And why?'

"'Because I wish to be informed.'

"'Wish—wish to burn my spatterdashes!'

"'I'll give you a dozen new pair.'

"'Hold the stirrup, man, there.'

"'Will you, or will you not tell me?' fiercely demanded Percy, seizing the bridle, as the doctor seated himself in the saddle.

"'If not?' coolly, asked the doctor.

"'Then you are——'

"'Off!' interrupted the doctor, who, striking the spurs into his mare's sides, jerked the bridle out of Percy's hand, and threw him nearly to the ground, whilst, upright as a dart, and collected as if nothing had happened, he cantered away without once deigning to turn his head upon his enraged opponent."

After an interview with Miss Bellenden, with whom he becomes desperately in love, Mr. Percy rides to "Glendara Lodge," and frightens a French governess into fits. He returns to the cottage, but Miss Bellenden is gone—her aunt, Miss Norcliffe, (advised by Dr. Drizzlethwaite) having kidnapped her in the meantime. Then, having nowhere else to go, he goes back to the house of his father.

Mr. Rycott, of Wolston Worthy, is a valetudinarian, and half

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a hypochondriac, despotic—kind-hearted—but impatient of contradiction. His character is a sketch, in lines, spirited enough.

A servant has been dispatched in pursuit of Percy, with orders to say, that "Mr. Rycott is dying." Percy finds his father in apparent health; but professes to be "sorry," nevertheless, for his absence.

"'Sorry, sorry, what good will your sorrow do, you graceless dog? Hey! will it cure the gout? will it drive from the vitals when your insolent, audacious?——'

"'Indeed, my dear sir, I was not aware——'

"'Not aware—not aware of my commands?'

"'Your commands——'.

"'Have I not a thousand times forbidden you to repeat my words? Did I not forbid you to leave the room, and did I not bawl after you till I had nearly broken a blood vessel in my lungs? I believe I spat blood. Ask your mother there?' addressing his lady, who sat on the other side the fire-place."

Mrs. Rycott is a quiet woman.

"'I think it was snuff, Mr. Rycott,' replied she, with most provoking frigidity of tone and manner.

"'You think, you think! why shouldn't it have been blood? answer me that.'

"'Only because I don't think——'

"'Think, think again; what has a woman to do with thinking? The boy has inherited it, and presumes to think for himself and set his father at nought.'

"'I protest, sir,' interrupted the son, 'I had no intention of giving offence.'

"'Who's the best judge of that, sirrah? Did I not command you to stay? did you not bounce out of the window?'

"'It was to save a life more valuable——'

"'Than your father's, thou unnatural, hardened, young——'

"'Excuse me, sir.'

"'I will not excuse you, sir,'

"'I have done.'

"'You have not done, sir; you shall not have done; I will not have my authority disputed in my own house; your mother, there, never disputes.'

"'Never, my dear.'

"'I'm sure, sir,' said Percy, 'I never did.'

"'Because I couldn't suffer it, by Jove! nor will I suffer it now. Why don't you answer? are you dumb, or sulky, or ——? Now, I dare swear, in your heart you are setting up your father as an oppressive, tyrannical, old——'

"'Who, I, sir?'

"'Yes, you, sir! deny it if you can?'

Percy has a conscience, and is silent.

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"'Deny it, deny it, sir, in so many words, if you can; I insist——'

"'Why, sir, indeed, I am sorry.'

"'No doubt, no doubt; for having such a cruel, overbearing, hard-hearted father; but, by Jove——'

"'No, sir; but I cannot help thinking it hard that I should incur your anger for nothing but——'

"'For nothing; and so, sir, to disobey your father's solemn injunctions, to leave the house merely because he enjoined you to stay in it; to exasperate a man, and that man your tender parent, whose life you know hangs by a thread, by a hair; with the gout flying about him and only waiting an opportunity to fix on some vital part, with lungs like a honeycomb! By Jove, sir——'

"'Indeed, sir, I knew no such thing.'

"'You did'nt; you haven't heard me declare it over and over again—the arthritica vaga—the——'

"'Yes, sir,—but I remember your saying so from my cradle.'

"'Oh! is it so, Mr. Wise Acre?—You don't credit it?—Your father's an old fool—a hypochondriac, as that blockhead Drizzlethwaite had the effrontery—and he alone—to call me—a—'

Percy ventures something about "nervous apprehensions."

"'Nerves!—nerves!—out of my sight! By Jove!—to be told by my own child—my own lawfully begotten son—that all my deadly symptoms are mere nervous affections!'"

Percy would fain be heard out.

"'Hear you out!—what need of it? Have I not heard enough?—to be told by a boy—an imp—a suckling—a babe—Zounds!—there's my fatal vertigo—ring, ring for Schwartz.'

[Schwartz is a German quack, retained in the house; he does not come at the first ring.]

"'Ring—ring again; do you wish me to go off in an apoplexy before your eyes—without aid—without—Ring—twice—twice.' He was obeyed, and a stranger perhaps would have been surprised at seeing Mrs. Rycott quietly resume her place, and her knotting-needle, as if nothing had occurred. But she was used to this sort of scene, and knew that the best remedy was near at hand!

"'The devil's in you all, I believe,' exclaimed her husband, as he held both his hands to his head, in seeming apprehension of its bursting asunder. 'Why don't you run, sirrah, and bring the fellow here neck and crop? By Jove, you are all in a conspiracy against me.' Off ran Percy, happy in the opportunity of escaping. 'Will the scoundrel never come? Ring again, woman; ring till the spring break.—I'll trounce the negligent puppy.—Ay, ay, its all over—I feel the effect of the bursting of that vessel.'

"'It was snuff, I assure you, Mr. Rycott.'"

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At last Schwartz comes; and his German English is very happy. The dialogue of the French Governess (in several conversations) is equally so.

"'Oh! Schwartz, my faithful fellow, I verily believe I am going off in earnest now.'

"'Bah!'

"'It's no bah, Schwartz, I feel it here.'

"'You feeln it everywhere—vat the deivel ish the fagary you get—the Kimmer meid com to me, and say her mashter ish ringing for life or de dead, and here you look plomp and fraish like your own Anglish rindfleish.'

"'Plethora, Plethora, be assured my good Schwartz.'

"'I'll no be assured of no soch ding—your polse beat von, two, dree, like de clock; and tish nodding bot von great passion.'

"'My head throbs, Schwartz, and there's no pulsation at the heart.'

"'Vat den, as the heart got into de head?'

"'I must lose blood.'

"'Lose the deivel. Doctor Dweezempate, swear you bleed yourself into wasser—dat is drobzey.'

"'What am I to do, Schwartz?'

"'Noding ad all.'

"'With this pulse?'

"'Tish no polse.'

"'No pulse! then its all over with me, indeed.'

"'Tish no ower wid you, bein quiet, and no scolden de weif and child.'

"'I have no patience with them.'

"'I zee—I know dat quite a well enough.'

"'They think nothing's the matter with me.'

"'Dere is noding de matter wid you, I say, and dats true.'

"'Ay, Schwartz, but you are tender of me, and know my constitution.'

"'Well, den, cannot you be zatisfied?'

"'I must be.'

"'Eef you pot yourzelf in soch grand passion just for noding at all.'

"'For nothing at all?'

"'I say, joost for noding at all—you vil borzt some blode vein.'

"'My God!'

"'I'd ish true, pon mein zole.'

"'I wont, I wont utter a word,'

"'Nonseince—you speak wer well; but no speak in von passion.'

"'I'll try.'

"'Mein Gode! you most do eet, or you shall die.'

"'Die!'

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"'Like ein dog.'

"'You may go, Schwartz.'

"'I need note to have com, dat I zee.'

"And away stalked Mynheer Schwartz."

There is a scene after dinner, in which Mr. Rycott determines not to be in a passion, quite as good, or better than the above.

Our friend Percy is forbidden ever to think of Miss Bellenden, to whose birth, as well as fortune, his father has some objection. and is commanded to march, without a moment's loss of time, on a visit to the mansion of "Sir Hugh Ferebee de Lacy."

The tenth and eleventh chapters lie at "Lacy Royal," and are incomparably the most characteristic in the book; but we do not yet arrive at them.

Being ordered to go straight to Lacy Royal, Percy can do no less than go straight to Glendara.

On his way, he meets a gipsy—the "Mrs. Halpin," who purloined him in his infancy—who warns him from his morning call, and from Miss Bellenden altogether. He goes, however, to Glendara, (where there is a *brouillerie*, that we have not room to extract)—discovers Miss Bellenden in a strange kind of durance—quarrels with her aunt, and shakes a methodist parson. He finds an ally in the French lady, whom he had frightened into fits; and departs, in ill spirits, for the domicile of the De Lacy's.

Sir Hugh de Lacy claims to be a branch of the "Grandison" family.—A descendant from the same stock with Richardson's "Sir Charles," and an inheritor of that gentleman's style, opinions, and deportment; of course his house, his lady, all his personal arrangements, are in the *ultra* manner of the *veille cour*. He is a little bit of a coxcomb—quite without being aware of it; but full of high sentiment and chivalrous feeling.

The dinner scene at Lacy Royal is the very best *bit* in these three volumes. Our hero, Sir Hugh, Lady Rodolpha, and Miss Gertrude de Lacy, are present. The chaplain is away upon business, and "Grandison de Lacy," the eldest son, is absent, making the tour of Europe.

Mr. Percy, being a lover, is necessarily too late for dinner.

"'I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir Hugh—Lady Rodolpha—but——'

"'Lady Rodolpha's hand awaits you, Mr. Percy Rycott; we will discuss your apologies at a more convenient moment. Dinner has waited near seven minutes.'

Oh this politeness! and the cursed stop-watch calculation too!

"Percy led forward the hostess in all the pomp of Mecklin lappets, point ruffles, and damask drapery, that moved without the rumple of a fold, like a Dutch toy on wheels. He would have made his peace during the journey across a hall that traversed the

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whole depth of the mansion, and through a suite of papered and bagged apartments, which led to the *salon a diner*, but a very short observation of her ladyship's checked his first attempt.

"'There were few points,' she remarked, 'in which good Sir Hugh was so particular as punctuality in all engagements.'

"Percy said no more. Her ladyship, on their arrival, took her seat at the head of the table; Sir Hugh seated himself at the bottom; Miss Gertrude, and Percy, *vis-a-vis*, made up the *partie carree*."

It is in this *partie carree* chit-chat, that our author always excels.

"'Good Dr. Paterson is obliged to absent himself, on account of some urgent business at Kendal,' observed Lady Rodolpha, as a sort of implied apology to Percy, for Sir Hugh taking upon himself the duty of saying grace.

"'Indeed!' sighed Percy, viewing the formidable array of domestics planted round him, as if presenting a new barrier against escape, which seemed to engage his speculations to the exclusion of every thing else.

"After a long pause, 'Tell Mrs. Knowles,' said Sir Hugh, looking benevolently towards the butler, whilst his eyes watered, and the colour in his cheeks was something heightened, 'that she has been rather too bountiful with her seasoning in the soup.'

"'Certainly, Sir Hugh; but I had informed Mrs. Knowles, Sir Hugh, that her ladyship, on Tuesday last, thought the vermicelli rather insipid.'

"'Excellent Roland,' interrupted her ladyship, 'you recollect my most trifling wishes.'

"'They are our law, my lady;' and, at the signal, all the gray-headed livery-men bowed in token of their sympathy.

"'Extremes,' observed Sir Hugh, with a smile, 'are generally pernicious. And so, my good Lady Rodolpha, I have been a martyr in your cause; your ladyship cannot do less than assuage my torments by a glass of Madeira.'

"'God forbid,' returned the gracious lady, 'that I should ever be the occasion of torment to my ever-indulgent Sir Hugh. But I flatter myself, if your present sufferings can be so easily relieved, they have not been *very* excruciating. Am I not a saucy creature, Sir Hugh?'"

This speaking in parables is really beautiful!

"'You are all excellence, and are never more endeared to me than when your ladyship suffers your little playfulness of fancy to animate our happy domestic circle.—Good Roland, a glass of old Madeira to your excellent lady.'"

There's no resisting this—we must positively try the style ourselves. "Excellent What's-your-name, a small glass of warm

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brandy and water—(*we drink*)—Why, you first-born of Satan did we bid you bring it us boiling hot?"—But, to continue,—

"'You have forgiven good Mrs. Knowles, my best of friends,' said Lady Rodolpha, with one of her most winning smiles, 'for her bountiful extreme.'

"'Sweetly engaging Lady Rodolpha! had I really cause of offence, your ladyship's happy mode of intercession would make me forget it, in the admiration of a talent so peculiarly your own.'

"'Kind Sir Hugh!—you will make me vain.'

"'No one has more reason—no one is less likely to become so than Lady Rodolpha de Lacy.'

"'I declare, Sir Hugh, you make me blush——'

"'For a naughty world, excellent woman, but never for yourself. Worthy Roland,' turning to the butler, 'tell Mrs. Knowles that her soup is like all she does—she is indeed a most excellent person.'

"'You are the most charitable—Sir Hugh,' said her ladyship, in a subdued tone of voice.

"'It is my humble effort to be so—it is the duty of us all to be so. Tell her, good Roland, that her soup is admirable; but add, as from yourself, that perhaps it would suit the taste of Lady Rodolpha and myself better, were it, in future, less highly seasoned.'

"'I shall, Sir Hugh—What a master!' was added, in a half whisper to Mrs. Polson, who stood retired—and was seconded by a bend, as before, from every one of the gray-headed circle in worsted lace."

Sir Hugh continues to be tedious, and makes an observation touching "the moral virtues." Percy, at the same moment, asks Lady Rodolpha for "some trout—before it is cold." Miss Gertrude smiles, and Lady Rodolpha requests the cause.

"'Why, dear mamma—I really am ashamed of myself—I was only thinking of Percy's interruption.'

"'*Mister* Percy, *now*, if you please, my excellent Gertrude.'

"The girl blushed again!

"'Say on, sweet innocence,' said Sir Hugh, in an encouraging tone—for a subject once introduced was never suffered to die a natural death.

"'Only, sir, I was struck by the odd circumstance of Mr. Percy——'

"'What have I done, Gertrude?' asked Percy, looking up from his plate.

(The cause of action—the trout—having ceased, no doubt, to be *de existentibus*.)

"'*Miss* Gertrude, Mr. Percy Rycott, is about to inform us,' observed Lady Rodolpha, drawing herself up in form.

"'Merely,' continued the hesitating girl, 'that he should think

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of the fish being cold, just as papa was talking of—talking of—moral virtues.'

"'I beg pardon,' said Percy; 'but I thought Sir Hugh had been scolding the cook for putting too much pepper in the soup.'

"'I—I scold! Mr. Percy Rycott!'

"'Sir Hugh Fereuee de Lacy scold his domestics!' exclaimed her ladyship, with a look of utter dismay.

"A sudden convulsive movement agitated the whole line of domestics.

"'It is clear that my good young friend,' observed Sir Hugh, 'did not pay very particular attention to the few observations which the occasion appeared to require.'

"'The transition from soup to fish was natural,' said Percy, laughing, in the obvious desire to avoid any farther explanation.

"'I should rather have said *artificial*, my good Mr. Percy, as it is habit only which——'

"'Habit is second nature, you know, Sir Hugh; and therefore——'

"'I must not be interrupted, Mr. Percy——'"

And the bare thought of such a heresy so startles the servant who is changing Sir Hugh's plate, that he lets it fall, and disposes the contents over his master's laced waistcoat.

"The poor man apologized and trembled. Mr. Butler pushed the man with some rudeness from the post of honour, and frowned on him, whilst he applied his napkin to the part affected.

"'Its no matter,' observed Sir Hugh, collecting all his benevolence of manner (which appeared to be necessary on the occasion;) 'Good Richard did not intend it.'

"'No, indeed, your honour, Sir Hugh.'

"'I am perfectly assured of that—Go, my worthy Richard, you had better retire; you seem much agitated.'

"'Such a clumsy fellow!' muttered the steward.

"'Such a master!' repeated the butler.

"'God bless him!' whispered the liveried semi-chorus.

"'The Dresden set, too!' exclaimed Mr. Polson, the steward, in a louder and more emphatic tone of voice."

This last fact almost ruffles the pile of her ladyship's velvet; but she observes that—

"'Good Richard must not have his mind disturbed by that reflection.'

"'Heavenly, considerate being!' cried Sir Hugh, who stood in the act of being rubbed down, like one of his own long-tailed coach horses, by his zealous grooms. 'Thou

"'*Mistress of thyself, though china fall!*'"

This quotation is out of its place. Sir Hugh is perfectly serious in all his commendations of Lady Rodolpha, and would be

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shocked at the very idea of a joke upon such a subject. Even the spilling of the soup, however, cannot break the thread of the worthy baronet's reflections; and he is getting back to the analysis of "the moral virtues," when the sound of a carriage, under the windows, makes a diversion in Percy's favour. This is Grandison de Lacy—returned from his travels. The servants are drawn up, in form, in the avenue; and the dinner party adjourns to receive him, at the entrance of the great hall.

There was ample time, as well as space, to afford the worthy host and hostess a full opportunity of making their observations upon the person and appearance of Mr. Grandison de Lacy.

"'The excellent youth still preserves the dignified deportment of the family,' observed the Baronet complacently to his lady.

"'Ingenuous Grandison!—But what, my good Sir Hugh, has the beloved child of my heart tied round his neck?'

"'Its a Belcher,' interrupted Percy, thrusting his head forward.

"'Mr. Percy Rycott!—we are not accustomed to——'

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed Lady Rodolpha, 'he walks lame—I trust no accident——'

"'Harbour no fears, my too sensitive Lady Rodolpha,' said Sir Hugh, soothingly.

"'His eyes seem affected, papa,' whispered Miss Gertrude. 'Grandison never used a glass before he left England.'

"'None of the Grandisons were near-sighted,' said her ladyship, who had also observed that he was eying every thing and every person through his glass. But there was no more time for observation, the hero approached."

The second volume opens with a visit (again) from our friend Dr. Drizzlethwaite. Before Mr. Percy sent for him to Miss Bellenden—now, Miss Bellenden sends for him to Mr. Percy.

The Doctor arrives (it being very early in the morning) without having made his toilet; and he shaves himself at the sick man's bedside—using the French governess's flounced petticoat by way of dressing gown.—Medical men near town use Packwood's patent razor,—which enables them to shave on horseback, as they come along.—The story then, for about two hundred pages, grows very intricate indeed. Mr. Rycott, going to Miss Bellenden's to fetch his son home, meets with a Mrs. Wigram (the *ci devant* Judy Mallory, who was transported for filching our hero from his nursery;) and Mrs. Mallory (as she had done at the Old Bailey) again claims Percy for her child. This strange issue is eventually tried at law, and Mrs. Wigram is successful. Mr. Rycott is broken-hearted, and would compromise; but Percy (now Mallory) becomes heroic. Miss Bellenden owns her passion for him; but he renounces both love and fortune; and starting for London, to

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enter himself for the Bar,—takes leave of his long supposed father.

The parting interview between Percy and Mr. Rycott is a fair example of our author's talents for serious writing; but it is long, and we must limit our extract from it almost to a single passage.

The question is as to our hero's marriage with Miss Bellenden. He alleges his poverty, and refuses to let Mr. Rycott remove the obstacle. It is Mr. Rycott here who replies—

"'By Jove! sir, I will be obeyed. Not now—not now—you have it all your own way, and I cannot, must not, deny that you are right; but my time may come, nay, shall come—yes, sirrah, when these old bones are whitening in their grave—when my caprices, and my whims, and my fancies, are consigned to the vault of all the Capulets.'

"'Heaven, in its mercy, long avert the day!'

"'I believe you love me, Percy;'—and again the old man was softened. 'I will not press you; you have much to contend with. It is a heavy, cruel reverse, and you bear it better, far better, than your poor deserted father;' and he grasped the hands of Percy, whilst he attempted to raise his eyes to his face. 'I have run riot so long, Percy, and commanded others until I have no command over myself. Go, whilst I am able to part with you. You, Percy, my beloved boy,'—and he paused tremulously, 'are no longer my son; but'——and he seemed at once animated by a new spirit equally remote from querulousness and impetuosity, as he solemnly rose from his chair, and pressed the youth in his arms, 'but you are my HEIR!—Speak not, object not—what I have, or may have, in this world, was destined to you from the hour I hoped—I thought—I possessed a son. Not an act, not a word, not a thought from your cradle to this hour, has cast a shade over your claims to my affection. Do not speak to me; I cannot bear it. On this point I am absolute, and I have a right to be so. There is not, on the wide surface of the globe, a being who has a claim upon my property, much less upon my affection, except yourself. Not a word—for once there is virtue in despotism.'"

The chief fault of this separation is, that there seems very little reason why it should take place. Percy Mallory, however, goes to London, recommended to Mr. Clement Dossiter, attorney at law, of Chancery Lane; and he becomes acquainted with Mr. Dossiter's son, Mr. Clarendon Dossiter, who lays a plan for plundering him at the gaming-table. The intrigue is at last frustrated by the interference of Grandison de Lacy, who now appears as a dashing, but an intelligent and respectable young man.

Modish parties have been hacked out, over and over again, as subjects among novel writers; but De Lacy's *cabriolet* is the first of those vehicles (we believe) that has been described in point.

"His (Percy's) surprises were not destined to end here; for,

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when fairly landed on the outside of the threshold, instead of a carriage, which he concluded would be either a chariot or a coach, he perceived drawn up to the side of the pavement, a non-descript vehicle, which appeared, at first sight, like a French bonnet in mourning.

"'In with you, Percy,' cried De Lacy, pointing to the machine. 'Birtwhistle, you must walk,' and the shadow lost its grade in departing from its substance."

Mr. Birtwhistle is a sort of hanger on; not a true TOADY (though he is called one) to De Lacy, whom the author afterwards, most unexpectedly, marries to Miss Gertrude.

"'In with you, Percy,' said De Lacy.

"'In!—how?"

"'Thus,' replied he, ducking his own head under the leathern pent-house, whilst one servant stood at the horse's head, who was fidgetting and plunging amid the tumult about him; and another held down the front, or apron, as he dived into the vehicle. Dexterously seizing the reins, he held out his spare hand as a guide to Percy, to place him by his side. Seeing the disposition of the horse, the latter was perfectly aware, that to hesitate was to be lost; and, trusting to his pilot, he made the leap in the dark, and found himself, in two seconds, fast bound, and locked in a sort of band-box, or rather pillory, where the head and hands of the charioteer only were visible above board; and, if the mob of rival contenders by whom they were surrounded, had been at liberty to bestow as much manual as oral filth upon the 'Gemman sarvey,' and his 'Frenchy go cait,' their position would have been still more appropriate; for, be it known, that this was the first spring in which the French discoveries in comfort and carriage-building had been translated into English in the form of 'noddies,' or, more technically speaking, 'cabriolets,' as dandy conveyances to operas and parties."

Lord Harweden dies—Mr. Rycott succeeds to his title and estate. Lord Brandon is ascertained to have been the mysterious son of Judy Mallory, and Percy belongs again to his original reputed parents! Then there is mercy for the rogues of the piece, and marriage for the young people!—One or two caitiffs more are transported—just to match the end of the book with the beginning!—And the author concludes with an apology for the intricacy of his tale, observing, that the *true* is *not always* the probable; which position, as regards the "true," may be perfectly sound; but the probability of *falsehood* should certainly be invariable.

We have used up our allowance of room for selection; and the diffuse style in which the author of Percy Mallory succeeds best, would make short extracts unavailing. There are many admirable things in the last volume, mixed with a great deal that is slo-

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venly. The scene in which Percy, by Dossiter's contrivance, is taken for a madman, is one of the best hits in the book. Dr. Beekerdyke, the lunatic professor, is very hapily touched indeed. We feel sure, through all his solemnity, that he has a strait waistcoat in his pocket. And, indeed, the whole scene in which he questions and cross-examines his supposed patient, shows so much acquaintance with the etiquette of Bedlam, that we are not sure that our author is not a mad doctor himself.

But be he what he may—and if he were even a mad *man*, much less a mad-doctor, we should on that score raise no objection to him—he has talent, and a vast deal of talent, if he would but take the trouble to make the best use of it. His present work is better, upon the whole, than Pen Owen; but its faults (and they are not few) are pretty generally of the same character. In both novels, the great charm lies unquestionably in the display of a very extraordinary measure of practical shrewdness and knowledge of life. In addition to this, Pen Owen had a strong spice of *political*, and this book has a strong spice of *romantic* interest. The author appears to be gaining skill as to the management of fable; although we are far from wishing him to believe that he is not still much below what he might make himself as to this point. In that and other minor matters he may and must improve; we certainly can scarcely hope to see him better than he is already, in regard to certain qualifications of a much higher order—qualifications in which he certainly is not surpassed by any living author, in any style whatever—the charming idiomatic character of his language—the native flow of his wit—his keen satire and thorough acquaintance with man, as man exists in the 19th century, and more especially as he exists in LONDON.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

BY SCHILLER.

"TAKE ye the world! I give it ye forever;
(Said Jove, mankind addressing,) for I mean ye
To hold it as your heritage: so sever
The earth like brothers, as ye please, between ye!"

All who had hands took what they could: the needy,
Both young and old, most busily employ'd them;
The ploughman had the fields; the lord, more greedy,
Seized on the woods for chase, and he enjoy'd them.

To fill his stores the tradesman took all sly ways;
The abbot had the vineyards in partition;
The king kept all the bridges and the high-ways,
And claim'd a tenth of all things in addition.

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Long after the division was completed,
In came the absent Poet, from a distance:
Alas! 'twas over, not to be repeated;
All giv'n away as if he'd no existence.

"Ah wo is me! 'mid bounty so unbounded,
Shall I, thy truest son, be thus neglected?"
He cried aloud, and his complaint resounded
While he drew near Jove's throne, quite unexpected.

"If in the land of visions you resided
(Said Jove) and anger feel, to me do'nt show it:
Where were you when the world was first divided?"
"I was near thee," replied the lack-land Poet.

"With glory of thy face mine eyes were aching,
And music fill'd mine ears while gifts were squander'd;
The earthly for the heavenly thus forsaking,
Forgive my spirit that awhile it wandered."—

"What's to be done? (cried Jove,) The world is given,
Fields, chases, towns, circumference, and centre!—
If you're content to dwell with me in heaven,
It shall be open when you please to enter." J. P. C.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST, No. XII.

EMIGRATION.

Having in my former letters, endeavoured to sketch a faint outline of the character and sufferings of the first settlers of this country, I shall now give you some traits of a less hardy race, its more recently acquired inhabitants. Between those persons, and the subjects of my present communication, there exist these marked distinctions, namely, the first were a peculiar class of men, accustomed to danger and privation, the latter are persons taken from all the various grades of civilized society—the former came to conquer a country, the latter to enjoy it—the former came from the southern, the latter from the eastern and middle states—the former took possession of Kentucky, the latter are crowding to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. I am aware that it is impossible to do justice to this subject within the compass of a single letter—but I feel also the danger of entering too minutely upon a theme which presents a vast variety of interesting features. To say nothing of the mighty revolution which a score of years has produced in this wonderful country—of the extensive regions which have been civilized, or of the sublime reflections excited by the establishment of states and governments, there are a thousand minor traits in the scenes which I have witnessed—pictures of do-

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mestic life and individual fortune—which present new and affecting views of human nature. If the miserable victims of penury alone, changing only the scene of distress had sought refuge in these solitudes, or if none but the greedy worshippers of Mammon had braved the fury of the blast, and the gloom of the wilderness, a single stroke of the pen might display the merits and the fortunes of all. The hacknied tale of virtue in distress would draw for the former the common tribute of a tear—while the latter would be abandoned without commisseration to the just rewards of overweening avarice.

But the mighty stream has not emanated from a single fountain—it comes compounded of various elements, flowing from a thousand sources, mingling and combining their discordant materials into one great and living mass. Industry sends her sun-brown children, avarice her minions, ambition her aspirants, and sorrow her heavy laden offspring. Never since the days when a romantic religious enthusiasm allured all ages, sexes, and conditions to the shrine of a favourite saint, has the world witnessed such party-coloured hordes, peacefully pursuing a common path to a common destination.

This subject was forcibly presented to my mind a few years ago, during a journey over the Alleghany mountains, and as the lonely scenes among which these impressions were made upon my memory, are peculiarly fitted to exemplify the toils, and to give a tinge of the picturesque to the adventures of the emigrants whom I there encountered, you must linger with me here for a few moments.

The traveller who crosses the stupendous chain of mountains which form a dividing line between the two great sections of our country, often pauses to ponder on the deep gloom and savage wildness presented to his eye. Nature seems to have reserved these strong fastnesses to herself, as a last retreat from the encroachments of art. Her precarious sway over the valley and the plain, is incessantly assailed by the unwearied arm of civilization, which every day despoils some fair portion of her ancient dominion. The rill no longer murmurs in the solitude, nor does the songster alone fill the grove with his melody—the discordant hum of a busy world mingles its hoarse notes with those tones of sweet and native eloquence by which Nature speaks to her delighted votaries—the "dappled denizen" of the forest shade has fled, and the forest itself is prostrated by the fierce invaders. But here she sits securely enthroned among her favourite wilds, defended by bulwarks which bid defiance to invasion. Man, the sworn enemy to the fairest works of his Creator advances to the barrier, and halts—he pauses on the brink of the precipice, measures with a despairing eye the overhanging cliff—and retires from the conflict.

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No description can convey any adequate idea of the winding paths, the steep acclivities, the overhanging cliffs, and dark ravines with which these Alpine regions abound,—the sublime grandeur of the scenery, or the difficulty and danger of the roads. At the time of which I am speaking, the turnpikes which have since rendered the passes of the mountain so safe and easy, were not completed; and if I found it toilsome in the extreme to accomplish my journey on horseback, you may conceive the almost insurmountable difficulties presented to weary-laden wanderers encumbered with waggons and baggage; yet I found these roads crowded with emigrants of every description, but the majority were of the poorest class. Here I would meet a few lusty fellows trudging it merrily along, and there a family more embarrassed, and less cheerful; now a gang of forty or fifty souls, men, women, and children—and now a solitary pedestrian, with his oaken staff, his bottle, and his knapsack; and once a day, a stage-load of tired travellers, dragged heavily towards the west. Sometimes I beheld a gentleman toiling along with a broken down vehicle, and sometimes encountered the solitary horseman—here I espied the wreck of a carriage or the remains of a meal, and there the temporary shelter which had protected the benighted stranger. At one time beside a small stream, rushing through a narrow glen, I encountered a party of about fourscore persons, with two or three waggons. They had halted to bait—the beasts were grazing among the rocks, the men cleaving wood for fires, and boughs to erect a tenement for the hour: the women cooking or nursing their children, and the rosy boys and girls dabbling in a waterfall. When from the summit of a mountain or one of its precipices, where the road wound beneath my feet, appearing at intervals as far as the eye could reach, I beheld one of these larger caravans, composed of half-clad beings of every age and sex, slowly winding up the mountain path, or reclining at mid-day among the rocks, I could compare them only to the gypsy bands described by foreign novelists.

At one of the most difficult passes of the mountain I met a cavalcade, whose description will apply to a numerous class. They were from New England. The senior of the party was a middle aged man, hale, well built, and decently clad. He was guiding a pair of small, lean, active horses, harnessed to a light wagon, which contained the bedding and provisions of the party, and a few articles of household furniture. Two well grown, barefoot boys, in homespun shirts and trowsers, held the tail of the waggon, laudably endeavouring to prevent an *upset*, by throwing their weight occasionally to that side which seemed to require ballast, while the father exerted his arms, voice, and whip, in urging forward his ponies. In the rear toiled the partner of his pilgrimage, conducting, like John Rodgers' wife, "nine small children, and one at the breast," and exhibiting in her own person and those of

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her offspring, ample proof that whatever might be the character of the land to which they were hastening, that which they had left was not deficient in health or fruitfulness. Nor must I omit to mention a chubby boy of six years old, who by sundry falls and immersions, had acquired the hue of the soil from head to foot, and though now trudging knee-deep in the mire, was crunching an apple with the most entire composure. They had reached the summit of the mountain just as I overtook them, and as they halted to rest, I checked my horse to observe them. As they stretched their eyes forward over the interminable prospect, they were wrapped in silent wonder; as far as the vision could extend there was nothing to intercept it; beneath our feet lay mountains and valleys and forests and rivers, all of which must be passed before these

"———sad unravellers
Of the mazes to the mountains's top"

could reach the land of promise, which they imagined they could now dimly discern in the distant horizon. They looked back with a kind of shuddering triumph at what they had accomplished,—they looked forward with trembling hope at what was to come. I thought I could see in their faces, regret, hope, fear, resignation—but they spoke cheerfully, and expressed no dissatisfaction, and after answering their inquiries as to their route onward I left them. Tired souls! they have probably long e'er this surmounted their fatigues, and found a happy home in a land of plenty, where surrounded with fat pigs, and fat children, they enjoy the only true *otium cum dignitate*; while I, delving among the labyrinths of the *law*, find mazes more intricate and steeps more arduous, than the winding paths of the mountain!

The foreigners whom I met, were in much worse circumstances than our own citizens. These arrive on our shores in a destitute condition, and undertake the journey without money enough to accomplish half the distance and some without a cent to pay their entrance—confiding in the protection of Heaven, and the benefactions of the charitable. This confidence is not so often deceptive as might be expected, for an American is never seen to turn a houseless wanderer from his door, or to refuse a morsel to the hungry. It is surprising to see to what a dreary plight some of these adventurers are reduced by their poverty or improvidence; and yet many of them will trudge along with light hearts and empty purses, apparently forgetful of the past, and regardless of the future.

At Pittsburgh, where the emigrants generally embark on the Ohio, they may be seen in larger numbers than at any other place; and here may be seen not only their number, but in some degree their various characters, and as various expectations. Some arrive with furniture, farming utensils and servants, and push for-

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ward, confident in their ability to overcome every obstacle. Some come burthened with large families and but little worldly gear, and others, happy at such a time in their "single blessedness," come alone, errant knights, leaving all their cares behind them. Upon observing these motley collections, I have been reminded of the imitation contained in a camp meeting song which I have heard, and which I think is about as follows.

> "Come hungry, come thirsty, come ragged, come bare,
> Come filthy, come lousy, come just as you are."

For to be brief, here you see, all sorts of folks crowding to the west.

Those who are driven by misfortune from their homes, go like exiles from the land to which fond recollection attaches a thousand charms, to a wilderness which fancy clothes with a thousand terrors. Every sympathy is awakened and every tender feeling thrilled with anguish, when they exchange the comforts of society, the scenes of their youth, and the friends of their hearts, for the nameless and unknown difficulties which appear in the dark perspective. They dream of interminable forests, and pestilential swamps, and at every step, fancy themselves surrounded by noxious vermin and beasts of prey. Thus, anticipating no good, and fearing every evil, they go into banishment with sorrowful hearts. But there is a more sanguine class of emigrants, to whom a different picture is presented. They have been allured by interest or ambition, or led by choice to a new country, and hope arrays their future abodes with every charm. An *El Dorado* has been described to them, or they have created it, in which men are to be wooed to their happiness as a maiden to the bridal, and their only care is to determine with what grace they will accept the guerdon. The old men are to be blessed with wealth, the young men with honour, and the girls with husbands, and I suppose with wealth and honour and pleasure into the bargain—and to crown all, the good folks in the west will feel so delighted and so flattered by their advent that they will crowd about them like the friends of Job, and every one will give them "an ear ring and a piece of gold!"

All these are deceived, as well the desponding as the enthusiastic. The advantages of the western country consist in the great fertility of the soil, the profusion of all the products of nature, whether of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms, the cheapness of lands, and the *newness* of the country, which affords *room* and *opportunity* for enterprise. These, together with its commercial advantages, the total exemption from all taxes and political burthens, and the comparatively small portion of labour requisite to procure the *necessaries* of life, certainly render this a desirable home. But they, who like, Ortogrul of Basra, desire the golden stream to be quick and violent, will like him discover a

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dry and dusty channel, and will learn that slow and persevering industry is not less necessary here than elsewhere. Honours are the reward of personal popularity, which, we have been told, "may be gained without merit and lost without a fault," and in this respect the western hemisphere differs little from the rest of the world. Popular arts are the same in every country; but it is certain that few here are raised to eminent public stations without a long and intimate acquaintance with the people. In the west there is no jealousy or unfriendliness to strangers, who are generally received with open arms, and treated with kindness and respect, but political honours are more sparingly bestowed, and are seldom lavished upon foreigners, who, whatever may be their pretensions, can hardly be supposed to know, or to feel, the interests of the country.

The desponding emigrant on the other hand is *agreeably* surprised, at finding every plain substantial comfort which a reasonable man can wish, and though he discovers no attempt at luxury or style, he sees hospitality, plenty, and intelligence. Instead of a vast wilderness, he finds large settlements, which though thinly scattered, are now sufficiently dense to afford the comforts and civilities of life, to ensure protection, and to enforce municipal regulations.

Of all people the English are most provokingly disappointed. The Irish, Dutch, and French, amalgamate easily with our people, adopt our habits, and live happily among us. But not so John Bull. This honest gentleman, as he is generally pleased to style himself, has always been famed for an inordinate share of credulity, so that notwithstanding his prejudices against America, he is easily persuaded that gold is to be ploughed up in our fields, and rubies plucked from the trees. He forgets that the days of Columbus and Cortes have gone by, and that Mexico and Peru are not within our boundaries. With these views he sets out from one of the Atlantic cities, and soon gets into "lots of trouble." In the first place, Mr. Bull is used to being told that he is obstinate, whimsical, and fond of having his own way, and he is determined not to derogate from the national character. He will therefore receive no advice as to his route or mode of travelling, and consequently adopts the most inconvenient vehicle, takes the worst road, and stops at the most indifferent houses. He has resolved that he must have tea and rolls in the morning, and tea and toast in the evening, and roast beef for dinner, all of which must be prepared in a particular manner, and if he happens to be thwarted in these important matters he as resolutely determines not to eat a mouthful until compelled by hunger, nor to pay his fare until obliged by the law. Then he wears a fantastical fur jockey cap, which he is advised to exchange for a covering better suited to the climate, but he persists in having his own way, and although his face is scorched and blistered with the sun,

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he adheres to the fur cap as tenaciously as if it was the Magna Charta. Nor is he less attached to his dandy surtout and light boots; he cannot be convinced that what is a suitable dress in "Lunnun" may be very unfit to travel in, and he rather submits to be tortured and pinched until he is sore, than to leave off the finery which is worn *at 'ome*, and which he fondly imagines will entitle him to singular honor, by distinguishing him from the natives. All this is of no consequence to any body but himself, but unluckily John is not satisfied with having *his own way*, but is displeased that others claim the same privilege, and perseveringly finds fault with every thing he sees, hears, smells, tastes, or touches. Then he has an odd propensity for *quizzing the natives*, and many a box on the ear, and tweak of the nose this costs the poor gentleman on his hapless way. His opinions are as singular as his manners. He is a great politician

> "Sits up 'till midnight with his host,
> Talks politics and gives the toast,"

and being accustomed at home to join church and state, he seldom fails to give religion a side blow in discussing his political tenets. If he happen to be a monarchist he finds no associates, if he be a radical, he disgusts his hearers by his utter disregard of order, law, and decency, and in either case he fails not to ridicule our institutions and revile our government. Arrived at the end of his journey, he seeks an *English* settlement, avoids all intercourse with "the natives," quarrels with his countrymen, engages in a law suit, spends his money, and finding that he cannot subsist without labor, curses the country, and gets drunk daily: In a short time, he returns home fully competent to the task of edifying the British public, on the subjects of American politics, history, and literature!

In descending the river from Pittsburgh, three different descriptions of boats, are at the service of the voyager: the steamboat, the keel, and the flat bottom. The steamboats belonging to this place, which are numerous, are strong, beautiful, and swift, and are provided with excellent accommodations; but these can only run at high stages of the water, and this mode of conveyance is in some cases, too expensive for the circumstances of the emigrant. In either of these events the other boats are resorted to. The keel is a long sharp vessel, drawing but little water. When loaded, the hull is nearly all immersed, but there is a deck or roof about six feet high, covered on all sides so as to exclude the weather, and leaving only a passage of about a foot wide, which is called the running board, along the gunwale, and a small space at the stem and stern. This deck or roof, affords an admirable lounging place in pleasant weather, but at all other times, the passenger is circumscribed within but narrow bounds below. The oars which are placed at the bow, are from eight to twelve in

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number, and are used only in descending the river: by means of these the boat is propelled at the rate of two or three miles an hour faster than the current which has an average velocity of about three miles. The oars are plied during the day, and at night the boat is suffered to float, with a man at the helm and one at the bow to look out, except in those parts of the river where the navigation is difficult, and where they always lay by for day light. Thus they can accomplish a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, with great ease. In ascending the stream they are propelled with poles, and the passage is very tedious, as they can seldom make more than from ten to twenty miles a day.

The flat bottom boat, is nothing more than a raft with sides and a roof, but it is more roomy and convenient than the keel, particularly if well built and tight, as indeed they mostly are. An immense oar is placed on each side near the bow, which has given these boats the nick name of "broad-horns," and another at the stern. These are used only to direct the course of the flat, which is allowed to float with the current, and thus she pursues her voyage like man in his earthly pilgrimage to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller of her species ever returns; for not being calculated to stem the current she is useless, after she has reached her destination, except as so much lumber.

For the Port Folio.

THE WASHINGTON MIRACLE REFUTED;

OR, A REVIEW OF THE REV. MR. MATTHEWS'S STATEMENT. BY A FRIEND OF TRUTH. GEORGETOWN, D. C. 1824.

If the age of chivalry is over, it seems the age of miracles is not passed away. Every period gives rise to something of its own; and it avails nothing, that over and over again, delusion and disappointment have followed after imposture, or credulity. These inexhaustible sources of the marvellous are as productive as the sea, whose waves are created anew the moment after they perish on the shore.

The Washington miracle, as it is called, is too well known to our readers to be circumstantially repeated. It was "perpetrated," (to use the words of a London writer on this subject,) at Washington, last winter, on the body of a Mrs. Mattingly, and was uttered abroad in newspapers, statements and depositions as one of the wonders of the famous miracle monger, Prince Hohenlohe. We have had miracles of domestic manufacture among us like other parts of this habitable globe; but we believe this is the first instance of a miraculous power exerted in Europe on an inhabirant of America. It is true the Prince has sent his healing efficacy as far as England, and even Ireland, but these were within the European sphere, and might reasonably be embraced by an ordinary adpet in the art. But to travel 3000 miles—to operate

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unseen in another hemisphere,—this is indeed a gift which even exceeded those of our Saviour and his Apostles, and ranks the prince in the eyes of those who believe, far beyond the signs and wonders recorded in the Gospel.

After a pretty full examination of the subject, the writer of this pamphlet ranks the recovery of Mrs. Mattingly among those cases, by no means uncommon, in which disease spends itself from natural causes, and speedy relief takes place.

"We now assert that the lady was afflicted with an abscess. To be sure she says, she had no knowledge of any abscess in her side, and 'of course perceived no breaking or discharge of any.' This we doubt not is true, and still there may have been an abscess and its discharge. All the symptoms may have existed, and the patient, not very skilful in medicine probably, may have been ignorant of the disease to which they belonged. The same may be said relative to the five ladies who depose that they 'saw no symptom of any abscess.' These ladies, I presume, have never studied very closely the diseases to which the human frame is liable. Throw this pamphlet into the hands of any scientific physician,—let it tell its own story, and you will not find an individual, who, connecting the progress of the disease with the event, will not pronounce there was an abscess. I have conversed with five medical men upon this subject; four in this District, and one at a distance: all of whom, after ridiculing the pretensions of the Priests relative to the miraculous nature of the cure, pronounced the disease an abscess. The simple statement of the pamphlet, was put into the hands of an eminent physician at a distance, who, after perusing the symptoms, decided at once, that it was an abscess in the left lobe of the liver; mentioning at the same time, that he had known at least ten similar cases just as remarkable, in the course of his own practice.

"Assuming now the existence of an abscess, we readily account for the torpor of the arm next to the tumour. We easily account, also, for the nature of the cure. The simple fact is, that just before the change in the lady's feelings, this abscess broke. The circumstances were exactly calculated to produce this effect; for we are told in the fifth deposition, that just before it took place, the patient was seized with '*a violent fit of coughing*," which, in union with some preparations on the part of the Priest, caused a delay of fifteen minutes in the administration of the sacrament. So violent was this paroxysm of coughing, that Father Dubuisson says, he was afraid "she might be prevented from receiving communion." Now, nothing was more likely than that this paroxysm of her cough, in union with the excitement in which she had been, from the expectation of a miracle, and the excitement she then must have been in from disappointment, and that, also, necessarily produced by all the ceremony and solemnity of receiving the com-

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munion, should have effected her frame so powerfully as to occasion the discharge of the abscess in her side. The symptoms of unusual distress and danger immediately before, are perfectly consistent with this; for such almost always precede the breaking of an abscess. Now let it be recollected, that for several days subsequent to the relief, it was asserted at the house of the lady, that a very copious discharge of blood from her mouth, occurred immediately prior to the issue; let it also be recollected, that though some deponents, in order to rid the matter of the abscess, exert themselves to show that no *extraordinary* discharge of blood was perceived, and though Mrs. M. asserts that she spit with unusual difficulty, and in quantities unusually small that night, it is yet not denied that an effusion of blood, from the mouth, did actually take place, and that in a considerable quantity, just before the event; and methinks it cannot be doubted by any one in the least intelligent on such subjects, that the simple explanation of the whole affair, is found in the fortunate and very seasonable rupture of an abscess. Cases precisely similar, are found in almost every chapter of medical journals. What Physician of extensive and long continued practice, has not been favoured with miracles as marvellous?"

After all, Prince Hohenlohe has been outdone by the following wonder, which we find recorded here, and will be new to most of our readers. Its peculiar appositeness on this question will justify our extracting it.

"A few years ago, (not more than ten,) there lived at or near a place called Colchester, Vermont, an old gentlemen (since known as the Vermont Prophet) of the Society of Friends or Quakers, of respectable and amiable character, who, some how or other was impressed with the idea that he was vested with the gift of healing diseases.—Being a man of great benevolence, he could not suffer a power so useful to remain unemployed. Accordingly, he commenced the exercise of his gift upon such as he could at first procure to submit to his attempts. His method, like that of the Prince, was by praying for those who came. So curious and astonishing were the effects which ensued, that in a short time his fame was spread not only throughout his neighbourhood, but into distant territories of the United States. His house was frequently thronged with applicants. Horses and vehicles of various kinds, waited at his gate. Instances there were of *wonderful, admirable, instantaneous cures*, which many esteemed perfectly miraculous. The successes of Hohenlohe, such as we have heard of, cannot compare with the accounts given of this wonderful man. His miracles were not confined to those who came to his house. Like the Bishop of Bamberg, he was anxious to spare his patients at a distance, the expense and fatigue of coming into his presence.—Letters containing statements of the cases and petitions for the

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prophet's prayers, were despatched from every quarter, far and near. The immense quantity of letters he received, can scarcely be credited, except by those who had an opportunity of seeing for themselves. The fame of this man was not like the morning cloud; it lasted several years, and only ceased when the Prophet being led to believe that his gift was ended, discontinued his practises. There is one case of miraculous effect upon one of his applicants, deserving a particular mention in this place. At a town in Vermont, named Montpelier, there lived a lady, who for a long while had been painfully afflicted with disease. Bed-ridden for a tedious length of time, and unable to obtain the use of her limbs, the physician, after long continued attempts to relieve her, pronounced the case beyond his skill. In this helpless condition, the patient heard of the wonderful cures of the Prophet at Colchester. Willing to take advantage of every expedient for relief, she procured a letter to be addressed to him, with a statement of her case and a petition for his prayers. A neighbour who was about to undertake a journey which obliged him to pass the old man's residence, undertook to be the bearer of the letter. The lady, as he travelled, calculated the time it would take him to reach the Prophet's door. The hour at which he probably arrived, was struck. Immediately she recovered; the strength and use of her long helpless limbs returned: she arose from bed, delighted and thankful for her miraculous restoration. The Prophet's gift was now all her theme. The neighbours came in to see the truth of the wonderful reports which were spread of the case. They beheld and were astonished. Their long afflicted acquaintance, they saw walking, working, and comfortable. They could not doubt the sight of their own eyes. The lady was plainly restored at the very time when the application must have been made to the Prophet. Had I been there, I should have been much more surprised than at the breaking of an abscess. The man who carried the letter, now returned. Having heard of the lady's wonderful restoration, he hastened to congratulate her. She met him joyfully: exhibited her strength; said a miracle had been wrought on her by the Prophet's gift, and assured the friend that it was at the very time when he must have arrived at the old man's house, that her recovery was effected. Well, (said the friend) I am extremely rejoiced to find you so well: but *indeed I entirely forgot to deliver the letter.* This needs no comment."

The pamphlet concludes with the following notices of Prince Hohenlohe, not very recent, but serving to show the opinions entertained of him in Germany.

"A gentleman of Maryland, who has a regular correspondent in the part of Germany where Hohenlohe has been operating, has politely furnished the following translations from foreign papers; which, together with some extracts of letters received by this

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gentleman from his correspondent, copied from a Hagerstown paper, are here subjoined, to show the estimation in which the Prince is held by the people in Bavaria:

"*Extract from the Courier Francais.*

"HAMBURG, JULY 7.—The news that Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe, was expected in this town, produced the most lively sensations—all the infirm, endowed with steadfast faith, waited with great impatience the moment of laying his hands upon them.

"The Prince arrived on the 2d July: he performed his first cure on three females who laboured under a paroxysm of gout, their cure was attested by one witness only, a distributor of alms. He restored the use of limbs to a paralytic, and hearing to two deaf women. The Prince promised to repair on the following day to the extensive area in the vicinity of the Cathedral, and to perform his cures in the open air. An immense multitude resorted to the place—the lame, the deaf, and the blind, lay prostrate on the earth; near to them were in attendance their parents and friends, who offered up prayers to heaven for the recovery of these unfortunate individuals. The moment the Prince appeared the whole assemblage fell upon their knees—all fixed in profound silence, their eyes on Prince Hohenlohe, who, after putting up a long prayer, advanced to the midst of the supplicants, and asked in a mild tone, 'Do you firmly believe that God can cure you?' A thousand voices replied, 'Yes, yes!' Then he stretched forth his arms, and uttered with a loud voice, 'Arise, your faith hath made you whole:' and they all got up and went away. The acclamation of the multitude rent the air.

"Nevertheless, the magistracy of the town thought proper to appoint a commission, composed of intelligent and upright men, whom they directed to follow the Prince, and to make a list of persons whom he should cure of their infirmities. These commissions have prepared an account of the state of twenty-three persons who had declared themselves cured by the Prince, and it turns out that the ailments have not been in any wise diminished. On further inquiry, it has been found that the story of the paralytic woman, and the two deaf and dumb, who had fancied themselves cured by the Prince on the first day of his arrival, is very different from the reports that have got into circulation.

"MUNICH, JANUARY 17, 1823.—The personal estate of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe was publicly sold in Bamberg, and his benefice of the Dome Church was confiscated. He is now engaged in his operations in Vienna, where he can receive every desired human assistance.

"*Extracts of letters written in the neighbourhood of Wurtzburg, in Bavaria, in Germany, to a gentleman in this country.*

"NOVEMBER 4, 1821.—The public newspapers have probably already made you acquainted with a great deal concerning the

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miraculous cures of the Prince of Hohenlohe, and his man Michael, in Wurtzburg, Brickman, and Bamberg. A certain Prince of Schwartzburgh had a daughter, for a considerable time in the Inlier Hospital, in Wurtzburgh, who was very lame. Suddenly the Prince and his man Michael made their appearance (whether by invitation or not, I cannot say) and undertook to effect a cure by prayer and imposition of hands. Immediately it was published in the newspapers that the female invalid could again walk perfectly straight, and that too, without any assistance, and had actually walked across the street to the church, in order to give thanks to the Lord for her wonderful restoration. The regularly attending physician of the Hospital then announced to the public that the account concerning the recovery of the lame female was false—that she had not been cured by Prince H. but by a long and regular use of means which he himself had administered. The affair now became a subject of newspaper discussion. Some writing in favour of the Prince, and others on the side of the physician. At this juncture, the Police of W——, gave notice that every invalid that intended to visit the Prince to obtain relief, must be furnished with a pass from the commissary of his district, and with a certificate from the physician of his Canton, the latter of which must contain a correct and minute description of the disease—and Hohenlohe was required to perform his cures in a *Bovel*, and in the presence of a committee appointed for the purpose; and in case he refused, he was ordered to leave the vicinity. Shortly after these arrangements were made by the civil authority, the Prince requested the Editor of the *Main Paper* to give notice, that all the Roman priests of Bavaria should proclaim from their pulpits, that in consequence of his ill health, and for other reasons, he had discontinued his cures, and that for the present it would accordingly be useless for the afflicted to incur the expense and trouble of a journey to him for assistance. It is reported in this neighbourhood, that there is a secret society which urges and supports the Prince in this business. Having decamped, it is expected that this miracle-monger will now attract attention and get himself into business at some other place."

"March 26, 1822.—In my last, I dropped a few remarks in relation to Hohenlohe and Wurtzburg. My opinion, and also that of the thinking part of the Catholics and Protestants is, that he is far from being a true messenger of God. He has been made a dupe of by designing men, in consequence of which, a serious disturbance has arisen, and if he had not been obliged to retreat, I would not have been surprised if a revolution had ensued. It is stated in some papers that Rome does not object to, but rather approves of the doings of the Prince.

I remain, &c. ——."

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For the Port Folio.

SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Decomposition of the Metallic Sulphates by Hydrogen.—The composition of several doubtful sulphurets has been ascertained by Arfvredson, by reducing their corresponding sulphates by hydrogen. A summary of his results is subjoined.

The artificial sulphuret of manganese, sometimes considered a sulphuretted oxide, is accurately speaking, a compound of 1 proportional of sulphuret of manganese, with 1 proportional of protoxide, called by Arfvredson an oxysulphuret.

The reduction of sulphate of cobalt also, gave an oxysulphuret.

The reduction of sulphate of nickel yielded a subsulphuret.

A current of sulphuretted hydrogen, passed over red-hot oxide of nickel, gave a simple sulphuret, which proved to be the composition of native sulphuret of nickel, or pair pyrites.

The reduction of protosulphate of iron gave a subbisulphuret, containing less sulphur than magnetic pyrites, which Arfvredson, on the authority of Stromeyer, states to be a compound of 1 proportional of bisulphuret of iron with 6 proportionals of simple sulphuret. The reduction of the subpersulphate gave a sulphuret, containing 8 proportionals of iron to 1 of sulphur, or a suboctosulphuret.

The reduction of sulphate of lead, yielded a compound of metallic lead and sulphuret of lead.

The foregoing summary is abstracted from the paper of Arfvredson, in the May number of the Annals of Philosophy. The results in proportionals, and the nomenclature, in reference to equivalent numbers are given in accordance with the numbers adopted by the English and American chemists. Arfvredson follows Berzelius in these particulars; and it is well known, that the latter chemist, from an artificial mode of viewing the subject, makes the equivalent numbers for many substances, especially the metals, double those adopted by other chemists. This want of conformity in the numbers pitched upon, however, does not imply any disagreements as to the actual proportions of combination. The chemical compounds, in the paper referred to, are expressed by the method of chemical notation invented by Berzelius; but the formulæ are, in so many instances, incorrectly printed, as to make it difficult to follow the author without considerable labour.

Influence of the density of the air on the rates of chronometers. Mr. Harvey has lately discovered, that the going of chronometers is influenced by the density of the air; their rate being in most cases accelerated when the density is diminished, and retarded, when the density is increased. In a few cases, however, the reverse is the fact. These observations are important, as they point out a cause for the irregular going of clocks, not heretofore attended to.

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Discovery of Glucina in the chrysoberyl.—Mr. Henry Seybert has lately communicated to the American Phil. Society, an important paper giving analyses of the chrysoberyls both of Haddam in Connecticut, and Brazil. The paper is in course of publication in a new volume of the society's transactions, which is soon to appear. In the mean time, it is given to the public, by permission of the society, through Silliman's Journal.

The analyses reveal the interesting fact, not heretofore suspected, that the chrysoberyl contains Glucina to the amount of about 15 or 16 per cent. Mr. Seybert is entitled to this additional merit for the discovery, that the same mineral was analysed in 1822, without detecting the Glucina though it was sought, by that acute and promising chemist Mr. Arfvredson of Sweden. In the analyses by both chemists, the mineral was repeatedly treated with caustic potassa; the insoluble residue, after each fusion, being again subjected to the action of the same alkali. In each analysis, an insoluble residue, not attacked by the potassa, amounting to about one-sixth of mineral employed, was obtained. This insoluble residue was found by Mr. Seybert to be Glucina associated with about a sixteenth of oxide of titanicum; while, according to Arfvredson, "on examination, it proved to be pure silica." [See a translation of Arfvredson's paper on the analysis of some minerals, Annals of Philosophy, May 1824!]

Radicals of Silica, Uthria, Glucina and Zirconia.—Berzelius has lately succeeded in insulating the Radical of Silica or pure flint. Heretofore, incomplete evidences only were obtained of the nature of this Radical, insufficient, however, to lead to the belief, that it was more analogous to carbon and boron than to the metals, a supposition now confirmed by Berzelius. The method of obtaining it, consists in acting on dry silicated fluate of potassa, with potassium—a mixture of various substances is thus obtained, which, when washed with water, yields hydroguret of silicon, and this latter, when heated in a crucible, has the hydrogen burnt off, whereby the silicon is obtained pure.

Silicon, is found by Berzelius to vary in combustibility, according to its state of aggregation, resembling carbon in this respect. As usually obtained it burns, when ignited, either in oxygen gas or atmospheric air; but in its densest state, it may be made incandescent without undergoing this process. It burns also in chlorine and in the vapour of sulphur, forming with the former a transparent colourless liquid, smelling like cyanogen, and with the latter, a gray sulphuret.

By a similar mode of decomposition, as applied to yttria glucina and zirconia, the radicals of these earths were also obtained.

Important Invention.—Mr. Brodie, foreman of the Carpenter's department in the Gosport Navy Yard, has invented a machine

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which promises greatly to facilitate the repairing of damages done to vessels. It is a Box shaped to the mould of the ship, reaching from the surface of the water to the keel, and sufficiently wide to cover the part to be repaired. It is sunk alongside, and brought close to the ship by ropes, and the water is then pumped out by means of an engine. The workmen then descend and execute their task "with as much security as if they were on terra firma."

In launching the Delaware 74, an accident occurred, by which the copper, to the length of 3 or 4 feet, very low down and contiguous to the fore foot, was ripped up. Two summers passed away before the casualty was discovered, but during the third, the worm so far perforated the exposed part as to cause the ship to leak considerably. All the skill in caulking, thrumming, &c. that could be exerted, availed nothing, the leak continuing to increase. Finally it was pronounced impracticable to overcome it in any other way than by heaving the ship down, in which operation an expense of $25,000 or $30,000 must necessarily be incurred. It was in this dilemma that Mr. Brodie had his machine constructed. The workmen descended with their tools and commenced operation. The injured plank has been removed, and at this moment, says a writer in the Norfolk Herald of Monday, "they are bolting the new plank, nearly 18 feet under water to her side, in complete security."

"Simple as the machine is," says the Herald, "such are the important advantages that must result from it, that it cannot but entitle the inventor to the gratitude of his country."

Weighing Locks.—The Locks for weighing boats in the vicinity of this village, are now completed and ready for operation. Their construction is founded upon the known principle of hydrostatics, that the whole weight of a body, which will float in a fluid, is equal to as much of the fluid as the immersed part of the body takes up when it floats. Two wooden locks are formed of equal dimensions, being 86 feet long, fifteen wide, and four feet deep, one above the other, in such a manner that one side of the upper lock extended down, forms also one side of the lower lock. The upper lock has gates of the usual form in lift-locks, and connecting it with the canal on the same level, and the surface of the lower lock is on a level with the floor of the upper lock. The boats are admitted into the upper lock, and the quantity of water displaced, or rather the increase of its volume is ascertained by measuring it, with a graduated scale in the upper lock, drawing it off and finding the difference of measurement in the lower lock. The weight of a boat is then immediately determined by reference to a table calculated for the scale. Complete accuracy cannot be expected; but it will be sufficient for ordinary purposes. The time occupied in weighing a boat will probably not exceed twenty minutes.—*Utica, N. Y.*

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Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.—We understand that the Board of Engineers, appointed by the general government, are industriously employed in the examination of the country between the Potomac and Youghiogeny rivers. Three different parties have been despatched, under their instructions, to survey sections of the route for the contemplated Canal. The Board, from the last accounts, were descending the Youghiogeny, intending to proceed to its mouth, and thence ascend the Monongahela and Cheat Rivers. The cursory observation of the Savage and Youghiogeny has been shown them to be excessively rocky and rough, but still offering no insuperable difficulties. In many places the banks are so precipitous that the canal must be made in what is now the channel of the river, and be supported on the lower side by great walls. If the Youghiogeny cannot be commanded on the summit, it will then remain to ascertain if Deep Creek alone will afford a sufficient supply of water. To effect this, a nice measurement of the stream must be made, which the rain has hitherto prevented, having swelled the Creek to such a degree as to render it impassible for several days, except by swimming the horses. The quantity of water in the ordinary state of the Creek, must, of course, be the basis of all calculations as to its power of supplying the summit level. This will, in all probability, be found to be the only point at which a communication can be effected, inasmuch as the ridge of the Great Back Bone stretches at a great height, nearly uniform, through the country—and the Savage is the only stream that breaks through it; so that its sources are in fact, west of the great ridge of the Alleghany.

THE HISTORY OF MATTHEW WALD.

Matthew Wald is the teller of his own story, the relater of his own "eventful history," in a letter to his nephew; and he commences, perfectly *au commencement*, with the "Anglo-Saxon Colonization" of Scotland. As we cannot afford to be quite so diffuse, however, we must take a branch of the family tree, rather farther from the root, and shall, consequently, confine our information to a very few details of our hero himself. After the decease of his father, Matthew Wald was brought up, he tells us, at Blackford, by an aunt, and with a cousin, Katherine, to whom his patrimonial estate had been bequeathed; and, till he got an uncle-in-law, in the person of a reverend Mr. Mather, his former tutor, was tolerably comfortable. The tyranny of his new lord and master, however, he very speedily found unbearable; and, after much skirmishing on both sides, Matthew was sent to finish his studies at St. Andrew's. Uneasy at not hearing, as he had hoped, from home, at the end of the third session, he surprises his relations by returning to Blackford, where he finds the honourable George

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Lascelyne domesticated as a pupil of his uncle, and very far advanced in the good graces of his cousin Kate. This determines him to leave the country: he receives from Mr. Mather, his fortune, about a thousand pounds; departs without taking leave; gets plundered of nearly all his property at Edinburgh; and, after several adventures, which we have not space to detail, at length gets fixed, as a domestic tutor, in the family of sir Claude Barr, at Barrmains, having previously changed his name to Waldie, and his cousin having, in the interim, become Mrs. George Lascelyne. Sir Claude's death once more turns Matthew out of doors, when, by the advice of a Dr. Dalrymple, he goes to study physic at Glasgow, and, during his residence there, gets embroiled in a most singular incident, which we shall detail in his own words:—

"I lodged in the house of a poor shoemaker, by name John M'Ewan. He had no family but his wife, who, like himself, was considerably beyond the meridian of life. The couple were very poor, as their house, and every thing about their style of living, showed; but a worthier couple, I should have had no difficulty in saying, were not to be found in the whole city. When I was sitting in my own little cell, busy with my books, late at night, I used to listen with reverence and delight to the psalm which the two old bodies sung, or rather, I should say, *croon'd* together, before they went to bed. Tune there was almost none; but the low, articulate, quiet chaunt, had something so impressive and solemnizing about it, that I missed not melody. John himself was a hard-working man, and, like most of his trade, had acquired a stooping attitude, and a dark, saffron hue of complexion. His close-cut greasy black hair suited admirably a set of strong, massive, iron features. His brow was seamed with firm, broad-drawn wrinkles, and his large gray eyes seemed to gleam, when he deigned to uplift them, with the cold, haughty independence of virtuous poverty. John was a rigid Cameronian, indeed; and every thing about his manners spoke the world-despising pride of his sect. His wife was a quiet, good body, and seemed to live in perpetual adoration of her stern cobler. I had the strictest confidence in their probity, and would no more have thought of locking my chest ere I went out, than if I had been under the roof of an apostle.

"One evening I came home, as usual, from my tutorial trudge, and entered the kitchen, where they commonly sat, to warm my hands at the fire, and get my candle lighted. Jean was by herself at the fireside, and I sat down beside her for a minute or two. I heard voices in the inner room, and easily recognized the hoarse grunt which John M'Ewan condescended, on rare occasions, to set forth as the representative of laughter. The old woman told me that the good man had a friend from the country with him,—a farmer, who had come from a distance to sell ewes at the market. Jean, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the acquaintance, enarging upon the great substance and respectability of the stran-

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ger. I was chatting away with her, when we heard some noise from the spence as if a table or a chair had fallen,—but we thought nothing of this, and talked on. A minute after, John came from the room, and shutting the door behind him, said, 'I'm going out for a moment, Jean; Andrew's had ower muckle of the flesher's whiskey the day, and I maun stap up the close to see after his beast for him.—Ye needna gang near him till I come back.'

"The cobler said this, for any thing that I could observe, in his usual manner; and, walking across the kitchen, went down stairs as he had said. But imagine, my friend, for I cannot describe the feelings with which, some five minutes after he had disappeared, I, chancing to throw my eyes downwards, perceived a dark flood creeping, firmly and broadly, inch by inch, across the sanded floor towards the place where I sat. The old woman had her stocking in her hand,—I called to her without moving, for I was nailed to my chair,—See there! what is that?'

"'Andrew Bell has coupit our water-stoop,' said she, rising. I sprung forwards, and dipt my finger in the stream,—'Blood, Jean, blood!' The old woman stooped over it, and touched it also; she instantly screamed out, 'Blood, ay, blood!' while I rushed on to the door from below which it was oozing. I tried the handle, and found it was locked,—and spurned it off its hinges with one kick of my foot. The instant the timber gave way, the black tide rolled out as if a dam had been breaking up, and I heard my feet plash in the abomination as I advanced. What a sight within! The man was lying all his length upon the floor; his throat absolutely severed to the spine. The whole blood of the body had run out. The table, with a pewter pot or two, and a bottle upon it, stood close beside him, and two chairs, one half-tumbled down and supported against the other. I rushed instantly out of the house, and cried out, in a tone that brought the whole neighbourhood about me. They entered the house,—Jean had disappeared,—there was nothing in it but the corpse and the blood, which had already found its way to the outer staircase, making the whole floor one puddle. There was such a clamour of surprize and horror for a little while, that I scarcely heard one word that was said. A bell in the neighbourhood had been set in motion,—dozens, scores, hundreds of people we heard rushing from every direction towards the spot. A fury of execration and alarm pervaded the very breeze. In a word, I had absolutely lost all possession of myself, until I found myself grappled from behind, and saw a town's-officer pointing the bloody knife towards me. A dozen voices were screaming, ''Tis a doctor's knife!—this is the young doctor that 'bides in the house!—this is the man!'

"Of course this restored me at once to my self-possession. I demanded a moment's silence, and said, 'It is my knife, and I lodge in the house; but John M'Ewan is the man that has murdered his friend.' 'John M'Ewan!' roared some one in a voice

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of tenfold horror; 'our elder, John M'Ewan, a murderer! Wretch! wretch! how dare ye blaspheme?' 'Carry me to jail immediately,' said I, as soon as the storm subsided a little,—'load me with all the chains in Glasgow, but don't neglect to pursue John M'Ewan.' I was instantly locked up in the room with the dead man, while the greater part of the crowd followed one of the officers. Another of them kept watch over me until one of the magistrates of the city arrived. This gentleman, finding that I had been the person who first gave the alarm, and that M'Ewan and his wife were both gone, had little difficulty, I could perceive, in doing me justice in his own mind. However, after he had given new orders for the pursuit, I told him that, as the people about were evidently unsatisfied of my innocence, the best and the kindest thing he could do to me would be to place me forthwith within the walls of his prison; there I should be safe at all events, and I had no doubt, if proper exertions were made, the guilty man would not only be found, but found immediately. My person being searched, nothing suspicious, of course, was found upon it; and the good baillie soon had me conveyed, under a proper guard, to the place of security,—where, you may suppose, I did not, after all, spend a very pleasant night. The jail is situated in the heart of the town, where the four principal streets meet; and the glare of hurrying lights, the roar of anxious voices, and the eternal tolling of the alarum-bell,—these all reached me through the bars of my cell, and, together with the horrors that I had really witnessed, were more than enough to keep me in no enviable condition.

"Jean was discovered, in the gray of the morning, crouching under one of the trees in the green—and being led immediately before the magistrates, the poor trembling creature confirmed, by what she said, and by what she did not say, the terrible story which I had told. Some other witnesses having also appeared, who spoke to the facts of Andrew Bell having received a large sum of money in M'Ewan's sight at the market, and been seen walking to the Vennel afterwards, arm in arm with him—the authorities of the place were perfectly satisfied, and I was set free, with many apologies for what I had suffered: But still no word of John M'Ewan.

"It was late in the day ere the first traces of him were found,—and such a trace! An old woman had died that night in a cottage many miles from Glasgow,—when she was almost *in articulo mortis*, a stranger entered the house, to ask a drink of water,—an oldish dark man, evidently much fatigued with walking. This man finding in what great affliction the family was—this man, after drinking a cup of water, knelt down by the bedside, and prayed—a long, an awful, a terrible prayer. The people thought he must be some travelling field-preacher. He took the bible into his hands,—opened it as if he meant to read aloud,—but shut

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the book abruptly, and took his leave. This man had been seen by these poor people to walk in the direction of the sea.

"They traced the same dark man to Irvine, and found that he had embarked on board of a vessel which was just getting under sail for Ireland. The officers immediately hired a small brig, and sailed also. A violent gale arose, and drove them for shelter to the Isle of Arran. They landed, the second night after they had left Irvine, on that bare and desolate shore,—they landed, and behold, the ship they were in pursuit of at the quay! The captain acknowledged at once that a man corresponding to their description had been one of his passengers from Irvine,—he had gone ashore but an hour ago. They searched,—they found M'Ewan striding by himself close to the sea-beach, amidst the dashing spray—his bible in his hand. The instant he saw them he said, you need not tell me your errand,—I am he you seek,—I am John M'Ewan, that murdered Andrew Bell! I surrender myself your prisoner. —God told me but this moment that ye would come and find me; for I opened his word, and the first text that my eye fell upon was *this*.' He seized the officer by the hand, and laid his finger upon the page—'See you there?' said he; 'Do you not see the Lord's own blessed decree? *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*—And there,' he added, plucking a pocket-book from his bosom,—'there, friends, is Andrew Bell's siller,—ye'll find the haill o't there, an' be not three half crowns and a sixpence. Seven and thirty pounds was the sum for which I yielded up my soul to the temptation of the prince of the power of the air, —Seven and thirty pounds!—Ah! my brethren! call me not an olive, until thou see me gathered. I thought that I stood fast, and behold ye all how I am fallen!'

"I saw this singular fanatic tried. He would have pleaded guilty; but, for excellent reasons, the crown advocate wished the whole evidence to be led. John had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy in the very clothes he wore when he did the deed. The blood of the murdered man was still visible upon the sleeve of his blue coat. When any circumstance of peculiar atrocity was mentioned by a witness, he signified, by a solemn shake of his head, his sense of its darkness and its conclusiveness; and when the judge, in addressing him, enlarged upon the horror of his guilt, he, standing right before the bench, kept his eye fixed with calm earnestness on his lordship's face, assenting now and then to the propriety of what he said, by exactly that sort of see-saw gesture which you may have seen escape now and then from the devout listener to a pathetic sermon, or sacramental service. John, in a short speech of his own, expressed his sense of his guilt; but even then he borrowed the language of Scripture, styling himself, 'a sinner, and the chief of sinners.' Never was such a specimen of that insane pride. The very agony of this man's humiliation had a spice of holy exultation in it; there was in the most

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penitent of his lugubrious glances still something that said, or seemed to say—'Abuse me,—spurn me as you will,—I loathe myself also; but this deed is satan's.' Indeed he always continued to speak quite gravely of his 'trespass,' his 'back-sliding,' his 'sore temptation!'

"I was present also with him during the final scene. His irons had been knocked off ere I entered the cell; and clothed as he was in a most respectable suit of black, and with that fixed and imperturbable solemnity of air and aspect, upon my conscience, I think it would have been a difficult matter for a stranger to pick out the murderer among the group of clergymen that surrounded him. In vain did these good men labour to knock away the absurd and impious props upon which the happy fanatic leaned himself. He heard what they said, and instantly said something still stronger himself,—but only to shrink back again to his own fastness with redoubled confidence. 'He had *once* been right, and he could not be wrong;—he had been *permitted to make a sore stumble!*'—This was his utmost concession.

"What a noble set of nerves had been thrown away here!—He was led, sir, out of the dark damp cellar, in which he had been chained for weeks, and brought at once into the open air. His first step into light was upon his scaffold!—and what a moment! —In general, at least in Scotland, the crowd, assembled upon such occasions, receive the victim of the law with all the solemnity of profoundest silence;—not unfrequently there is even something of the respectful, blended with compassion, on that myriad of faces. But here, sir, the moment M'Ewan appeared, he was saluted with one universal shout of horror,—a huzza of mingled joy and triumph, and execration and laughter;—cats, rats, every filth of the pillory, showered about the gibbet. I was close by his elbow at that terrific moment, and I laid my finger on his wrist. As I live, there was never a calmer pulse in this world,—slow, full, strong;—I feel the iron beat of it at this moment.

"There happened to be a slight drizzle of rain at the moment; observing which, he turned round and said to the magistrates,— 'Dinna come out,—dinna come out, your honours, to weet yourselves. Its beginning to rain, and the lads are uncivil at ony rate, poor thoughtless creatures!'

"He took his leave of this angry mob in a speech which would not have disgraced a martyr, embracing the stake of glory,—and the noose was tied. I observed the brazen firmness of his limbs after his face was covered. He flung the handkerchief with an air of semi-benediction, and died without one apparent struggle."

When qualified to officiate in his new profession, Matthew enters into partnership with a Mr. Ronaldson; marries Joanne, a natural daughter of his former patron, sir Claude, through whom, her legitimacy being subsequently proved, he succeeds to an extensive property, becomes a man of fashion, and an M. P.; meets

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with his cousin Katherine, now lady Lascelyne, concealed in an old house in London; kills her husband in a duel; goes distracted, as he well might do, and is confined in a mad-house, where the volume leaves him, and closes as *fragmentically*, and mysteriously as a romance reader could possibly desire. In this very rapid glance over the contents of Matthew Wald's auto-biography, we have purposely omitted all mention of many of its most striking incidents, because we would not interfere with our friends' pleasurable interest derivable from a first perusal; and with the drawbacks of the tale being too loosely strung together, the hero himself acting most unnaturally, and from no adequate motives, and the whole being sent into the world "scarce half made up," we warmly recommend it as the production of an author, who has wit, pathos, and satire always at his command; and whose errors are those of carelessness, but never of inability.

PAUL JONES.

Under this title we met with the following article in a British Journal. Every thing relating to this extraordinary man, has been blazoned forth with an avidity that has sometimes obscured the merits of those with whom he acted. In the first anecdote we find him a clog upon one of our most gallant commanders. As the victory of the Serapis* was actually achieved by his coolness and presence of mind, we are justified in indulging our national feelings and our respect for our worthy fellow citizen, by changing the heading to that of

COMMODORE DALE.

"In the year 1801, two of the largest frigates in the world lay near each other in the Bay of Gibraltar. It was a question *which* was the largest. Some gave it that the *American* President (commodore Dale) had it in length, and the *Portuguese* Carlotta (commodore Duncan) in breadth. Each commander had a wish to survey the vessel of the other, and yet these gentlemen could never be brought together. There was a shyness as to who should pay the first visit. There is no more punctilious observer of etiquette than a naval commander, jealous of the honour of his flag, on a foreign station. A master of ceremonies, or a king at arms, is nothing to him at a match of precedency. The wings of a ship are the college in which he obtains this polite acquirement, and when he comes to run up his penant we may be sure that a very professor in the courtesies flaunts upon the quarter deck. Dale was a good humoured fellow, a square strong set man, rather inclined to corpulence, jolly and hospitable. His pride in the command and discipline of his squadron, and the dignity of his diplomatic function, as the paramount of his nation in the Mediterranean,

* We have the best authority for vouching for the truth of this narrative.

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formed a very gentle bridle on his easy intercourse and open-heartedness. Now he thought that the Portuguese commodore should "*cale vurst*" (parson Trulliber has it so,) as having been earliest at the station. This was mentioned to Duncan, (a fine hard bitten little old seamen by the way,) and he forthwith laid down his punctilio in a manner that put an end to all hopes of an intimacy, or of a friendly measurement of the two ships.—"Sir," said he, "as commodore Duncan of the Portuguese navy, I would readily call first upon commodore Dale of the American navy, but as lieutenant Duncan of the British navy, I cannot call upon a gentleman who served under the pirate Paul Jones."

This awoke my curiosity, and the next time I was in company with commodore Dale, he, perceiving that my conversation led that way, readily met me in it. He had been with Jones in the Ranger, as well as in the Bon Homme Richard. What follows is from his recital.

Paul Jones *wanted* (as the Bow-street runners say) Lord Selkirk, to try upon him the experiment practising on President Laurens in the Tower; and if Laurens had suffered, Lord Selkirk, or any other great man they could get hold of, would have been put to death. Lord Selkirk was only preferred as being considered by his supposed residence to be the readiest for capture. Jones was surprised and displeased at the family plate being brought on board, but the returning it would have been too serious a displeasure to his crew. It was sold by public auction at Cadiz, bought in by Jones, and sent back, as we have known.

Commodore Dale thus related the action with the Serapis.—The "Bon Homme Richard" was an old East Indiaman, bought and fitted out at a French port, and so christened out of compliment to Franklin, then in Paris, one of whose instructive tales is conveyed under such a title. Having originally no ports in her lower deck, six were broken out (three on a side) and fitted with six French eleven-pounder guns. On the upper deck she had twenty-four or twenty-six of smaller calibre. She had a numerous crew, to which were added some recruits of the Irish brigade commanded by a lieutenant—now a general officer in the British service. Fontenoy was one instance, and this action was another, of the gallantry of these unfortunate gentlemen, whom an invincible hereditary feeling had driven into the service of the French monarch. When the last of their protectors was dethroned, ho-hour brought them gladly over to the standard of their country.

In this vessel, with the Alliance, American frigate of 36 guns, (a fine regular ship of war,) and the Pallas, French frigate of 32, Paul Jones started on a marauding expedition, only differing from that of Whitehaven as being on a larger scale. It was his intention to amerce our north-eastern ports in heavy pecuniary ransoms, or to destroy the shipping and buildings as far as could be effected, He had intelligence, or believed so, of the exact number of troops

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stationed in these different places. Leith was the first great object. Entering the Firth, they seized upon a Scotch fishing boat. The owner was refractory, but they terrified him into the office of pilot. The wind became adverse; they reached Inchkeith, but could not weather it, and had to stand out again. Making the land next to visit Whitby and Hull, they fell in with a large convoy, which dispersed while the ships of war (Serapis 44, captain Pearson, and Percy 20 guns, captain Piercy) which protected it, stood right out to engage them. The determination was mutual; there was a deal of hailing from the Serapis, to the really *strange* ship which approached her. They closed, and the Bon Homme, by Jones's order, was made fast to the Serapis. While these were thus closely engaged, the Alliance worked round the two ships, pouring in raking broadsides, which Paul Jones finding equally injurious to his own ship, as intended for the Serapis, put an end to by ordering the Alliance off, and she lay by during the rest of the action, while the Pallas was engaged with the British sloop of war. The cannonade was to the advantage of the Serapis, and gradually silenced the fire of the Bon Homme. The latter wished and expected once to be boarded; the British boarders were about to enter, but returned, deterred at the superior number lying waiting for them, and purposely concealed, as far as might be, under the gangway. Lieutenant Dale, on going below, found two of the three guns on the fighting side silenced, and the crew of the other vying with the crew of a British gun opposite, which should fire first. The British were quickest, and that gun was knocked over also. He returned slightly wounded and much fatigued to the upper deck, and was seated on the windlass, when the explosion which blew up the upper deck of the Serapis, all aft from the main hatchway, gave the victory to the Bon Homme. For this success they were indebted to the officer and party of their marines. Seated out on the yard, grenades were handed along, dropped by the officer into the hatchway of the Serapis, and at last caught to some ammunition.

Paul Jones, crippled and afflicted with the gout, was seated during the affair in a chair on the quarter deck. Dale boarded the Serapis with a few men. As he made his way aft he saw a solitary person leaning on the tafferil in a melancholy posture; his face resting upon his hands. It was captain Pearson. He said to Dale, "The ship has struck." While hurrying him on, an officer came from below and observed to captain Pearson, that the ship alongside was going down. "We have got three guns clear, Sir, and they'll soon send her to the devil." The captain replied, "It's too late, Sir, call the men off, the ship has struck." "*I'll go below, Sir, and call them off immediately;*" and he was about to descend, when Dale, interfering, said "*No, Sir, if you please you'll come on board with me.* Dale told me, that if he had let that officer go below he feared that he would have sunk them, as the Bon Hom-

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me was old, settling in the water, and in fact went to the bottom that night.

Paul Jones was, in commodore Dale's opinion, a very skillful enterprizing officer, but harsh and overbearing in disposition.

He was afterwards taken into the service of the Empress of Russia, and was to have had an important command against the Turks. Greig, however, and the other British officers in her service, memorialled against it. They would neither associate nor serve with him, and, if she had not got rid of him, would have left her fleets.

Wherever Paul Jones was born, I have understood, from what I thought good authority, that he was apprentice in a coal vessel, in the employ of Mr. Wilson, at Whitehaven. It is told of him, that quarrelling with a fellow apprentice, he took an opportunity to anoint the lad's head with a tar brush, and then set it on fire.

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

In the year 1785, appeared a singular pamphlet entitled "*A Guide to Health, Beauty, Riches, and Honour.*" London, printed for S. Hooper, &c. 8vo. This was a collection of popular advertisements selected from the Newspapers of the day, by Francis Grose, Esq. a gentleman well known to the literary world as the author of several works on English antiquities, many of which (although now in some measure superseded by publications of greater accuracy as well as more elegant embellishment) retain a certain degree of celebrity at the present moment.

Captain Grose has prefixed to his collection of advertisements a preface written with much humour, in which he endavours to prove the superiority of our national taste and acquirements over those of our neighbours, and triumphs in the comparison: at the same time, he extols the laudable benevolence of those amiable individuals, who, regardless of time or trouble, expense or inconvenience, devote the fruits of their labour to the benefit of their fellow creatures, and promise them long life, robust constitutions, and continual enjoyment; nay, every thing the world holds dear, as health, beauty, riches, and honour, in some instances (if you may believe the advertisers themselves) for the mere pleasure of doing good, or, at least for a consideration very inadequate to the proposed advantage.

It is to be hoped, indeed, that some few of the advertisements alluded to are the productions of Captain Grose's own fertile imagination; for, licentious as we are always told the public press is and has been, we can hardly fancy that two or three, of those given as authentic extracts from the daily journals, ever could have obtained insertion in a public newspaper. These, however,

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are few in comparison with the general contents of the pamphlet in question, from which we now proceed to extract some half dozen, as most calculated to afford amusement to our readers. We may add, that such is the rarity of Grose's Guide, although a tract of modern date, that we have never met with more than half a dozen copies of it, in a long and pretty extensive acquaintance with the book rarities of this description.

One of the most extraordinary advertisers in the year 1776, was Patence the dentist, who assured the public, through the Morning Chronicle, that he constantly took his medicines *to preserve his own health*, and that they bring those afflicted *or not afflicted*, to perfect health, colour, and complexion.

Was mankind (he cries) to be made perfectly acquainted with its compositions, and process of making, which is so easy that the most stupid may prepare them, men, many of them, would not have such spindle-shank legs to walk upon, scarce able to carry their bodies; children would not be half destroyed before they are born, neither would you be plagued with dogmatical Latin, as *Pul. Rad. Rhoi.* or *Pome; solve in aqua font*, or *Hord. m. f.* a little fountain or sugar-apple water, mixed with rhubarb; or destroyed with medical poison, or corrosive sublimate mercury: therefore, as my scheme and motive is to relieve all mankind, and never add cruelty to affliction, so neither do I care who is angry or displeased.

Of Mr. Patence's proficiency in, and command of, the English language, the following is no mean specimen; and to this superiority we are perhaps to ascribe his contempt of the more ancient tongues.

Mr. Patence, Surgeon and Dentist to many thousand persons of all ranks and ages, having had twelve years practice on the teeth and gums, and practised anatomy and physic from his youth; whose superlative artificial and natural teeth, single ones, and whole sets are universally acknowledged throughout all Europe, to be not equalled for their formation, geniculation, longinquity of colour, never turning black, use in manducation, commonly called chewing and eating, perfectly perfecting pronunciation, impressing honour on themselves, felicitating exultation on the wearers; for even his upper sets alone, he secures to the gums without springs, and when neither tooth nor root left, he being mechanically and anatomigraphically acquainted with the whole structure (*probatum est.*) Likewise his convail anocoretal annexation in astringing the gums, or to cause them to grow firm, and unite to the teeth, by which he preserves them for life; instantaneously by an obstrusive method cleanses them, and eradicates from the mouth and parts appertaining all inflammatory and morbulent matter, without the use of an iron or steel instrument, curing

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pains, fractures of the jaws and bones, and every exuperable acrimoniated affliction incident to the whole machine, of which the public have had multitudes of instances: therefore, for the good of mankind only, he publishes this advertisement: by your humble servant to command, Patence, No. 403, Strand, near Southampton street. His universal medicine, 3s.

Our old friend, Martin Van Butchell, whom many of our readers must remember mounted on a variegated pony, and taking the air on most Sundays in Hyde Park, was a formidable rival of Mr. Patence. Mr. Van Butchell lived in 1776 in the identical house, in Mount street, Grosvenor-square, in which, somewhere about 1815, he departed this life; and at the period of which we now speak, he not only advertised his own incomparable merits as a cautious curer of all diseases, but pronounced to the world that he had restored the ancient and useful process of embalming. As a proof of this, he embalmed his own wife, an equal testimony of his skill and affection, and as an additional instance of liberality, exhibited the remains of his deceased consort to the admiring world. Such was the curiosity excited by this singular exhibition that Mr. Van Butchell found it necessary to limit the admissions, and in the St. James's Chronicle of October 19, 1776, the following advertisement appeared:

Van Butchell (not willing to be unpleasantly circumstanced, and wishing to convince some good minds they have been misinformed) acquaints the curious, no stranger can see his embalmed wife, unless (by a friend personally) introduced to himself, any day between nine and one, Sundays excepted.

Whether Mr. Van Butchell the younger, who, we perceive, practises for the good of his fellow creatures to the present moment, still retains the invaluable remains of his beloved mother, we know not; but if such a treasure is yet in his possession, we trust he will lose no time in forwarding the old lady to the British Museum, in order that upon a careful comparison between the merits of the oriental and English mode of human pickling, that patriotic body, the Society of Arts, may have an opportunity of honouring the memory of his illustrious father by adjudging the gold medal to his no less celebrated successor.

Among the numerous advertisements for facilitating a happy union between the two sexes, no plan could be devised more likely to attract the notice of gentlemen on 'Change, than that offered by the proprietors of a house in Dover street, who very gravely propose to such gentlemen as have their time and their thoughts solely engrossed by the magnitude of their concerns, "to carry on all courtships *by proxy*," at the moderate charge of five guineas entrance, and such a compensation, on the final termination of the affair, as may be reasonably expected, "where persons of con-

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dition and liberal sentiments are concerned." This plan is peculiarly adapted for such gentlemen as have neither time nor temper for the tedious forms of courtship, and to ladies whose personal charms appear to greater advantage in description than in reality. Surely the members of the Outinian Society would do well to deliberate whether some such office might not once again be established, under the superintendance of their own president and committee; seeing that they could afford to do the business without the fee, and that the plan is quite as likely to bring about *the great end of all their endeavours*, as the learned and elaborate lecture they are so kind to deliver (gratis) to their admiring and fashionable audience.

In the Public Advertiser, April 16, 1776, appeared a matrimonial advertisement which exceeds, we suppose, any thing ever before or since made public:

A gentleman who hath filled two succeeding seats in Parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth and polite manners. Letters addressed to —— Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, facing the admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect.

The supposed author of this singular advertisement was Edward Wortley Montague, Esq. son of the well known Lady Mary; and although the intelligent editor of the last Biographical Dictionary considers the story improbable, we confess we are not at all inclined to doubt its authenticity. Mr. Wortley's father, by his will, not only empowered his son to make a settlement on any woman he might marry, of 800*l.* a year, but devised a very large estate in Yorkshire to any son of such marriage. In 1747, he sat in Parliament for the county of Huntingdon, and in 1754 for Bossiney, so that thus far the facts and the advertisement tally; nor will any conduct, however strange, appear improbable in a person who first abjured the Protestant for the Roman Catholic Religion, and lastly, the latter for Mahometanism. Surely the odd stories told of Lady Mary and the seraglio could not be entirely fabrications, when her offspring savoured so strongly of the Mussulman?

We cannot quit this interesting subject without inserting an invitation to the fair sex from some very honest fellow, who has contrived to indite the only matrimonial advertisement we ever yet saw that was not absolutely ridiculous:

Is there a girl of moderate fortune, who hath the good sense and generosity to prefer a good husband to a rich one, and whose delicacy is not so very refined as to prevent her answering this address? There is a young man of a liberal education, whose age is

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twenty-six, possessed of a sound constitution, a clear head and a kind heart, who would be happy in her acquaintance. Direct P. Q. at the Coffee-house in Castle-street, Leicester Fields.—*Morning Post, July* 5, 1777.

Perhaps, however, one of the most amusing in all Capt. Grose's collection, is an advertisement for a subscription for the purchase of a fire engine, which he declares was written by the mayor of a celebrated University:

Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are often occurred, by damage of outrageous accidents by fire, we whose names are undersigned, have thought proper, that the benefit of an engine bought by us, for the better extinguishing of which by the accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen, to make a rate, to gather benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments.

Can any thing be more perfect than the confusion of intellect displayed in this ingenious composition?

But it is not for their amusing qualities alone that such a selection of advertisements is to be regarded, since nothing affords us more authentic information on the pursuits, pleasures, tastes, traffic, and employments of the times gone by than these perishable memorials. We have very lately fallen in with a considerable portion of The Spectator in its original folio numbers, and have enjoyed those admirable papers with higher zest, from the column of advertisements which accompanies the shorter articles. These almost persuade a person that he is living in the days of Addison and Steele, for the new plays, new publications, old wines, and older pictures, together with milk of roses for the ladies, and famous blacking for the gentlemen, meet him in every corner, with very little variation (price excepted,) from similar announcements in the Morning Post of yesterday.

Among the various temptations held forth, we confess that our mouths somewhat watered at the delicious wines, "neat as they came from the grape, of the best growth in Portugal. To be sold by the importer in a vault in Brabant-court, Philpot-lane; viz. Red and White Port at 5s. per gallon. Red and White Lisbon at 5s. 6d." This appears in number 221, Nov. 13, 1710, and the same paper tells us that "The merchant, at his house in Mincing-lane, next to Tho. Palmer, Esq. has on sale a fresh parcel of new French wines, viz. Obryan Claret at 3s. the bottle, or 3s. 9d. the flask; Hermitage and Burgundy at 5s. the flask."—"Messrs. Smith and Company, under Thavies Inn, offer their new natural red and white Oporto wine, now arrived and just landed, at 16d. per quart *without* doors and 18d. *within:* new Viana red at the same: new Sherries at 20d. per quart: Palm Canary at 2s. per quart without, and 2s. 4d. within: and Barcelona, deep, bright, strong, at 12d. per quart without doors and 14d. within." The last paragraph in

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the advertisement gives us a reason for the two prices; namely, "there are good rooms and accommodations for gentlemen," so that the charge for room, fire, and accommodation was proportioned to the quantity of wine drunken, and a bonus was held out to those who would partake of their indulgencies at home and with their families.

But perhaps the strongest temptation was offered in No. 235, in a notice which we copy entire:

The richest Palm Canary Wine that ever was drank, for 28s. the Dozen, Bottles and all; of a noble racy Flavour, never touch'd since it came over, if one man may believe another, but purely neat from the Grape, bottled off from the Lees; no sack in England so good: All that taste it like it, Quality and Gentry send for it over and over, which they would not do, were it not a choice Flower. The longer 'tis kept the richer it grows. Sold only at the Golden Key in Hoyden Yard in the Minories. None less than three Bottles. Also the remainder of about 50 dozen of curious French Claret (in Bottles) which a Gentleman (deceas'd) reserved for his own drinking. Sold at 33s. a dozen, Bottles and all, none less than 4 Bottles. It is entire and neat Wine, so choice good, that none that understand true French Claret can dislike it, a certain Person of Quality had a considerable number of dozens of it.

In the latter end of 1711, Estcourt the player, took the Bumper tavern in James street, Covent-garden, which he opened on the first day of the new year, with a new supply of wines, bought of Brookes and Hellier, the Smiths and Chalier of the day. In No. 264, of the Spectator, is a puff of Estcourt's house, written, no doubt, by Steele, who probably had good reasons for the indulgence; and in an advertisement at the end of the paper for Dec. 28,* the fraternity of wine-bibbers are assured, that they cannot fail of having the very best of wines there, because "honest Anthony the vender is a person altogether unknowing in the wine trade." This, perhaps, is the only instance on record of a man being calculated to make a better tradesman than his neighbours, *because he does not understand his business;* although it is obvious that the inference intended to be drawn is, that he was ignorant only of the tricks of the trade, and would not mar his master's wine by mixing. It would be well for us if we had a few such unpractised vintners in these days, when bottles are blown twenty-two to the dozen, and more Port wine is sold in London in six months than comes to all England in twenty-four.

Lest the ladies should suppose they were forgotten, the adver-

* By the way, the Editor of any new edition of the Spectator would do well to print Estcourt's advertisement, as a note to Steele's paper, 264, as without it the drift of Sir Roger's supposed Letter is not very easily understood.

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tising columns of the SPECTATOR teem with "The chrystal cosmetic, *which cures all red faces* (No. 386,") as well as

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:
Which *gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale,* that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be discovered by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Cheapside, at 3*s.* 6*d.* a Bottle, with Directions (No. 234.)

Then there is "Angelic Snuff, the most noble composition in the world, certainly curing all manner of disorders, and being good for all sorts of persons" (No. 386,) as well as "a small quantity of double distilled waters, made by Troteme Ribequi, principal distiller to the Duke of Savoy," at the trifling price of three guineas a chest (No. 394,) and above all,

At the Lace Chamber on Ludgate-hill, kept by Mary Parsons, is lately come over great Quantities of Flanders-Lace, with variety of new fashion Patterns: She bought them there herself, so will sell great Pennyworths by Wholesale or Retail (No. 415.)

The species of advertisement in which the SPECTATORS are most deficient, when compared with the papers of the present day, are those which promise rapid conveyances from one part of the kingdom to another. We have only discovered one that at all relates to this subject.

A Coach and six able Horses will be at the one Bell in the Strand to Morrow being Tuesday the 10th of this instant June, bound for Exon, Plymouth, or Falmouth, where all persons shall be kindly used. (No. 400.)

Now as the six able horses aforesaid were to perform the whole journey, we suppose that the happy passengers might be some six or seven days before they arrived at their destination, so that the promise of kind usage on the road was not altogether superfluous. It is well known, that at the period in which the coach and six able horses started for Falmouth, no person thought of taking a journey from York to London without first making his will, and then taking a solemn farewell of his family and friends. Even in so short a distance as from London to Oxford, so late as 1730, the coaches performed the fifty-six miles in *two days*, during winter, and in one day, reckoning it from twelve to fourteen hours, dur-

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ing the summer months; a distance now easily accomplished in six, or, at most, seven hours. We must, however, leave Mr. Freeling to enjoy the credit of these improvements, since we are entirely indebted to the Post-office and his good management there, for the change that has taken place; a change (notwithstanding its long and daily enjoyment makes us insensible of the advantage) as remarkable as any, even the most important, invention of these latter days, and which has rendered us, in this particular, the envy and admiration of the world.

POETRY.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has translated a passage from Petrarch with great simplicity and beauty.

O glad, triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of over-ruling kings;
From victory to victory
Thus climbing on, through all the heights of story,
From worth to worth, and glory unto glory;
To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
Thou reignest now upon that flourishing head,
At whose triumphant eyes, Love and our souls are led.

THE ROUND TOWER.

The following sonnet will remind the reader of certain discussions in the gazettes respecting the ancient *ruin* at Newport, R. I., which is now said to be nothing more than an old windmill.

In London, queen of cities, you may see,
Facing the lordly house of Somerset,
A goodly tall round tower. Its base is wet
With Thames' fair waters rolling quietly;
Who was it built this tower? What may it be?
Say, was it piled by Druid hands of old?
Or rear'd by eastern Magi, there to hold
The sacred flame, type of their deity?
Was it a hermit's calm retreat? Or pile
Where hung sonorous the resounding bell?
Or is it such as in green Erin's Isle
We see, whose uses nobody can tell?—
'Twas answered:—who 'twas built it know I not,
But 'tis, I know, the Tower for Patent Shot!

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For the Port Folio.

TO MOTHERS.

Mother! a sacred name is this,
For who can say the debt is paid,
To her who gave a mother's kiss,
When all our kind returns are made?

No other breathes a mother's sigh,
No other weeps a mother's tears,
And where but in her breast can lie,
A mother's hopes a mother's fears?

Who on her lap has ever lain,
And can forget her tender care,
Who recollects a youthful pain,
And can forget her earnest prayer.

Who bent aright the early choice,
And still instructs while in our prime;
It was a mother's warning voice,
That saved the man from vice and crime.

With angel voice she soothes our grief,
With angel hand the cup she fills,
And when all fails to give relief,
She more than dies the death that kills.
Yes woman may be false in love,
May prove an artful, faithless part,
But when a mother—like the dove,
Her mate and young divide her heart.

M. M.

SONG.

On a faded Violet.

The following song and fragment, entitled "Grief," are the production of Mr. Shelley, the author of that most powerful dramatic work "The Cenci."

The odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breath'd on me;
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glow'd of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

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GRIEF.—*A Fragment.*

* * * * * * * *

* * The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year liv'd on: in truth, I think,
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her, were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom—working grief.
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears:
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale!
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations, might be seen
Day's ruddy light. * * * *.

For the Port Folio.

A SOLILOQUY.

To know, or not to know, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis easier in the mind, to suffer
The doubts and fears of unrequited Love;
Or to assume a noble resolution,
And, by once asking, end them? To love, to doubt,
No more;—and by a Question, to allay all
The heart bumpings and the thousand foolish fears,
That Love is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To love.—To doubt.—
To ask! perhaps to be refus'd; ay there's the rub
For in that dreaded chance what pains may come,
When we have popp'd the Question
Must give us pause; this is the respect
That causes doubting to be long endured:
For who would bear the smiles and powers of fair ones,
The Father's coldness and the Mother's pride,
The Rival's merits, and the spurns
The patient Lover from his mistress takes,
When he himself might his acquittance get
With one short answer. Who would attention pay,
And flatter all the whims of haughty females,
And sigh in anguish for a long year or two
But from the dread of living an Old Bachelor;—
The fear of which, puzzles the judgment,

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And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than rush on others which we dread to think of.
Thus true love does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native strength of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale hue of Fear,
And enterprizes of regard and moment
With this in view, their currents turn away,
And thoughts of asking fly!

MY NANIE O.

Allan Cunningham, to whose muse we are indebted for the following verses, is certainly the best writer of songs which Scotland has produced, with the exception of Burns. There is great naivete and beauty in the lines which we have put in italics.

Red rolls the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O;
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll go and see my Nanie O
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's sweet bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching time so meek she stands,
So saintly and so bonnie O,
I cannot get one glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O,
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
The world's in love with Nanie O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear,
That wad nae love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely O.
My Nanie O. my Nanie O,
The pride of Nithsdale's Nanie O,
Love looks frae 'neath her golden hair
And says "I live with Nanie O!"

Tell not, thou star, at gray day-light,
O'er Tinwald top so bonie O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O
None ken o' me and Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon
They winna wrang my Nanie O.

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SPRING.

Perhaps one of the most elegant pieces of early poetry which any nation can produce, is the Rondeau composed by Charles of Orleans, the father of Louis XII. on the return of Spring.

Le temps a quitté son manteau
De vent, de froidure, et de pluie,
Et s'est vetu de broiderie
De soleil luisant, clair et beau.
Il n'y a ni bête ni oiseau,
Qu'en son jargon ne chante et crie;
Le temps a quitté son manteau
De vent, de froidure, et de pluie.

The season now hath cast
Its garb of cold, of wind, of sleet,
And proud appears in new array
Of sunshine and of flowers sweet:
Each bird and beast doth now essay,
In its own fashion, heaven to greet,
Because the season casts away
Its garb of cold; and wind, and sleet.

ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

Vermont. Mr. Joseph Giles, of Brattleborough, Vermont, now tans with the essence of Bark, which completes the process on calf skins in the space of forty-eight hours.

Massachusetts. A sale of Saxon sheep was lately made in Roxbury. There was a large company present, embracing agriculturists from all parts of the state, and from some of the neighbouring states: The sheep were sold at various prices, from a hundred and forty dollars, the highest price for any one, to forty dollars. The sheep were much admired for the uniform fineness of the wool.

Connecticut. A military and scientific academy is to be established at New Haven—and captain Partridge is spoken of as the president of it.

New York. MEDICAL PREMIUMS. The Medical Society of the State of New York, has offered a premium of fifty dollars for the best dissertation on "the History, Causes, and the treatment of the Hooping Cough;" and the like sum of fifty dollars, for the best dissertation on "the Remote and Existing Causes of Phthisis Pulmonalis;" the dissertation to be forwarded to the secretary at Albany, (post paid) on or before the 1st of January, 1825.

The steam boat Erie Canal, arrived at Genesse Landing, on Tuesday, last week, having entered the Genesse through the feeder at Rochester. This is the first boat of the kind that has floated on that river; and, in showing the practicability of navigating by steam, without injury to the canals, is an incident of material importance.

Rapid Travelling. A gentleman left this city by the steam boat on Saturday evening, at five o'clock,

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and breakfasted at Mr. Baggs' tavern in Utica, on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, a distance of about 250 miles.

Newspapers in New York. Seeing an account of the number of newspapers printed in London, we were led to ascertain the quantity thrown off in the city of New York daily and every week, and find that we beat John Bull in newspaper reading all hollow. Taking only the nine daily papers, with their semi-weekly journals annexed, we have ascertained the daily number to be 10,800, and the semi-weekly 10,400, making an aggregate of 85,600 newspapers printed in the city of New York every week, at nine presses or offices. This is exclusive of eight or ten weekly papers, the extent of whose circulation is not known to us.

New Jersey. BORING FOR WATER —Levi Disbrow, a mechanic at New Brunswick, (N. J.) has succeeded in bringing up a stream of pure soft water, by perforating the earth to the depth of one hundred and sixty feet.

Census of Paterson, N. J. The Newark Eagle says, it appears by the census taken during the present month, by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, that this flourishing place contains 4737 inhabitants—being an increase (considering that the national census included the whole township in which Paterson is located) of near 2000 since the year 1820! Number of males, 2391; females, 2346: families, 816; people of colour, 159; schools, 9. There are 691 dwelling houses, 268 of which have been built within 4 years, 51 stores, shops, &c. 17 houses and shops now building, and 7 organized churches. There are besides 12 cotton mills, employing 1654 mill hands—17,724 spindles—165 power looms. Two duck mills, belonging to Messrs. John Colt and John Travers, and employing 235 hands; 1433 spindles—106 hand looms. The machine shop of Messrs. Godwin, Rogers, and Co. not included in the above enumeration, employs 66 hands, and is said to be more extensive than any other in the Union.

City of Jersey. About one o'clock this day, whilst lying in dock, waiting for passengers, the boiler of one of our steam ferry boats burst, with a most tremendous explosion. It tore away every thing before it—the after cabin was blown overboard, the railings broken, &c. We have ascertained but one person to have been killed, a young lady of New York, a Miss Nelson. Two of the boatmen are severely, but it is hoped not dangerously, scalded.

This boat was driven by a *low pressure* engine, and on Fulton's plan. When we think how frequently this boat has passed the river, full of passengers, and what awful destruction and loss of lives there would have been had she blown up crossing the river, we cannot be sufficiently thankful that the explosion took place at a time, and in a place, when, and where, it was least capable of doing injury.

Pennsylvania. We are informed, from the best authority, that the works of the Schuylkill Navigation Company have sustained but little damage, during the late immense flood—all the dams and locks remain uninjured. The damage that has occurred to the works has happened to some fresh embankments, at the aqueducts and culverts, where the canal passes over small streams of water, in consequence of the sudden and great rise in those streams, carrying away the fences, mill dams, buildings, &c. thereby choking the passage for the water under the canal: the water rose over the banks, and in some places made breaches. Measures have been taken to have the damage promptly repaired.

Schuylkill Navigation. Monday, the 5th of July, was chosen for opening the 22 mile canal, between

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Reading and Potts Grove. About 7 in the morning, between two and three hundred ladies and gentlemen of Reading, with Governor Hiester, a number of gentlemen of Philadelphia, and other places, who had assembled for the purpose, embarked at Reading, on board of three boats; the "*Thomas Oaks*," the "*Stephen Girard Reading Packet*," and the "*De Witt Clinton*," and moved through the pool of Lewis's Dam to the head of the 22 mile canal.—where the boats were brought along side, and a resolution of the managers was read, naming this the "*Girard Canal*," after which an appropriate address was delivered, and arrangements made to proceed. Horses were then attached to the boats, and they were towed through the different locks down the canal, until they arrived at the locks opposite to Pottsgrove, where the foremost boat landed her passengers before 2 o'clock—although the delivery of the address, ceremony of naming the canal, &c. took up an hour.

The company were highly gratified with this first opening of the canal between Reading and Philadelphia, and the ladies and gentlemen of the former place, returned with the boats in the afternoon; and several of them from Philadelphia, proceeded on their way to the city.

The population of the neighbouring country appeared to be highly excited and much gratified. Upon the departure of the boats from Reading, the event was announced by the firing of cannon and the huzzas of many hundreds collected on the shore—at the locks and bridges were numerous collections of people of all ages, who greeted the company with cheers and other evidences of satisfaction.

It is understood that on the same day the water was let into the 11 mile canal, extending downwards from Hamburg.

Inland Navigation. It is with pleasure we notice the arrival from Mauch Chunk, of a boat laden with 326 barrels of flour, and twenty tons of coal. The flour was manufactured on the north-east branch of the Susquehanna;—and this arrival is an interesting fact, inasmuch as it is the first experiment of bringing the trade of that river to Philadelphia, by means of the improved navigation of the Lehigh. The freight of this flour from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia, a distance of 140 miles, was 30 cents per barrel.

It is also gratifying to state that the Lehigh Company have sent down to this city, the present season, 150 boats, carrying 230,000 bushels of coal, and that the regular shipments from Mauch Chunk, now amount to 3000 bushels per day.

It is stated that lake Erie is three feet higher this year than it was last. No reason has been given for this.

Lewistown, (Penn.) July 6. SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. On Wednesday night last, the store-house of John Brown, in the occupancy of Mr. James Kellugg, merchant, of this place, together with its contents, was destroyed by fire. The night was calm, and through the exertions of the citizens, the adjacent buildings were saved.

To account for this fire in any other way than by spontaneous combustion, would be difficult. For several months past no person had been in the house with a candle; the doors were locked, and the locks apparently unbroken at the time of the fire. Amongst the articles in the store-house were several barrels of flax seed oil, and a considerable quantity of rags: the barrels, or one of them particularly leaked, and its drippings communicated with the rags.

That flax seed oil has a singular property, which has led sometimes

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to serious accidents, when mixed with lampblack, or with any light kind of charcoal, or even with vegetable substances, as cotton or flax, the mixture after some time heats spontaneously, and at length bursts into flame, is a fact proved by numerous instances on record. It would be highly satisfactory if some persons acquainted with the chemical components of oil, and the causes of combustion, would communicate their ideas on the subject.

Harrisburg, (*Penn.*) *July* 17.—ACCIDENT. On Thursday last, the bridge over the Swatara, near Middletown, fell in, whilst a wagoner, with his wagon and team was passing it. All were precipitated into the water beneath. Notwithstanding the height of the bridge, (it being from 25 to 30 feet above the stream) no lives were lost.—The wagoner, we are told, escaped almost unhurt. Some of the horses, however, were seriously injured.

A glance at the ship yards of Philadelphia, at the present moment, will cheer and encourage any one who feels an interest in the commercial prosperity of our city. In addition to twelve gunboats now building for the republic of Colombia, they present several splendid ships of five hundred tons and upwards, in rapid progress—one building by Messrs. Eyre and Massey; another by Whitton Evans, Esq.; a third by our enterprising fellow-citizen, John Welsh, Esq., together with several smaller vessels. The Algonquin, intended for a Liverpool packet—one of the most elegant and sumptuously finished vessels of America, has recently commenced her first voyage. She does equal credit to the skill of her constructors, and to the spirit and energy of our judicious capitalists, Thomas P. Cope and Sons, who have now added this magnificent vessel to their valuable line. Mr. Clapier is actively engaged in supplying the place of his beautiful Dorothea, with a superb ship of equal size; and several of our respectable ship carpenters themselves, confident of liberal remuneration, have undertaken to build several fine vessels, which will readily find purchasers as soon as completed. The United States' navy yard at this port, now contains (under cover) a frigate of the first class, and some progress has been made in building a ship of superior dimensions to any ship of war in the world.

Maryland. MEDICAL PRIZE QUESTION. The Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, have offered a premium for the best essay "on the Pathology and treatment of Cholera Infantum." This will doubtless attract the attention of the members of the profession throughout the country—not so much on account of the value of the premium, as for the distinguished honour which will be conferred on the successful essayist in the cause of science and humanity.

Dist. Columbia. USEFUL EMIGRANTS. *Alexandria*, (*Dist. Col.*) The ship Boston, Captain Finley, which arrived at this port on Saturday last, from Havre, brought out 119 men, women, and children, comprising 19 families, from Bern, one of the cantons of Switzerland. They are chiefly mechanics and farmers, and both men and women seem to have been well inured to hardships.

Capt. Finley speaks of them in the highest terms—represents them as being the most orderly and well-behaved passengers that ever came under his notice—that they are strictly attentive to their religious devotions, and are much better in their circumstances than emigrants generally are. Most of them, we believe, contemplate departing hence for a settlement, which has been formed by their countrymen, in Ohio or Kentucky.

The simplicity of their manners,

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and the peculiarity of their dress, have excited the attention of crowds of the citizens, who have visited them on board the ship, and to whom they observe all the cordiality and familiarity that could possibly be expected from strangers, almost wholly ignorant of the language and manners of our country.

They seem to have the impress of honesty in their countenances; and it is hoped that, wherever they may go, the same respect will be extended to them which they have received from such of our citizens as they have had any communication with.

On Monday evening, the 12th inst. Major Taliaferro, agent for Indian affairs at St. Peter's, arrived in Washington city, with a deputation of Sioux, Chippeway, and Menomies Indians, from the Upper Mississippi, on a visit to the government of the United States.

Virginia. An engineer is now employed in ascertaining how far it may be practicable to improve the navigation of the Appomatox river, from Petersburg to City Point.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 9th of July, Miss Elizabeth Davidson, daughter of William Davidson, Esquire, in her twentieth year.

It is always painful to record the death of the young—for youth is in itself an object full of interest. The cherished hope of a family cut off, ere it had yet scarcely bloomed—awakens in every heart a sympathetic sigh; but when the object we lament has been distinguished by more than common excellence, our regrets are carried beyond the domestic pale, to that extended circle of which, in a few added years, it might have been both the ornament and the blessing! Such is the feeling, and such the reflection of those who knew Miss D. Nature had given her strong and varied powers, and she had received all the advantages which our system of education could bestow—but to her own good sense is due the praise of a degree of mental culture, unusual at her early years. Unlike too many of our young ladies, who step from the school room to the crowded party, she applied herself to the acquisition of knowledge, more delightful to her than the amusements of a metropolis. Her taste for science, however, was not indulged to the exclusion of such employments as belong peculiarly to women, nor to those accomplishments which are styled ornamental. Yet she affected no superiority to her companions, nor did she take that part in conversation with her elders, to which her intelligence well entitled her. Uninterrupted health until within the last year of her life, had some right to anticipate a long enjoyment of the blessings with which Providence had surrounded her—but disease assailed her—it was obstinate, and it subdued her! During a confinement of nine or ten months, the equanimity of her temper was not moved! Let those who are frittering away the precious days of youth, behold in the amiable subject of this brief notice, a picture which may claim their imitation;—beauty which sought not the public gaze, and virtues which were content to shine at home.

On Saturday, the 26th of June, in the 26th year of his age, Richard R. Thomson, Esq. consul for the United States at Canton.

The deceased had arrived in this port the day previous to his death, having struggled with his disease only to resign his breath in his native country.

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The Soldiers model, the Patriots Glory.

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

EXPLANATION OF THE EMBELLISHMENT.

The Ominous Incident at the Mermaiden's Fountain.

FOR the embellishment of the present number of the Port Folio, we have again recurred to the inexhaustible loom of Sir WALTER SCOTT; a writer whose easy elegance and vigour of intellectual spirit constitute him the brightest literary ornament of the present period. The *Bride of Lammermoor*, though founded on fact, abounds with picturesque circumstances, and is the most poetical of all those wonderful productions, which, *par excellence*, are denominated THE *Scotch Novels*. The writer has indulged more in description and less in dialogue in this tale; and, therefore, his characters have not so much expression and reality as we generally find in his pages. Still we follow the progress of the story with deep emotion; and resign ourselves to unmingled pity when we contemplate the ineffectual struggles of the hero against the fate to which he appears to be doomed. He, it will be recollected, by most of our readers, was the last of an ancient but ruined family; and had contracted a fatal attachment for the daughter of the person whom he considered as the oppressor of his house, and the murderer of his father. The conflicting passions of love for the lady and animosity towards the sire, are very admirably depicted in this performance. For her sake he forgave the injuries which his house had received, and on the occasion of an accidental meeting at a certain mysterious spot which had often been fatal to his family,—the master of Ravenwood pledged his troth to the lovely Lucy Ashton.

The precise moment which the artist has chosen for graphical illustration, may be gathered from the following passage:

"As they arose to leave the fountain, which had been witness of their mutual engagement, an arrow whistled through the air,

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and struck a raven perched on the low branch of an old oak, near to where they had been seated. The bird fluttered a few yards, and dropt at the feet of Lucy, whose dress was stained with some spots of its blood."—Vol. ii, ch. vii.

The drawing is by our young countryman, LESLIE, and the engraving to CHILDS, to whose skill our Miscellany has often been indebted. The figures are easy and graceful; and the artists have exhibited, in a spirited manner, the breathing conceptions of the author.

For the Port Folio.

A Letter from a Country Gentleman in Philadelphia to his friend in Kentucky.

MY DEAR SIR:

You will be surprised to learn that I have so far shaken off the lethargy of years, as to venture my rheumatic limbs, and rustic manners, in this great vortex of folly, and fashion. The peremptory call of business which summoned me from my snug retreat on the banks of the Ohio, was not less appalling to my love of quiet, than its consequences have been distressing to my bodily infirmities. To leave my garden, my vineyard, my books, and my own arm-chair, were sad privations; but to be jolted and bruised upon the mountain-roads, to be flea-bitten, bug-bitten, and poisoned with unsavory food at indifferent taverns, presented a combination of "miseries," which is not readily encountered by a valetudinarian of fifty. Nevertheless, being blessed with a cheerful temper, and having made it a rule through life to be merry with my fortunes, be they good or evil, I commenced my preparations with great composure. In the first place I sent for an attorney and made my will, that in case of accidents I might not be hereafter blamed with injustice or negligence: Then I set my house in order, and employed a faithful *cropper* for my farm; and lastly I had my measure taken with scrupulous exactness, and dispatched the same by mail to a friend in the metropolis, with orders to procure me a full suit, that I might appear among my ancient friends with the propriety becoming my years and station. My widowed cousin, who has been my housekeeper these ten years, beheld all these preparations with an uneasy eye; but when she discovered my man Peter, actually taking the dimensions of my body, she burst into tears, and asked if I expected to die abroad, and was about to carry a coffin with me. I assured my worthy relative that I had no immediate intention of quitting the flesh, which I was content to inhabit so long as it might please Providence; and explaining to her the object of these operations, added, in conclusion,—"it matters not, good Mrs. Brown, when or where a man dieth, but only *how*." The good lady was greatly comforted by these words, and with alacrity entered

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into my councils and preparations, all of which she allowed were highly prudent and befitting, with the exception of the order which I had given for my new coat and breeches, which I had directed should be blue. Mrs. Brown was of opinion that black would better become my age and gravity, but to this I would by no means consent, although I was passive as an infant upon all other points: "there are those," said I, "in the great city, who will rejoice at my coming, if my heart deceives me not, and I would not willingly appear among my former associates in mourning. I will clothe myself in my best apparel—Yea, in purple and fine linen will I be clad."

No sooner were these important arrangements completed, than I found my mind relieved. I began to contemplate my journey with more complacency; and when I was fairly upon the road, and observed what vast improvements had been made in the last twenty years in the highways, houses of entertainment, stage-coaches, and other appliances whereby the traveller is expedited and sustained on his journey, something like genuine satisfaction beamed upon my mind, the frozen avenues of enjoyment began to thaw, and my heart once more throbbed in unison with the world. Certain ancient recollections which had been long cherished, were now recalled with new life and freshness. Thirty years ago, my dear S., when we were students at the University, we were initiated into the gayeties of a Philadelphia life. We enjoyed with rapture the bustle, the pleasures, and the novelties, of a city; and although the years which have since rolled away have witnessed far different pursuits, my mind still preserves a vivid impression of some of the objects with which it was most familiar in those days. These now arose upon my memory; for these were all I knew of Philadelphia.

Shall we ever forget the old college in Fourth street, then the scene of our daily labours? It was a rusty, odd, unsightly edifice, encompassed with a high wall, and seemed to have been designed for a more gloomy purpose than that of enlightening the human understanding. I shall always think of that ancient building with reverence, for there I drew the rudiments of those literary attainments, which have been my delight through life; but I cannot prevent a sense of the ludicrous from mingling in the recollection when I recal the pranks we played, clandestinely thrusting quills in the wigs, and inkstands in the pockets, of the worthy professors, and puzzliug the trustees with bad Latin, and barbarous Greek. The faculty, it is true, often visited our iniquities with a heavy vengeance, but we had the faculty of forgetting those indignities; and I hope we have all had the grace to forgive their authors,—for they were "good men and true."

There was the old Provost, with his fine tall form, and benevolent countenance! I can yet see his intelligent eye beaming with lustre, as he patiently unravelled the mazes of philosophy, and dis-

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played the phenomena of the natural world. He trod the path of science with the familiar air of one who was acquainted with all its intricacies, pierced with steady courage into its deepest shades, and loitered on its flowery spots, and sunny places, with the delight of an impassioned connoiseur. To learn was the business of his days and nights; to communicate learning the pride and pleasure of his life. He stood among us like an ancient philosopher surrounded by his disciples, who were at once his pupils and his friends. A ray of satisfaction played over his placid features, whenever he elicited a new idea, or discovered that he had imparted, to a kindred soul, a spark from the intellectual fires of his own comprehensive mind; a smile of detection, or a kind look of rebuke were the only punishments of dullness and misapprehension. I can follow him in fancy from the lecture-room to the college-hall, and hear his persuasive admonitions, his solemn warnings, his fervent petitions to the throne of grace. Eminent as he was among men, as a christian he was humble and lowly, an eloquent advocate of the doctrines of the cross, a mighty champion of the scriptures. I shall never forget the tones of that voice, whose highest and harshest notes were never heard, and which in the house and hour of bidden joy could mingle in the innocent festivity of the youthful and the joyous;—for this good man relished a joke, and possessed a vein of humour, which was freely opened. His severest labours produced neither langour nor moroseness, and he frequently dismissed his students with a kind invitation to his own house, and that of his divine Master. "At the one," he was accustomed to say, "there is always a spare plate for a friend; at the other there is ample room for you all."

Then there was the venerable teacher of languages,—Professor of Humanity as he is styled in the college ordinances. For what reason he is so entitled, I know not; for if the tingling of our ears, and the smart of his *ferula*, be alone remembered, we should say that the good Doctor professed what he did not practice. He was the grammar and dictionary of the institution, and seemed verily to love the dead languages better than the living generation.—False latin was as nauseous to him as the yellow fever; and the unlucky wight, who "crept unwillingly to school" with an imperfect exercise, beheld terrors lurking under the curls of his ample wig, sufficient to scare away what little remained of the syntax and prosody which he had endeavoured to hammer into his brain. But the cunning youngsters soon found out that "the boding terrrors of his morning face" were not always the indications of a stormy day: that a rough exterior concealed a mind of more than ordinary depth, stored with the valued treasures of classic lore, a benevolence warm as it was expressive, and a zeal as honourable to its possessor, as it was profitable to those in whose behalf it was exerted. The ardent spirit who knocked at that door of science of which Dr. D—— was the keeper, found a ready admittance; but

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wo to the culprit who lingered on the portal, or mingled his unhallowed gambols with the sacred mysteries of the temple!

Our landlady, the notable Mrs. B., should not be forgotten in making up the record of that "era of good feelings" which preceded our manhood and our cares. Her mansion was a two-story brick house, with the gable end to the street, and a pent-house over the door, which had once been the residence of some of the high and mighty of the land, and presented on its exterior the quaint devices and decorations of a century gone by. This honest gentlewoman had that rare and comfortable assemblage of all the household virtues that constitutes the all accomplished character which ladies call "a nice house-keeper." The microscope of the naturalist scarcely discovers the minute delineations of an insect, with more accuracy than her keen eye displayed in detecting a grain of dust upon her well arranged furniture. Her feet traversed every avenue and nook of her little domain with systematic activity; and the dignified silence of her well trained family was never disturbed except by the cracking of a dish by a servant, or of a joke by a lodger; either of which offences when perpetuated at her expense, seldom failed to awaken her ire. I shall never forget the ample calico short-gown in which she vouchsafed to present herself to her men and maid-servants, and to such of her lodgers as might be stirring, at early dawn, nor the dignified long waisted satin dress, and snow white cap and stomacher with which she invested her stately form on more ceremonious occasions. In those days it was a matter of emulation among house-keepers, who should rise earliest on market days, and appear first upon the busy scene of action, as those who arrived soonest in the market, made the best bargains and procured the choicest provisions; and in this career of ambition Mrs. B. was always in the foremost rank of competitors. Indeed if she was to be believed there were but two ladies who had ever outstripped her in this important branch of her duty; and these, she expressed her firm belief did not rest well at night, and were glad to forsake their beds in the morning, for reasons as she gravely hinted, *best known to themselves.* Honest soul! to her honour be it spoken, that this was the only occasion on which she ever was provoked to indulge the asperities of human nature so far as to transgress that great command, "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Her's was the reign of choice viands, soft beds, and snow-white linen. Nor was her matronly care confined to the outward man; she kept good hours and failed not on suitable occasions to inculcate good morals. She used to say that she liked "her gentlemen" as she termed us, "to be in bed at ten o'clock every night, and to go to church on the Sabbath." These conditions, together with the requisition to be regular in attendance at meal times, and not to enter her house with dirty shoes—for boots were then permitted only to travellers—were all the restraints which our worthy hostess placed upon the

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natural liberty of her subjects; and when these were implicitly submitted to, we were sure to meet in the evening with a cheerful fire, and a cordial reception, and to be regaled with an excellent cup of tea and a dish of politics. On the latter subject the lady was eloquent; her strictures were, however, by no means levelled at the servants of the public, but were confined to the little group of satellites who revolved about her own person. She moved in her own orbit with as much regularity as if her motions were determined by the principles of gravity, and illumined the little world over which she presided with unchanging lustre; but the lesser stars which adorned her firmament were a sad set, sometimes bursting in upon us like a meteor in the shape of a pretty chambermaid, who being too eccentric in her motions was quickly hurled by the presiding deity into a distant hemisphere and seen no more—and sometimes twinkling dimly in the guise of withered maidenhood, shapeless, cheerless, and unshining. In vain did the good lady endeavour to reduce her attendant bodies, to system; for in consequence either of a want of the attracting power in her own person, or from the actual existence of a repulsive quality therein, or of a superior attraction elsewhere, these minor orbs could never be brought to whirl about their common centre with any reasonable degree of harmony. In short, the laziness, wickedness, and impudence of servants was a never failing theme of discussion with my old friend Mrs. B., who seemed to have reduced her notions of household economy to a theory, and her invectives to a system, and who would never yield one jot of either, to man or maid. I therefore always uphold her as an able politician, because she pertinaciously adhered to her *principles* however impracticable experience might show them, and by her laudable zeal in the cause of good living, cherished men, as well as measures. Many of her "gentlemen" were so unreasonable, as to be displeased with these discussions—but they were not aware of their importance. If a lady, who is a house-keeper, happens to be a *feme sole*, that is, to have no lord and master, she may be viewed as the sovereign of her household: if she enjoys the dignities and delights of wedded life, she is to be considered as prime minister of the little community whose destiny she sways; and in either case the official department of the lesser functionaries is, to her, a matter of deep interest; and if we admit, in affairs of national import, the republican doctrine that the conduct of our servants is at all times a legitimate subject of investigation, why should we not allow the same will to operate in the most ancient of all governments, that of a family? I think *female politics* should be tolerated.

Among my reminiscences, I must not omit the ancient dame, who sat on the pavement without the college wall, vending her merchandise. Each day throughout the revolving seasons found her at her post, seated upon her three legged stool, with her little table before her, covered with nuts, cakes, and fruit, her pan of

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coals at her feet in winter, her tattered umbrella over her head in summer. I seldom passed without exchanging a small coin for some of her wares—I loved to deal with this weather-beaten veteran. She was aged and lone. I have a classic veneration for antiquity,—my heart has a warm side towards woman in whatever circumstances I meet her; whether glowing with youth and loveliness, or disguised in wrinkles and clad in poverty.

I could tell of other persons and things, the images of which have been deeply engraved upon the tablet of my memory, but I am admonished that I have already exceeded the ordinary limits of a letter; and I feel that it would be more profitable to speak of things that exist, than to call back the shadows of the dead, or linger among the visions of departed joys. The city which we once knew has passed away and here is a new world—not an airy creation of the brain but a glowing, breathing, and substantial, reality—a busy and an active world—a world of life and light!

Yours faithfully,

SIMON TURNER.

For the Port Folio.

THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER.

The Schuylkill navigation from the city of Philadelphia at one extreme, to Mount Carbon at the other, extends through a distance of one hundred and ten miles, and overcomes, in that space, a fall of above six hundred feet; making an easy, secure, and practicable, communication between those two points at all seasons of the year, except when obstructed by ice. Of this distance, rather more than sixty-three miles consist of navigable canals, and the rest of a slack-water navigation through the pools formed by the dams. There are in the whole distance, 120 locks.

The works are now finished and in operation, from this city to Reading, a distance of about sixty-two miles, and the remainder will be completed in the month of September. Boats have already come from Reading, and returned to that place, without any difficulty, and among them the packet Stephen Girard, intended for a regular trader.

The trip from Philadelphia to Reading may be performed in less than twenty-four hours, and from Philadelphia to Mount Carbon in less than forty-eight hours. The conveyance by this route, for produce and passengers, will, therefore, be certain and expeditious, as well as at a very moderate expense, and there is no doubt it will supersede every other.

The first important consequence of the completion of this great work, is a direct communication between the city of Philadelphia and the region of coal. We are assured by it of a supply of cheap fuel of the very best quality, quite equal to all our wants. This

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article will probably be furnished to us at less than 25 cents a bushel.

The next important consequence is an easy and cheap communication with the wealthy and populous town of Reading, the commercial centre of an extensive district of rich and well settled country, producing in great abundance, what we want, and wanting what we can supply. A great increase of mutually beneficial trade will follow of course, to the nourishment and improvement of both parties.

There will also be an increasingly active intercourse between the different places lying along the navigation, throughout its whole extent, according to their wants and capacities. It passes through the rich and populous counties of Chester, Montgomery, Bucks, and Schuylkill, and it passes by the flourishing towns of those counties, Norristown, Pottsgrove, Hamburg, &c. and to the neighbourhood of Orwigsburg. The country along its course abounds in mineral wealth, and especially in that most valuable of all minerals, iron ore. At the distance of about fourteen miles from Philadelphia, ore of the finest quality is found in inexhaustible quantity on both sides of the river. By means of the navigation it may be conveyed at a very small expense, and no doubt will be conveyed, to many of the furnaces already established in New Jersey, or it may be sent up the navigation towards its head, where abundance of wood upon the hills will supply the needful stock for furnaces to be established, while the easy transportation of the product to market will be insured by this interesting work. We need say nothing of the other riches in the bosom of the earth, which will become the instruments of beneficial intercourse, and the source of wealth and comfort. Still less need we speak of the produce of the soil which will float upon the Schuylkill to points where it will find a market. Besides all these, the navigation has of itself, as it were, created new means of industry by the sites it affords for manufactures and the powers for carrying them on, which are equal at least, if not superior to any in the United States. Of these, the settlement at Flat Rock is an example. Upon an unfrequented bank of the Schuylkill, a town has at once arisen, and the cheerful voices of men are now mingled with the hum of machinery, where lately it was all silence and solitude. The same will happen at the other numerous points where water-power can be supplied.

Thus far we have only considered the navigation as an insulated undertaking. *That* is a very narrow and imperfect view, which discloses but a small part of its advantages. From Mount Carbon to the north branch of the Susquehanna, the distance is less than twenty miles, by an excellent road. That point attained, an inspection of the map is sufficient to show what an immense country is opened, not only in Pennsylvania, but also in New York. It is above all the obstructions in the river. The navigation of that branch is easy and safe, and its waters are of vast

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extent. Places of deposit will be formed on the Susquehanna and the Schuylkill, and the portage between will be deemed insignificant as an impediment, in comparison with the difficulties which have heretofore existed. Danville, for example, a flourishing town on the Susquehanna will probably receive all its supplies of bulky articles by the Schuylkill, and at half the expense of conveyance at which they are now obtained.

At Reading, however, the Schuylkill will probably form its most important, and certainly its most interesting, connexion. There it will be united with the Union Canal; which, traversing seventy miles of country, rich in every kind of resource, from the Schuylkill to the Susquehanna, will meet that noble river below the junction of its branches, and above the difficulties of its navigation, and afford a steady and not expensive transportation for the valuable burdens borne upon its stream. The tribute from this source alone, to the Schuylkill will be of incalculable amount.

We know, that with respect to the Union Canal, while all agree in its importance, many hold out the most discouraging prospects as to its capacity when completed, (for that it will be completed, no one now entertains a doubt,) to furnish an adequate and profitable channel for trade. Such discouragements have attended all great works, and they have been almost in exact proportion to their greatness and value. "Clinton's big ditch," was long a current phrase of contempt, felt no doubt, and by some, very honestly felt, for what they thought an impracticable and foolish undertaking—yet that "big ditch" is now the "great canal," an object of universal admiration, of unlimited value, and from which Mr. Clinton's enemies anxiously endeavour to separate his name, lest he should be too much honoured for the magnificent service he has done his native state. It seems, indeed, to be an unvarying law of human undertakings, that nothing valuable shall be achieved but by great exertions and some sacrifices, comprehending generally, the necessity of submitting for a time, at least, to ridicule and reproach from those who are either unwilling or unable to understand a large design. It required all the vigour and perseverance and enthusiasm of Fulton to put in operation a steamboat, the management of which is now so familiar that the humblest individual would be ashamed to acknowledge that he was not competent to it. The duke of Bridgewater, one of England's benefactors, reached the accomplishment of his work, through ways so difficult and apparently ruinous, that it was represented as nothing short of absolute madness in him to persist. Yet he enriched himself, and he enriched his country, and lived to enjoy unmixed approbation for the spirit with which he had conquered prejudice. We look with great confidence to the time—not very distant we believe,—when our public-spirited fellow citizens, who are earnestly and judiciously labouring for the completion of the Union Canal, with less support and countenance than they

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deserve, and not without some obstruction from inconsiderate error, will achieve a patriotic triumph over all difficulties, real and imaginary, and establish the value as well as the practicability of the work by the best of all possible arguments, actual experience.

To the west of the Susquehanna, we shall not at present look. It would be opening too wide a field; yet it is not an uninviting prospect. The Juniata reaches to the foot of the Alleghany, and in its several branches affords the means of navigation to the very source in the south, even beyond Bedford, and to the northward, far beyond Huntingdon. The waters of the Susquehanna, still further north, interlock with the waters of the west, and by their means there is no doubt that the Delaware will be united with the Alleghany and the Lakes. But of this we abstain from speaking.

Hitherto the waters of the Schuylkill have wandered through their course in silence and obscurity, as if they were designed only to be at length lost in the ocean. At irregular intervals, and then but for a moment, when some disturbance of nature's ordinary course replenished its stream with more than usual fulness, an ark or a boat pushed off upon the top of the fresh, and, unconscious and almost without direction, committed itself to the fury or the play of the waters, to be wafted, or overwhelmed, or abandoned on a rock, as accident might direct. If happily it reached its destination, it seemed like a monument of the casual mercy of the waters, escaping from the general wreck and desolation, with nothing to remember but the dangers it had passed.—The return was more difficult and precarious than the descent.

But now, this fine river is subjected to the power and the use of man. In a very short time, its waters will be covered with boats employed in trade, moving with equal ease and despatch in either direction; its banks will be crowded with people industriously engaged in the pursuits of industry; and social and commercial intercourse be maintained throughout its whole extent. It will become a great and daily frequented highway, an instrument of useful traffic; a channel of nourishment and health to the metropolis, and a means of bringing nearer to each other the different parts of the state, and uniting them by the bonds of interest and regard.

We may probably say something further on this subject hereafter.

V.

Note.—Since the above was written, a freshet of unexampled violence, has done some injury to the principal canal, and caused a temporary obstruction of the navigation. It will soon be removed, and there is no doubt the whole line of navigation will be completed by the middle of September. This freshet has fully established the strength and solidity of the dams, and of the works in general, and ought to produce increased confidence.

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ON THE MADNESS OF OPHELIA.

The mental distemper of Ophelia is that of sorrowing distraction, and is so correctly painted, as to leave no doubt of its having been drawn from suffering nature. The fair and gentle Ophelia, confiding in the sincerity of Hamlet had listened to his addresses, and

——Suck'd the honey of his music vows,

sufficiently to imbibe the contagion of love.

Laertes, aware of the state of her affection, cautions against the attentions of the Prince.

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.—
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this *temple* waxes,
The inward service of the *mind and soul*
Grows wide withal.* Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself.————
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart:————
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister.

Polonius, her father, observes:—

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
What is between you? Give me up the truth.
Ophelia. He hath, my lord, of late made many
Tenders of his affection to me.
* * * * * *
And hath given countenance to his speech,
My lord, with almost all the vows of heaven.

Polonius, placing little confidence in her lover's affection, peremptorily charges her "not to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet." And Ophelia, with affectionate duty, promises to obey his commands.

At a subsequent period, when Hamlet's malady is the subject of investigation, Polonius mentions to the King the conversation he had had with his daughter, and attributes Hamlet's derangement to the repulse given to him by Ophelia, adding—

* The form of man is admirably described as a temple raised for the worship of God in which the mind and soul are said to do service.

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You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.————
At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

The Queen, it seems, was by no means averse to their mutual attachment.

Queen. And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Ophelia's answer, "Madam, I wish it may," shows that her love had not been diminished by the wholesome lessons of Laertes, or the harsh control of her father. Her feelings, however, are on every occasion made subservient to the views of Polonius, who now bids her walk *alone* that she may have an interview with Hamlet.

————Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour,
Your loneliness.
* * * * *
I hear him coming—let's withdraw, my lord.

The conduct of Hamlet, during the remainder of the scene, excites strong feelings of sympathy towards the fair Ophelia, who is made to feel that all her hopes of reciprocal affection are for ever blighted.

Ophelia. My lord, I have remembrances of yours.
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you now receive them.
Hamlet. No, not I,
I never gave you aught.
Ophelia. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
* * * * *
Hamlet. I did love you once.
Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Hamlet. You should not have believed me,
I love you not.
Ophelia. I was the more deceived.
Hamlet. Get thee to a nunnery, &c. &c.

The distracted state of her lover's mind manifesting itself in violent sallies, excites her alarm, and she exclaims—

————O wo is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

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The character of Ophelia has been justly considered as one of the most exquisite creations of the Great Master. When listening to the admonitions of her brother in the early part of the play, she is decked with all the gentleness and modesty which distinguish an affectionate sister and a virtuous woman. In obedience to her father's harsh commands, she opposes duty to love, and gives it mastery. She is next called on by him to become an instrument by which to ascertain the cause of her lover's madness. The political subserviency of Polonius in thus outraging his daughter's feelings, merely to obtain a smile from majesty, excites feelings of disgust and indignation. The beauteous, ingenuous, and *dutiful* Ophelia is directed to return, to the man of her heart, those precious tokens which the sweet breath of love had rendered doubly dear to her. Such a sacrifice would have proved of itself a severe trial of a daughter's duty; but the hapless Ophelia was doomed to still greater humiliation—to meanness and falsehood. Doating on Hamlet, whose affection for her does not appear to have suffered the slightest diminution, she is instructed to tax him with unkindness, and to assign that unkindness as the cause of her delivering back his presents:

> ——— Their perfume lost,
> Take these again, for to a noble mind
> Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

This humiliating declaration, involving at once the sacrifice of delicacy and of truth in the most *senseless coquetry*, Hamlet immediately perceives to have been prompted by Polonius, and instantly puts on his *fantastic* character, the more strongly to impress the King, through the report of Ophelia, with a notion of his madness. Unfortunately, the shafts intended for the guilty strike the innocent, and the poor Ophelia suffers all the misery consequent on a belief in her lover's distraction. If it were proper to digress from the subject immediately under consideration, much might here be said in praise of the extraordinary consistency and merit displayed by the author in developing the different characters of this exquisite tragedy. This one scene exhibits in rapid succession the mental disease, the natural disposition and the crafty assumption of Hamlet; it at the same time engages our sympathy for Ophelia, and gives a finishing stroke to the inimitable sketch of the court sycophant and favourite.

How different are the conclusions drawn from the conduct of Hamlet in this scene, by the innocent Maiden and the guilty King. Ophelia still having confidence in her lover's affection, for faith is easy when the heart is touched, and being incapable of deceit herself, attributes Hamlet's extravagance of behaviour to madness:—

> O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
> * * * * *
> And I of ladies most deject and wretched;
> That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

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Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy.*

Such is the conclusion of the lamenting lady; but the King, whose own "offence is rank" and "smells to heaven," with all the cowardice of guilt exclaims—

Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; he shall with speed to England.
* * * * *.

Haply the seas, and countries different
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart.
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself.

The conflicts of duty and affection, hope and fear, which successively agitated Ophelia's gentle bosom, were of themselves sufficient to dissever the delicate coherence of a woman's reason.—Her lover's ardent passion seemed to her to have subsided into cold indifference. Delicacy of sentiment had been succeeded by indecent scoffing and contemptuous insult, and when the hapless maiden saw her aged parent sink into the grave, not in the course of natural decay, but by the reckless infliction of that hand she had fondly hoped to unite with her own, her susceptible mind, unable to sustain such powerful pressures, sank beneath their accumulated weight:—

Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

In the madness of Ophelia there are no intervals of reason; she exhibits a state of continuous distraction, and though she is presented to observation in only two short scenes, the duration is sufficient for the effect; for the poet has contrived with exquisite skill to dart, through the cloud that obscures her reason, occasional gleams of recollection, to indicate that disappointed love and filial sorrow still agonise her tender bosom:

(*Ophelia Sings.*)

White his shrowd as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.
* * * * *

* Ecstacy was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind.

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To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day.
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in a maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than the picture of disease given by Shakspeare in this scene of Ophelia's.—Every medical professor who is familiar with cases of insanity, will freely acknowledge its truth. The snatches of songs she warbles contain allusions strongly indicative of feelings of an erotic* tendency, and are such as under the chaster guard of reason she would not have selected. This slight withdrawing of the veil, without disgusting by its entire removal, displays at once the pathological correctness and the exquisite delicacy of the poet.

Throughout the short display of Ophelia's derangement, a mournful sympathy is kindled, and it is evidently heightened by our previous acquaintance with her beauty, gentleness, and modesty. The incoherent fragments of discourse, abrupt transitions, and absurd images, that ordinarily provoke levity, here awfully repress it:

They say that the owl was a baker's daughter.—Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

* * * * * * *

I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep to think they have laid him i'the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

That reader or spectator is little to be envied who could smile at Ophelia's distraction, which from gentle breasts must extort sighs, and sobs, and tears—those attributes of feeling that ennoble our nature. If any thing could heighten our admiration of the Immortal Bard, after a careful examination of the life of the unfortunate Ophelia, it would be the exquisite contrivance of her death:

Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she make
Of cow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples,
That liberal shepherds give another name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an enivous sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,

* From ἐρως, amor.

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Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and endu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

There is something so exquisitely affecting in this draught of sorrow, that it is impossible not to drain the cup to the very *dregs*.

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.

* * * * * *

——— Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!

Shakspeare has displayed a knowledge and love of flowers in several of his plays; but in no instance has he shown his taste and judgment in the selection of them with greater effect, than in forming the coronet-wreath of this lovely maniac. The Queen describes the garland as composed of *crow-flowers, nettles, daisies,* and *long-purples;* and there ought to be no question that Shakspeare intended them all to have an emblematic meaning. "The crow-flower," is a species of lychnis, alluded to by Drayton, in his Polyolbion. It is the lychnis flos cuculi of Linnæus and Miller, and the l. plumaria sylvestris of Parkinson;—the l. cuculi flos of C. Bauhin: It is of considerable antiquity, and is described by Pliny under the name of odontitis. The more common English name is meadow-lychnis, or meadow-campion. It is sometimes found double in our own hedge rows—but more commonly in *France,* and in this form we are told by Parkinson, it was called "*The fayre Mayde of France.*" It is to this name and to this variety that Shakspeare alludes in the present instance.

The "long-purples" are commonly called "dead-men's-hands" or "fingers."

Our cold maids do dead-men's fingers call them.

The "daisey" (or *day's-eye*) imports "the pure virginity," or "spring of life," as being itself "the virgin bloom of the year."

The intermixture of nettles requires no comment.

Admitting the correctness of this interpretation, the whole is an exquisite specimen of emblematic or picture-writing. They are all *wild* flowers, denoting the *bewildered* state of the beautiful Ophelia's own faculties; and the order runs thus, with the meaning of each term beneath:—

CROW-FLOWERS.	NETTLES.	DAISIES.	LONG-PURPLES.
Fayre-mayde	stung to the quick.	Her virgin bloom.	under the cold hand of death.

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"*A fair maid stung to the quick, her virgin bloom under the cold hand of death.*"

It would be difficult to fancy a more emblematic wreath for this interesting victim of disappointed love and filial sorrow.

> ——— Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
> I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
> And not have *strew'd* thy grave.

WILLIAM FARREN.

For the Port Folio.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.—No. XIII.

April 24. As we continue to descend the river, its shores still exhibit the same interesting character which I have heretofore described. The hills still present their bold outlines, and the vales their shadowy recesses. But as the season advances, the forest is rapidly discarding the dark and dusky habiliments of winter, and assuming its vernal robes, it blooms forth with renovated life and lustre. The gum tree is clad in the richest green, and the dog-wood and redbud, are laden with flowers of the purest white and richest scarlet. On the southern sides of the hills the little flowers are peeping forth, while winter barely retains a semblance of her recent dominion over the northern exposures. The oak, the elm, the walnut, the sycamore, the beach, the aspen, the hickory, and the maple, which here tower to an incredible height, have yielded to the sun-beams, and display their bursting buds, and expanding leaves. The wild rose, the sweet-briar, and the vine, are shooting into verdure; and, clinging to their sturdy neighbours, modestly prefer their claims to admiration, while they give early promise of fruit, and fragrance. The fountains, gushing from the hillside in profuse libations, come rippling over the rocks, in limpid currents, forming cascades and pools, while the smoke rising from the distant cabin, reminds the traveller of

> "——— the blest abode
> Of Edward and of Mary."

Blame me not, for yielding amid such scenes, to the influence of feeling, and giving up my whole soul, to wild, and warm, and visionary fancies. It is a humiliating reflection that our sweetest hours are those which are least useful and least connected with the realities of life; but it cannot be denied that the only unmingled happiness that we enjoy is in those moments of mental abstraction when the heart, revelling in its own creations, forgets the world with its vanities and cares. For my part, I would rather glide silently along the smooth current of the Ohio—lie extended upon the deck at eve gazing at the last rays of the sun dim-

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ly discovered on the tops of the tallest trees,—or behold the morning beams of the great luminary sparkling among the dew-drops, than sit upon a throne and be debarred of such exquisite enjoyments!

We arrived at Cincinnati in the morning—but when I inform you that we remained here only a few hours, and that the greater part of this time was spent with a friend—and that friend a lovely female, a companion of *my dancing days*,—you will not be surprised if I add, that I have nothing to relate concerning this town. Those days may be over with me, in which the violin could have lured me from the labour of study, and the song from the path of duty—but never, if I know myself, will that hour come when woman shall cease to be the tutelary deity of my affections, the household goddess of my bosom! Think me an enthusiast, or a great dunce, if you please, but never I pray if you love me, believe that I could think of statistics with a fair lady at my side, or that I could hoard up materials for a *Letter from the West*, while a chance presented itself to talk over my old courtships, and dance once more my old cotillons. No, no, this correspondence may be fun to you, and nuts to our friend Sir Oliver; who is but a reader of these poor sheets of mine, and endures not the pains of the authorship thereof—but setting that aside, I would not give one "merry glance of mountain maid," for the plaudits of the literary world.—You will remind me I dare say of posterity—but in the language of a jolly neighbour of mine, I reply "hang posterity! I wonder what posterity ever did for me!" So I shall write when I please, and court the girls when I can.

I had only time, therefore, to discover that I was in a town of ample size, and goodly appearance; where I met genteel forms, and busy faces. The harbour was crowded with boats, the wharves covered with merchandise, the streets thronged with people. The indications of wealth, of business, and of refinement, were too striking to pass unobserved by one who reflected how recently the forest frowned upon this spot. See Dr. Drake's Picture of Cincinnati, for further particulars, as the auctioneers phrase it.

We left Cincinnati in the afternoon. As the town faded from my sight, and the shadows of the forest gathered again around me, I was struck with the contrast which the progress of a few hours presented. Instead of paved streets and splendid buildings—the retreats of science, and the marts of business—the hum of men and the rattling of carriages—I saw only the glassy tide and its verdant shores, and heard no sound save those of the woodpecker, the squirrel, and the mocking-bird. The hand of man had not yet shorn the hill of its green covering; its "budding honours" were "thick upon it." Here was a fine specimen of the pristine luxuriance of nature; behind me a noble monument of art. But these are miniature scenes which are chiefly interesting as they lead the mind to a larger field of speculation, and as they exhibit

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"counterfit presentments" of the rapid changes which have been operating far and wide throughout this extensive region.

Thirty years ago the American forces commanded by General St. Clair were defeated by the savages in the territory north west of the Ohio. The brilliant talents of that brave soldier, were exerted in vain in the wilderness. The wariness and perseverance of Indian warfare created every day new obstacles, and unforseen dangers; the skill of the veteran was baffled, and undisciplined force prevailed against military science. The art of the tactician proved insufficient when opposed to a countless multitude, concealed in the labyrinths of the forest, and aided by the terrors of the climate. The defeat of our army became the subject of investigation by a military tribunal, and if any proof had been wanting of the ability of its commander, his defence before the court martial must have afforded that testimony. But this gentleman, like the unfortunate Burgoyne, exerted his eloquence in vain; he was admired, blamed, applauded, and condemned! The distinguished reputation gained by General St. Clair in the revolutionary war, was insufficient to sustain him under this reverse of fortune. His popularity declined, his abilities were doubted, and his services no longer required. He retired to an obscure residence among the mountains of Pennsylvania. Here, in the most abject poverty—in a miserable cabin, upon a sterile and dreary waste, among rocks and precipices, [fit emblems of his career!] he dragged out a wretched existence, visited only by his sorrows—except when a solitary traveller, impelled by curiosity, to witness that which one of the ancients has pronounced to be a noble spectacle, penetrated the intricacies of the Laurel Mountain to behold a great man in adversity. Here he might be found beyond the reach of persecution, but not enjoying the dignity of retirement, nor the sweets of domestic life; for even here adversity had pursued this unhappy man, and added the most distressing private calamities to the already teeming burthen of his sorrows. Sometimes indeed he emerged from his solitude to make fruitless appeals to the justice of his country. His claims for the reimbursement of pecuniary advances made for the public cause, and for renumeration for services performed, were long disregarded. A short time before his death, the aged man, bending under the weight of four score years, appeared again at the metropolis, charming the young with his gayety, and the old with his wisdom—exhibiting a versatility of genius which few possess, and displaying a vigour of intellect but little consonant with his age, his sorrows, and his infirmities. The late war had revived the enthusiasm of the nation; the ardour which once glowed in the bosoms of our fathers, now swelled the veins of their children; and while congress was distributing honours with a prodigal hand among the youthful heroes of 1814, the veteran of '76 appeared. The appeal was irresistible; his claim was allowed—allowed, alas! when the

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worn-out soldier had reached the last out-post of his earthly pilgrimage!

Gen. Wayne succeeded to the command, but not to the fate of St. Clair. By dint of rigid discipline, indefatigable exertion, and, above all, a talent for Indian warfare, he redeemed the frontier settlements from destruction, and inflicted a heavy vengeance upon our tawny neighbours. The memory of Wayne, with that of General Butler, who fell in these wilds, is deservedly cherished by the western people. So marked has been their gratitude, that there is not a state or territory west of the mountains which has not named towns or counties after these gallant men. The name of St. Clair also occurs frequently on the map.

I have made this digression for the purpose of stating how recently our brave soldiers have sought "the bubble reputation at the cannons' mouth," on the fields where the plough, the loom, and the shuttle, are now in peaceful operation, as well as to show the importance of the contest in which they were engaged. That enemy must have been far from insignificant, in encountering whom St. Clair or Wayne could reap obloquy or honour. The states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, have since been formed out of portions of the same country—and the territory of Michigan organised for the purpose of temporary government.

So lately as the year 1794, troops were stationed throughout this country for the protection of travellers passing down the river to the distant settlements of Kaskaskia and New Orleans, and for the security of the frontiers; boats descending the river were manned and armed as for a dangerous enterprise, and an attempt to traverse the wilderness, was considered as an achievement of more than ordinary courage. On the same river steam-boats for the transportation of passengers and merchandise, were in successful operation before their introduction into Europe; and the traveller may now not only proceed with ease and rapidity, but enjoy the very luxuries of travelling, where a few years ago the hardiest manhood sunk under its toils and perils.

In 1794 beasts of prey prowled through the forest, the savage was "monarch of all he surveyed" and "lord of the forest and the brute." In 1810 the state of Ohio contained a population of 230,760 souls, and the value of her domestic manufactures, according to the census was one million, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, three hundred and seventy dollars! In 1815, the land lots, and dwelling houses in Ohio, were valued at upwards of sixty-one millions of dollars, and in 1820 the Marshal reported her population to be 581,434 souls.

Kentucky was first explored in 1770—the first settlement was made in 1775. In 1810 that state contained a population of 406,511 souls, and her manufactures were valued at $4,120,683 and in 1820 the Marshal returns her population to be 564,317 souls.

In short, to close a parallel which may become tedious—from

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this land, so lately a wilderness the savage has been expelled; towns and colleges have arisen, farms have been opened, the mechanic arts cherished; the necessaries of life abound, and many of its luxuries are enjoyed. All this has been effected within the memory of living witnesses. Such have been the fruits of civilization; and so powerful the effect of American enterprise!

For the Port Folio.

REDGAUNTLET.*

It cannot be denied that the more recent productions of this inimitable writer are unequal to their predecessors. We behold the impress of the same capacious and fertile mind, but we do not recognize that freshness and novelty which it imparted to Waverley. But although we have become familiar with those scenes where the fancy of this author excurses, there is an infinite variety in his wanderings which *age cannot wither nor custom stale.* He may be compared to the gambler, who plays with the same painted bits of paper, but in different ways, according to the accidental arrangement produced by the preparatory measures of shuffling and dealing. However familiar these symbols may be to his eyes, they still maintain their influence over him and excite the alternate emotions of hope and disappointment. The same witchery reigns in these pages and will retain its power, while readers are attracted by exhibitions of real life, clothed in the garb of romance and breathing the glorious inspirations of genius.

It would be useless to present an analysis of a story with which no doubt, all our readers are acquainted. We shall therefore not attempt even an outline of Redgauntlet. The interest of this tale, which relates to a period shortly after the accession of George III.—is indeed quite feeble. Darsie Latimer's anxiety about his birth, which is the great mystery, does not excite our sympathy; nor does it appear in him to rise far above the degree of idle curiosity. He takes very little pains to discover the secret and we see no adequate reason why it should have been concealed from him. Those young ladies who look for a love-plot in every novel which they open, may spare themselves the trouble of running over the pages of Redgauntlet, since there is very little of that ingredient to be found in it. The hero, in fact, has not soul enough for a lover, unless it be in these degenerate days when the tender passion is regulated pretty much in the same manner as a merchant's leger; and the lady does not seem to possess those qualities which are likely to interrupt the even tenor of a bachelor's life. She did, however, strike the fancy of Cristal Nixon, whom she calls a "rascal" and an "old brutal desperado;" language which was never intended for the lips of a gentle lady.

* Redgauntlet. A Tale of the Eighteenth Century, by the Author of Waverley. Edinburgh, 1824; Philadelphia, Carey and Lea. 1824.

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It is not as a whole that this tale is to be commended, since it abounds with defects arising from haste and carelessness which cannot be excused: but it contains innumerable indications of that fertility of mind which ornaments whatever it touches. What, for example, can be finer than the picture of Peter Peebles, the wretched victim of the law's delay? It is rather an impertinent interruption of the main story; but who would not suspend a narrative for such a draught as this?

"You must have seen this original, Darsie, who, like others in the same predicament, continues to haunt the courts of justice, where he has made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. Such insane paupers have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Goodwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost; or rather scare-crows and potatoe-bogles, distributed through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation.

"The identical Peter wears a huge great-coat, thread-bare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remain, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under garments. The shoes and stockings of a ploughman were, however, seen to meet at his knees, with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches; a rusty-coloured handkerchief, that has been black in its day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half gray, half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk, that it stood up on the very top of his head; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain's banner, may be seen any sederunt day betwixt nine and ten, high towering above all the fluctuating and changeful scene in the Outer-House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teazing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingenious torment. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely burgess, is emaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild by an insane lightness about the eyes; a withered and blighted skin and complexion; features charged with the self-importance peculiar to insanity; and a habit of perpetually speaking to himself. Such was my fortunate client; and I must allow, Darsie, that my profession had need to do a great deal of good, if, as is much to be feared, it brings many individuals to such a pass.

"After we had been, with a good deal of form, presented to each other, at which time I easily saw by my father's manner that he was desirous of supporting Peter's character in my eyes, as much as circumstances would permit, "Alan," he said, "this is the gentleman who has agreed to accept of you as his counsel, in place of young Dumtoustie."

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"Entirely out of favour to my old acquaintance your father," said Peter, with a benign and patronising countenance, "out of respect to your father, and my old intimacy with Lord Bladderskate. Otherwise, by the *Regiam Majestatem!* I would have presented a petition and complaint against Daniel Dumtoustie. Advocate, by name and surname—I would, by all the practiques!—I know the forms of process; and I am not to be trifled with."

My father here interrupted my client, and reminded him that there was a good deal of business to do, as he proposed to give the young counsel an outline of the state of the conjoined process, with a view to letting him into the merits of the cause, disencumbered from the points of form. "I have made a short abreviate, Mr. Peebles," said he; "having sat up late last night, and employed much of this morning in wading through these papers, to save Alan some trouble, and I am now about to state the result.

"I will tell it myself," said Peter, breaking in without reverence upon his solicitor.

"No, by no means," said my father; "I am your agent for the time."

"Mine eleventh in number," said Peter; "I have a new one every year; I wish I could get a new coat as regularly."

"Your agent for the time," resumed my father; "and you, who are acquainted with the forms, know that the client states the case to the agent—the agent to the counsel———"

"The counsel to the Lord Odinary, the Ordinary to the Inner House, the President to the Bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire ——"

"Hush, for heaven's sake, Mr. Peebles," said my father, cutting his recitation short; "time wears on—we must get to business—you must not interrupt the court, you know.—Hem! hem! From this abreviate it appears———"

"Before you begin," said Peter Peebles, "I'll thank you to order me a morsel of bread and cheese, or some cauld meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision; I was so anxious to see your son, that I could not eat a mouthful of dinner."

Heartily glad, I believe, to have so good a chance of stopping his client's mouth effectually, my father ordered some cold meat; to which James Wilkinson, for the honour of the house was about to add the brandy bottle, which remained on the sideboard, but, at a wink from my father, supplied its place with small beer. Peter charged the provisions with the rapacity of a famished lion; and so well did the diversion engage him, that though, while my father stated the case, he looked at him repeatedly, as if he meant to interrupt his statement, yet he always found more agreeable employment for his mouth, and returned to the cold beef with an avidity which convinced me he had not had such an opportunity for many a day of satiating his appetite. Omitting much formal phraseology, and

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many legal details, I will endeavour to give you, in exchange for your fiddler's tale, the history of a litigant, or rather, the history of his law-suit.

* * * * * *

My brain was like to turn at this account of lawsuit within lawsuit, like a nest of chip-boxes, with all of which I was expected to make myself acquainted.

"I understand," I said, "that Mr. Peebles claims a sum of money from Plainstanes—how then can he be his debtor? and if not his debtor, how can he bring a multiplepoinding, the very summons of which sets forth, that the pursuer does owe certain monies, which he is desirous to pay by warrant of a judge?"

"Ye know little of the matter, I doubt, friend," said Mr. Peebles; "a Multiplepoinding is the safest *remedium juris* in the whole form of process. I have known it conjoined with a declarator of marriage. Your beef is excellent," he said to my father, who in vain endeavoured to resume his legal disquisition; "but something highly powdered—and the two-penny is undeniable; but it is small swipes—small swipes—more of hop than malt—with your leave I'll try your black bottle."

My father started to help him with his own hand, and in due measure; but, infinitely to my amusement, Peter Peebles got possession of the bottle by the neck, and my father's ideas of hospitality were far too scrupulous to permit his attempting, by any direct means, to redeem it; so that Peter returned to the table triumphant, with his prey in his clutch.

"Better have a wine-glass, Mr. Peebles," said my father, in an admonitory tone, "you will find it pretty strong."

"If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the quire," said Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. "What is it, usquebaugh?—BRANDY, as I am an honest man! I had almost forgotten the name and taste of brandy.—Mr. Fairford elder, your good health (a mouthful of brandy)—Mr. Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking (another go-down of the comfortable liquor),—And now, though you have given a tolerable breviate of this great lawsuit, of whilk everybody has heard something that has walked the boards in the Outer-House, (here's to ye again, by way of interim decreet,) yet ye have omitted to speak a word of the arrestments."

"I was just coming to that point, Mr. Peebles."

"Or of the action of suspension of the charge on the bill."

"I was just coming to that."

"Or the advocation of the Sheriff-Court process."

"I was just coming to it."

"As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think," said the litigant; and then filling his goblet about a quarter full of brandy, as if in absence of mind, "Oh, Mr. Alan Fairford, ye are a lucky man to buckle

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to such a cause as mine at the very outset! it is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the Regiam, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye'll find a spice o't. Here's to your getting weel through with it—Pshut—I am drinking naked spirits, I think. But if the heathen be ower strong we'll christen him with the brewer, (here he added a little small beer to his beverage, paused, rolled his eyes, winked, and proceeded,)—Mr. Fairford—the action of assault and battery, Mr. Fairford, when I compelled the villain Plainstanes to pull my nose within two steps of King Charles's statue, in the Parliament close—there I had him in a hose-net.—Never man could tell me how to shape that process—no counsel that ever selled wind could condescend and say whether it were best to proceed by way of petition and complaint, *ad vindictam publicam*, with consent of his Majesty's advocate, or by action on the statute for battery *pendente lite*, whilk would be the winning my plea at once, and so getting a back-door out of Court.—By the Regiam, that beef and brandy is unco het at my heart—I maun try the ale again (sipped a little beer); and the ale's but cauld I maun e'en put in the rest of the brandy."

He was as good as his word, and proceeded in so loud and animated a style of elocution, thumping the table, drinking and snuffing alternately, that my father abandoning all attempts to interrupt him, sat silent and ashamed, suffering and anxious for the conclusion of the scene.

"And then to come back to my pet process of all—my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, whilk was the very thing I wanted—Mr. Pest, ye ken him, Daddie Fairford? Old Pest was for making it out *hamesucken*, for he said the Court might be said—said—ugh!—to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of hamesucken is to strike a man in his dwelling-place—mind that, young advocate—and so there's hope Plainstanes may be hanged, as many has for a less matter; for, my Lords,—will Pest say to the Justiciary bodies,—my Lords, the Parliament House is Peebles's place of dwelling, says he—being *commune forum*, and *commune forum est commune domicilium*—Lass, fetch another glass of whiskey, and score it—time to gae hame—by the practiques, I cannot find the jug—yet there's twa of them, I think. By the Regiam, Fairford—Daddie Fairford—lend us twal pennies to buy sneeshing, mine is done—Macer, call another cause."

The box fell from his hands, and his body would at the same time have fallen from the chair, had not I supported him.

"This is intolerable," said my father—"Call a chairman, James Wilkinson, to carry this degraded, worthless, drunken beast home." (P. 313—318.)

We offer this extract, not as a specimen of Redgauntlet, but as

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furnishing decisive evidence that the transcendant powers of this writer are not impaired by time or use, however they may be abused by headlong precipitation or disreputable rapacity.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE'S PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.*

This is certainly a most extraordinary book. Or perhaps we should rather say, that the writer is a most extraordinary person. His title-page does not explain half his merits, a fault of modesty not very usual with travellers. From the gulf of Finland to the Peninsula of Kamtchatka, a longitudinal extent of 135°, was but half his peregrination. He set out from Dieppe, in the year of our Lord 1820, and arrived at Ostrovnoi, a village in the most northern part of Siberia, about 20° from the north-east coast of America, before the end of the eleventh month, having thus performed a tour of nearly half the terrene globe! We think it is Puck who promises to "put a girdle round the earth," but this, it would appear, is no great feat for a fairy: had Captain Cochrane had the power of spinning a thread from his own body, like a spider, he, though a mere mortal of sizeable dimensions, and without wings (for aught we know to the contrary), might have actually done half at least what the ouphe only promised to do. But even the latter statement of our author's performance does him very inadequate justice: to give the reader some idea of its real magnitude, we will exhibit an outline of the journey in as few words as possible. From Dieppe, through Paris, Berlin, Petersburgh, and Moscow, he penetrated to Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia. From thence he directed his course southward to Ubinsk, on the borders of China; and from thence again, inclining northwards, to Irkutsk on the Baikal Lake, about the middle of Asia. From Irkutsk he passed along the river Lena through Yuketsk and Lashiversk to the Frozen Ocean, near Shelatskoi Noss, the interval between which and Cape North (about 5°) is the only coast of the old world which has never yet been traversed. This, as we have said before, is near the extremity of Asia, approaching the New Continent. From the Frozen Ocean our pedestrian again turning his back upon the North Pole, travelled downwards to Okotsk, and crossing the gulf of that name, visited Kamtchatka. After having surveyed the whole length of this peninsula, he again crossed to Okotsk, and passing a second time through Irkutsk, (from which latter town he makes a retrograde movement upon the Chinese territory,) he returned

* Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamtchatka; performed during the Years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, by Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R. N. Murray, London, 1824. Small, Philadelphia.

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through Tobolsk and Moscow to Petersburgh, exactly three years and three weeks from the time he had been there before. Our readers have only to look at their maps to acknowledge the extraordinary length of this journey, the greater part of which was performed on foot, through a wilderness of snow. They may, perhaps, be tempted to inquire of us the motive which prompted this extensive undertaking. Was it business or science?—No; the author is a captain in the royal navy, and for science, he professes his utter ignorance of it. Were the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty at the bottom of the business? Or the Missionary Society? Or the Royal Society?—No; none of them. Was it *love?* the reader will ask, in despair of conjecturing a more reasonable motive, and well knowing the immoderate lengths to which that passion will carry us? To this query (improbable as it might seem) we are not equally prepared to return the simple negative, inasmuch as it appears that our author was really "netted" (as he himself declares)—in Kamtchatka! But it is more than likely that even here we might have ventured a denial, our author's lady never having visited England till after his marriage with her, being in fact a native *Kamtchatdale.* The book itself indeed supplies an answer to this riddle to which we cannot but allow some plausibility; we beg leave to give it literatim;—(speaking of his departure from Petersburg,) "The night was beautifully clear, though rather cold from the effects of a northern breeze; while the moon was near her full. I looked at the beautiful luminary, and actually asked myself whether I were, *as had been asserted,* under the baneful influence of that planet." Captain Cochrane is, however, as well as we can judge, as far perhaps from a genuine madman, as any of those who call him so; he is certainly a little eccentric in his disposition, and this, probably combined with a jot of vanity, in being the first to accomplish such an adventurous journey, really might have developed itself in a promenade of fifteen thousand miles, or so, without any external inducement. However this may be, he is at least a man of an inextinguishable thirst for experimental knowledge, and of an incorrigible propensity towards locomotion, in proof of which his own words may stand: "After such a journey I might be supposed cured of the spirit of travelling, at least in so eccentric a way; yet the supposition is far from the fact, for as I am conscious that *I never was so happy as in the wilds of Tartary,* so have I never been so anxious to enter a similar field as at this moment."

Except as a biographical curiosity, however, the Narrative can scarcely be considered either profitable or amusing to the reader. Those who are very inquisitive, or those who look with an eye of science towards farther discoveries in the yet partially-known regions of the north, those also who are at the head of governments, (especially the Autocrat of the regions themselves,) might peruse

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this volume, and derive from it some instruction; but to the general reader, from the uniformity of its details, and their insignificance, it would after a few pages become tedious and oppressive. This we are aware, is more chargeable upon the scene itself, which is little else than a boundless tract of invariable desolation, without any peculiar phenomena to characterise it, than to the writer; but however good an excuse this may be, it is certainly no recommendation. The table of contents alone is enough to frighten a common reader from the contents themselves; it is made up (wholly) of the names of places,—such a hideous catalogue of unpronounceable words, as we never saw brought together before in a given space, except on the map itself.

The whole interest of the volume centres in Captain Cochrane individually,—the hardships he suffered, the privations he endured, the obstacles he overcame, the dangers he escaped. Of some of these, the following passages afford good illustrations.

On the 9th day I started for Zashiversk, distant forty miles, the first twenty of which was by a rising path, until I reached the greatest elevation of a lofty mountain, with some peril and more difficulty. The scene reminded me of my journey across the sandhills at the back of Vera Cruz, with this difference only, that the gale, generally attending both, obscures in the one instance the atmostphere with sand, and in the other with snow; in both no traces of a path can long exist if there be any wind. The snow lay from four to six feet deep, and our situation was at one time extremely dangerous, being completely ignorant which way to turn; not the smallest vestige of verdure was to be seen, and, except a few crosses (another resemblance to Vera Cruz), which were sure to receive the offering of the Yakuti, consisting of horse-hair drawn from the tail or mane of horses, in token of their gratitude for safe arrival at the summit, nothing was visible. I left this desert of snow, and rapidly descended the north-east side of the hills, enjoying the magnificent winter scene which gradually opens to view. I soon reached the banks of the Chouboukalah, and the more considerable Galanima, and then along a well-wooded valley, gained the rapid Indigirka just at the point where the latter falls into it; not long after which I entered the town of Zashiversk.

Of all the places I have ever seen, bearing the name of city or town, this is the most dreary and desolate; my blood froze within me as I beheld and approached the place. All that I have seen in passing rocky or snowy sierras or passes in Spain, in traversing the wastes of Canada, or in crossing the mountains in North America, or the Pyrennees, or the Alps, cannot be compared with the desolation of the scene around me! The first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, the half-way house, is nine hundred or one thousand miles removed from a civilized place.

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Such a spot gives name to a commissariat, and contains seven habitations of the most miserable kind, inhabited severally by two clergymen, each separate, a non-commissioned officer, and a second in command; a post-master, a merchant, and an old widow. I have, during my service in the navy, and during a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant ship with sixteen guns, and only fifteen men; but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants.

* * * * * * * * * *

Fish is fine and most abundant, and constitutes almost the only support of the *numerous* inhabitants. There is not a blade of grass near the place, and no horses are kept nearer than thirty miles; so that there is no little difficulty in bringing the hay which maintains a couple of cows. The planner or proposer of this site for a town might deserve punishment, but certainly less than that of being made its perpetual commander. I remained three days, living in a state of luxury to which I had, of late, been a stranger. Hares, wolves, bears, wild rein-deer, and elks, which abound here, were my ordinary food; foxes, which are also in great plenty, are here used as food. Bear and wolf meat I found good when very hungry; rein-deer I found a delicate diet; but elk I think surpasses every thing I have tasted, having all the nutriment of beef, with all the delicate flavour of the rein-deer. (P. 220—223.)

In order to understand what our author means by the "luxury" of bear and wolf-meat, it is necessary to be informed that *horse-flesh* was a common edible with him and the demi-savages his escort. But it would be erroneous to suppose from this, that our author is insensible to the pleasures of good eating; nay, he sometimes indulges a style of panegyric upon this subject, which might fairly indict him as an Epicurean: "Spite of our prejudices, (says he,) there is nothing to be compared with the melting of *raw-fish* in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly in the world, is nothing to it. I myself have finished a whole fish, which in its frozen state might have weighed two or three pounds, and with *black biscuit*, and a glass of rye brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal." We suspect these luxuries would have wanted much of their gratefulness, had they not been served up in a medium, proverbial for its effect in rendering the most unsavory viands palatable, to wit—the sauce of hunger. Marrow, warm from the fore-feet of a rein-deer, is also enlarged upon by our traveller, as one of the greatest delicacies in nature; and *stone butter* (an earthy substance called by the Russians Kamenoye Maslo) is another dainty in his Siberian bill of fare. Indeed the inhabitants of the country where such kickshaws are fashionable, appear to be *bon vivants* of no ordinary description; we much question, if the giant of hasty-pudding celebrity, might compete with a native Yakut or Tongouse in powers of deglutition,

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At Tabalak I had a pretty good specimen of the appetite of a child, whose age (as I understood from the steersman, who spoke some English and less French) did not exceed five years. I had observed the child crawling on the floor, and scraping up with its thumb the tallow grease which fell from a lighted candle, and I inquired in surprise whether it proceeded from hunger or liking of the fat. I was told from neither, but simply from the habit in both Yakuti and Tongousi of eating whenever there is food, and never permitting any thing that can be eaten to be lost. I gave the child a candle made of the most impure tallow,—a second,—and third,—and all were devoured with avidity. The steersman then gave him several pounds of sour frozen butter; this also he immediately consumed; lastly, a large piece of yellow soap,—all went the same road; but as I was now convinced that the child would continue to gorge as long as it could receive any thing, I begged my companion to desist.

As to the statement of what a man can or will eat, either as to quality or quantity, I am afraid it would be quite incredible; in fact, there is nothing in the way of fish or meat, from whatever animal, however putrid or unwholesome, but they will devour with impunity, and the quantity only varies from what they have, to what they can get. I have repeatedly seen a Yakut or a Tongouse devour forty pounds of meat in a day. The effect is very observable upon them, for from thin and meagre looking men, they will become perfectly pot-bellied. Their stomachs must be differently formed to ours, or it would be impossible for them to drink off at a draught, as they really do, their tea and soup scalding hot (so hot, at least, that an European would have difficulty in even sipping at it), without the least inconvenience. I have seen three of these gluttons consume a rein-deer at one meal; nor are they nice as to the choice of parts; nothing being lost, not even the contents of the bowels, which, with the aid of fat and blood, are converted into black-puddings.

For an instance in confirmation of this, no doubt, extraordinary statement, I shall refer to the voyages of the Russian admiral, Saritcheff. "No sooner," he says, "had they stopped to rest or spend the night, than they had their kettle on the fire, which they never left until they pursued their journey, spending the intervals for rest in eating, and, in consequence of no sleep, were drowsy all the next day." The admiral also says, "That such extraordinary voracity was never attended with any ill effects, although they made a practice of devouring, at one meal, what would have killed any other person. The labourers," the admiral says, "had an allowance of four poods, or one hundred and forty-four English pounds of fat, and seventy-two pounds of rye-flour, yet in a fortnight they complained of having nothing to eat. Not crediting the fact, the Yakuts said that one of them was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day, or

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twenty-four hours, the hind quarter *of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink.* The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for that purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds, and although the glutton had *already breakfasted,* yet did he sit down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot: and, except that his stomach betrayed more than an ordinary fulness, he betrayed no sign of molestation or injury, but would have been ready to renew his gluttony the following day." So much for the admiral, on the truth of whose account I place perfect reliance. (P. 212—214.)

If the reader should at any time happen to be benighted in the midst of winter, upon a shrubless waste or a sandy desert,—he might perhaps, be glad of Captain Cochrane's recipe for making up a good bed, and obtaining a comfortable night's rest, under these circumstances: "I took off my shoes, hat, and jacket, and, taking a spare flannel waistcoat and drawers which I had fortunately retained in a bundle, with a dry pair of worsted stockings, with this I made myself *a bed,* putting my feet into *my hat,* and pointing them towards the wind, and my shoes under my head *for a pillow;* then lying down and drawing my jacket over my shoulders, I slept very soundly." His invention of a *horse-shoe fire,* when the necessity occurred of sleeping *in snow,* is also worthy of remembrance; the reader may gather some hints from the following narration, if ever he should think of posting through Siberia in search of adventures:

The Yakuti then with their axes proceeded to fell timber, while I and the Cossack with our lopatkas or wooden spades cleared away the snow which was generally a couple of feet deep. We then spread branches of the pine tree, to fortify us from the damp or cold earth beneath us: a good fire was now soon made, and each bringing a leathern bag from the baggage, furnished himself with a seat. We then put the kettle on the fire, and soon forgot the sufferings of the day. Yet the weather was so cold that we were almost obliged to creep into the fire; and as I was much worse off than the rest of the party for warm clothing, I had recourse to every stratagem I could devise to keep my blood in circulation. It was barely possible to keep one side of the body from freezing, while the other might be said to be roasting. Upon the whole, I slept tolerably well, although I was obliged to get up five or six times during the night to take a walk or run for the benefit of my feet. While thus employed, I discovered that the Yakuti had drawn the fire from our side to theirs, a trick which I determined to counteract the next night. I should here observe, that it is the custom of the Yakuti to get to leeward of the fire,

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and then undressing themselves, put the whole of their clothes as a shelter for one side of their bodies, while the other side receives a thorough roasting from exposure to the fire; this plan also gives them the benefit of the warmth of their own bodies. The thermometer during the day had ranged from 20° to 25°, according to the elevation of the sun.

The following day, at thirty miles, we again halted in the snow, when I made a horse-shoe fire, which I found had the effect I desired, of keeping every part of me alike warm, and I actually slept well without any other covering than my clothes thrown over me, whereas before I had only the consolation of knowing that if I was in a freezing state with one half of my body, the other was meanwhile roasting to make amends.

(P. 206, 207.)

The imperturbable serenity with which he appears to have encountered the several disasters of his journey, is at once both ludicrous and astonishing. At Tosna in Russia, he was seized by ruffians, who dragged him by the collar into a forest, bound him to a tree, took from him his watch and money, leaving him at the same time "almost as naked as he came into the world." Upon this occasion he gravely observes: "To pursue my route to Tzarko Selo would indeed be alike indecent and ridiculous, but being so, and there being no remedy, I made therefore 'forward' the order of the day; having first with the remnant of my apparel rigged myself *à l'Écossoise*, I resumed my route. I had still left me a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one, which I tied round my waist in such a manner that it reached down to my knees: my empty knapsack was restored to its old place, and I trotted on even with a merry heart." He adds, that upon being offered a change of raiment by his Excellency General Woronzoff (whose servants taking him probably for a lunatic had shut the door in his face), he declined it, considering his thin dress as "*peculiarly becoming*." This gayety, whether the result of philosophy or constitution, never deserts him, even in the most uncomfortable situations. Adventures which another traveller would have ordered his printer to emphaticate with italics and a note of admiration, he relates with a degree of simplicity and *naïveté* excessively amusing. Thus after having quitted Pogost, he says,—"Being too jaded to proceed farther, I thought myself fortunate in being able to pass the night in a *cask!* Arrived at Paulovo, &c." At Barnaoule likewise: "The governor had at first taken me for a Rashcolnick (*a Polish exile*) from my long beard and longer golden locks; notwithstanding I wore at the same time a long swaddling gray nankeen coat, and a silken sash round my waist, but indeed *so great a buck* had I become of late that I hardly knew myself:" Again too: "In journeying along the river my horse twice fell under me upon his broadside, yet without injury

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to me, as I used no stirrups, my feet hanging at liberty for the sake of *kicking the horse's side to keep me warm.*" And a little after,—" Having well *refreshed* ourselves with the flesh of a *bear* and a *horse*, which had the day before fought each other to death, we departed, &c." At forty miles, or three in the afternoon, *we drank tea in a bush*, &c."

The journey from the Frozen Ocean to Okotsk was, perhaps, the most perilous ever undertaken and performed by any European traveller. Two thousand miles, stretching across lofty mountains of ice, large overflowed marshes, half frozen lakes, impetuous rivers, and forests almost impervious, were measured by this undaunted sailor. He remained forty-five nights exposed to the snow, from the drifting of which it was often impossible to keep alive a fire,—and five days without food, the other seventy which it took to perform this journey being chiefly supported on *horse-meat.* In crossing the Okota on a raft of his own making, our author had to contend with difficulties sufficient to make a man of less stubborn intrepidity think it the easiest method of subduing them to lie down at once and die; but by a combination of prudence and temerity, which belongs perhaps to the character of a British seaman alone, he finally extricated himself,—only indeed to plunge into other adventures equally rash and hazardous. To crown his pedestrian errantry, he resolved to cross from Okotsk to California in America, for the purpose of exploring (alone and on foot) the desolate regions of that vast continent; and was only prevented from pursuing this, we must say, Quixotic scheme, by not finding a vessel which might carry him over. We are only surprised that he did not provide himself with a pair of Mr. Kent's newly invented slippers for walking on water, and thus attempt to cross the Pacific Ocean without further ceremony. Truly the old Russian mineralogist at Nertchinsk who told him that ere long he expected to hear of his "arrival in the moon," had chalked him out a track not a little prefigurative of what his friends seem to hint will be his ultimate destination.

The Siberians, contrary to general opinion in England, would appear from Captain Cochrane's Narrative to be a happy, and on the whole a *moral* people. The number of *criminals* is very small, though the policy of colonization induces the government to swell the number of *exiles*, by pronouncing a sentence of banishment for every slight misdemeanour. Of their progress towards civilization, wealth and power, he speaks in very sanguine terms. Their mines, he asserts, will shortly rival those of Peru in value; and the salubrity of their climate, internal resources, and increasing population and trade, will render them one of the most powerful nations on earth.—The Lancasterian System, it seems, is in full play, as also the English Missionary System, but with very different success: education is spreading rapidly; whilst in the three years that they have been

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zealously employed there, the Missionaries have failed to convert *one individual.* Hospitality is a distinguishing feature of the Russ and Siberian character; in travelling from Moscow to Irkutsk (a route of six thousand miles) our author's expenses did not amount to *a guinea.* Extraordinary as it may appear, he found the natives of this ice-bound country less able to defy cold than he; while they were enveloped in furs, he wore nothing but a light dress of nankeen or leather. Their powers of enduring bodily fatigue are also by no means wonderful; we hear our author crying out in almost every second page, for a "*fresh* Cossack" to accompany him.

On the other hand, the Kamtchatdales are described as a most wretched, oppressed, demoralized, and vanishing race of creatures. Their numbers are now diminished to about four thousand, afflicted with an epidemic scrofula, the fruit of one immoral disease, (from which scarcely a single individual is free,) combined with their indolence, poverty, filth, and perpetual inebriety.

For the Port Folio.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Before we proceed to notice the contents of the number of the North American for July 1824, we shall take the liberty to make a few remarks on the general character and spirit of this Journal. It cannot be denied that there are brought to its execution considerable talent and research, that it contains much useful information, and that its general effect is valuable and creditable to the country. Yet independently of occasional faults in sentiment or style, the general defect of the work is, that it is too cold and scholastic. It smells too much of the lamp. The drawing is ordinarily correct, but there is a want of warmth and richness of colouring. If we take up the Edinburg or Quarterly, and it is impossible not to recur to works of which the North American is a palpable imitation, we are carried at once *in medias res;* we seem to be talking with scholars who are at the same time statesmen and men of business: the attention to language or style is subordinate in the interest inspired by the subject. But in the North American we are too often oppressed with the labour of the writer, and seem to be listening to the lectures of a pedagogue, instead of the frank remark and earnest conversation of one who is versed in his subject and regardless of minor points of language. Let our writers correct this: let them be less timid of their opinions, and their language, less fastidious in words and syllables. Let them lay aside their heavy armour, and enter the field disencumbered of the load which now stiffens and oppresses them. In modern times, even the heavy armed corps have given

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up the cumbrous armour of the age of kighthood, and manœuvre with infinitely more alacrity and effect.

We shall now take a passing notice of the topics which are treated in the number for July 1824.

The first is *A Sketch of a System of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. Part.* 1. *comprehending the Physiology of the Mind. By Thomas Brown, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburg.* This article exhibits a view of the new doctrines of *Brown* in a science which till lately was called metaphysics, but which is now, it seems, to be termed, the philosophy of the mind. Change its name as you will, it still remains open to the remark, (which the reviewer combats,) that it is a science of little practical use, and more fit for the schools than for common life. It is from this circumstance that its unpopularity of late years has arisen. The reviewer shows that he has studied *Brown* carefully, and presents a good analysis of his doctrines. But he has now and then lost himself in the bewildered mazes of his own science. As an instance we quote the following passage, from the review, as in our apprehension bordering near upon the mawkish and ridiculous. "It is no small thing to direct a man's attention to *himself*: yet this is effected by the very sight of a book on the mind." p. 2. A marvellous effect indeed! which, if true, would certainly induce every wise man to have some such book permanently on his mantle, or table, as the best memento for the study of the golden motto "know thyself." Again. Is not some "metaphysical aid" requisite to comprehend the following phrase? "A spice of metaphysics in a man's mind is a very good thing: in *some* writers a slight mixture of it has made *many* an author popular," p. 10. In professed critics there can be no excuse for such blunders.

> Let such teach others who themselves excel,
> And censure freely who have written well,

says Pope, and the advice holds good now as it did in the reign of queen Anne.

Art. II. *Ruins of Pæstum, Athens, and other poems.* These are the productions of an American poet, and should have received an earlier attention. The first of these poems was published as early as 1822. Why are so much labour and time often devoted to foreign books, and the works of Americans suffered to pass neglected for years? We think the reviewer might have judiciously employed more of his space in selections from these poems. The slight extracts from them which he presents, are not sufficient to give an idea of their merits.

Art. III. *Letters from Paris, on the causes and consequences of the French Revolution.* By William C. Somerville. There is a good deal of valuable information and sensible remark in this article; with some passages which are liable to animadver-

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sion. How does the following passage comport with history and truth? "While now," (about the year 1780) "the government of England had served for *two centuries* as a monument of the tranquillity and glory which are secured by free institutions," p. 50. Admitting the position that the institutions of England can now be considered as free where neither the monarch nor the nobility is chosen by the people or any portion of them, nor is the supreme authority amenable for any abuse of power;—what pretensions had the government of England to this character in the year 1580, during the reign of Elizabeth, or for a long period after? An English writer, who had no leaning against the *Stuarts*, tells us that "the increase of the power of the star chamber, and the erection of the high commission court in matters ecclesiastical, were the work of her reign. She also kept her parliaments at a very awful distance; and in many particulars she, at times, would carry the prerogative as high as her most arbitrary predecessors." How very remote the acts of her "arbitrary predecessors" were from any similitude to free institutions, need hardly be stated.

> To savage laws and savage beasts a prey,
> And kings, more furious and severe than they;
> Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
> The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.
> What could be *free* when lawless beasts obey'd?
> And e'en the elements a *tyrant* sway'd.
> What wonder then a beast or subject slain,
> Were equal crimes in a *despotic* reign, &c.
>
> *Pope's Windsor Forest.*

It might further be remarked that this passage of the Review is not correct in another sense. The age of *Elizabeth* which endured till 1603, though an age of glory, was far from being entitled to the character of "tranquillity." Fierce and formidable wars raged during almost the whole of it. If the succeeding epochs are examined they equally disprove the assertion. On any subject, but most especially one of so much importance to the welfare of mankind as that of government, it is inexcusable thus to confuse the lights of historical truth.

Art. IV. *Boccacio's Decameron.* This article is headed by the title of an Italian edition of Boccacio's Decameron, printed at Milan in 1803. It is a pleasing view of the life and writings of this author, with some notices of Petrarch, and other revivers of classic literature in the 14th century. Some of the remarks are rather superficial, but we shall not stop to notice them. It is one of those closet concoctions to which we have already adverted, and might well have been spared in an *American* Review, since every thing relating to the subject can so easily be found by a reference to one of the standard works on Italian literature.

Art. V. *The Natural History of the Bible; or description of the Quadrupeds, Birds, &c. mentioned in the scriptures. By*

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Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D. 1820. A plain and concise view of the contents of this volume. If a book is worth reviewing however, we do not see why a specimen of it should not be given. The reviewer may take the main discourse to himself, but it would have been gratifying to have seen a little of *Dr. Harris* too.

Art. VI. *Faux's Memorable Days in America.* Another of the English book-making travellers, whose vanity, egotism, and falsehood, are here amply exposed, and properly chastised. The report upon the Quarterly is also in many instances well managed, and upon the whole this article does credit to the Review and merits the perusal of Americans. Yet there is in it a short passage which appears to us unfounded. Speaking of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," the reviewer says it "grew out of the idea of accounting for the origin and progress of christianity by mere human means," &c. p. 117. This is the first time we have heard such a cause assigned for Gibbon's great undertaking, and we doubt it. In the interesting life of Gibbon, written by himself, he mentions the occasion when the idea of composing his history occurred to him, and if we remember right, it was whilst he was contemplating the ruins of Rome. We rather think the work had a different origin from the one assigned, and, that the idea of accounting for the origin and progress of christianity by mere human means, was an incident, that resulted from the period of time of which he treated.

Art. VII. *Watterston's Course of Study.* Well written, but rather fanciful in some respects. The writer undertakes to enumerate the peculiar reasons why classical learning should be cultivated in the United States, and mentions as one reason, that several nations in Europe have remaining among them monuments of architecture and sculpture, which serve as "visible witnesses" of the character of Greece and Rome in their best days, while in this country, we possess none of their works of embellishment. The existence of a few statues, or ruins of public buildings, or even whole cities exhumated like Pompeii from the ashes of centuries, could go but a little way to supply to Europe the knowledge of the character, or greatness of the ancients, if their books were suffered to perish. To be sure these relics, in a few of the countries of Europe, might convince the spectator that there have existed such minds as those of Phidias and Praxitiles: but what notion does a decayed temple, or the wreck of a Roman bridge, or an Apollo Belvedere, give us of a Homer, a Cicero, or a Tacitus? Who on contemplating the ruins of Palmyra has been able to fancy the existence and productions of a Longinus, from a view of these splendid remains? Such flights might do for poetry, or holyday declamations, but they should be struck from the pages of a sedate and manly review. We are glad however, to have the testimony of the North American Review in favour of classical learning, though it be feebly uttered. This branch of

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education is too much undervalued in our country; and the name of the late Dr. Rush is frequently cited as an authority against its utility. We remember the argument which he published on this subject, and are willing to concede that it is written with some plausibility. But it ought to be known that the writer failed to convince himself; at least we are entitled to draw such an inference from the fact that he pursued an opposite course in the economy of his own family.

Art. VIII. *A general description of Nova Scotia, illustrated by a new and correct map.* Useful and unpretending.

Art. IX. *Wheaton's edition of Selwyn's Nisi Prius.* Mr. Wheaton deserves well of his profession for his talents and industry, and obtains, it is believed deservedly, the honourable mention of the Review. But is it not rather hyper-approbatory to say of him, that he "would have performed an acceptable service to the profession if he had merely presented a new edition of Selwyn, with the corrections and improvements of the last London edition?" This task we believe is not beyond the powers of any ordinary printer, and surely could be considered as no "acceptable service" from a gentleman of learning and eminence in the profession.

Art. X. This view of the former state of the Spanish colonies, contains much information, which we have read with interest and pleasure. We find nothing to censure but much to praise in the industry and talent displayed by the critic.

Art. XI. *The Wilderness, or Braddock's Times. The Spectre of the Forest, or Annals of the Housatonic.* By Dr. M'Henry. These vapid and puerile novels are among a host of imitations to which the brilliant success of the author of "the Spy" has given rise. To hold them up to ridicule is no difficult task, and this writer succeeds in the sport completely. Our only doubt is whether the game is not too small for the notice of the North American. Perhaps it may be necessary to stoop to the punishment of such outrages against common sense and the national literature, lest we should be suspected of being accomplices in them.

There is a circumstance connected with this Article which is not unworthy of being recorded. The author of the novels, here reviewed, is the editor of an *American Magazine*, published in this city. The Number for August, of that publication, contains an essay on Modern Criticism, in which the conductors of Journals in this country,—*the recently adopted home of the editor*,—are characterised, with a few exceptions, as too stupid to perceive merit in the candidates for literary fame, or too malignant to acknowledge it. Among these exceptions, the North American is mentioned and extolled for its fairness and utility. Unfortunately for the future renown of the *Review*, the Number now under consideration arrived in Philadelphia before the Magazine was published, and furnished our novelist, in his XIth article, with

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what he considered sufficient grounds for withdrawing the meed which he had so generously awarded in his "leading essay." Forthwith he indited another, ingenuously declaring that "when he committed that compliment to paper, he was far from expecting that he should so soon have occasion to change the opinion which dictated it." He then proceeds to dwell upon the "decisive and melancholy proof," afforded by this criticism on his works, that the North American "is no longer that honest, impartial and able journal," &c. An "excellent and intelligent inhabitant of this city," is next invested with "a becoming scorn and indignation," and arrayed in the guise of a correspondent, to vindicate the numerous "excellencies" of the novels, and attest their wide-spreading popularity, not only in this country but in London. This intrepid champion forgot that the amusement of baiting an author, has been recognized as lawful in all ages, and that the unlucky wight who resists will excite neither sympathy nor compassion. The critics most assuredly, will

> Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
> Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out. Shakspere.

Art. XII. *Debate on the Tariff Bill.* We like this article, not on account of its sentiments, for we are far from being convinced by them, but because it takes up something that immediately concerns us. There is more of reflection and argument, and less of that laborious collocation of words of which we have complained in the outset. A single dissertation like this, on a subject in which we are all concerned, is worth a whole folio of compilation on Italian writers of the fourteenth century, who are now almost forgotten and have long been deservedly neglected. Admitting that the doctrines asserted in an essay on a subject of immediate interest be erroneous, they stimulate inquiry, and inquiry gives rise to collision, which, in turn, produces truth.

THE JEWS.

The following observations respecting that extraordinary people, are extracted from the introduction to a work, written by the celebrated Jew King, of usurious notoriety, intitled, *Dissertations on the Prophecies.*

The verification of the prophecies has convinced those who have considered them of the divine origin of the Jewish religion; and many men of note have become converts to its creed. There are frequent recent instances of such conversions, but in ancient times they were much more numerous; proselytes in other religions may have interested motives for their apostacy, but, in a religion so precise and austere, there is little sensual attraction. It must be pure faith, and a conviction of its truth, that induces a conversion to the Jewish religion; it is difficult to observe its te-

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nets; it has many ceremonials, and requires constant devotion; so many worldly sacrifices must be made by its votaries, that would rather deter than invite proselytes; they are oppressed by all nations, but their suffering is the remainder of the punishment of their captivity, and a confirmation of the prediction; what has already happened is a pledge for the further accomplishment of the prophecies.

* * * *

The Jews cannot intermarry with people of a different religion, they cannot eat of their viands, and therefore they don't incorporate with them; but this separation renders them hated by other nations; they attribute to an unsocial, unfriendly disposition, what is ascribable to the injunction of their laws; they reject honours that would interfere with their religion and offices, and occupations incompatible with it; unwilling to emerge from the state to which their religion binds them, regardless of honours, of which other nations are solicitous, their forbearance has been mistaken for exclusion, and increased their enemies' contempt; their commencement was under a theocracy, and they would forfeit their existence rather than relinquish the divine government.

* * * * *

Though they are the primitive lords of the earth, though they have been dispossessed of their territory, their titles abolished, their property despoiled, and their dignity sullied, and they have no mode of subsistence but commerce, their genius, which is the sole resource left them, abundantly evinces how superior would be its operation in a better sphere of action. The contempt and abhorrence borne them is an incitement to the wrongs that are done them; the edicts against them are implications of impunity to their oppressors, and are disgraceful records of the injustice and intolerancy of the country where they were exercised; they have no protection but in their caution, they traffic with timidity and wariness, their fears rouse their acuteness, and their acuteness and suspicions augment the hatred; they are enjoined by their law to love their neighbours, but they have every neighbour's enmity to encounter, which neither mildness can mollify, nor subtlety elude; it must be a faith supported by supernatural firmness that can endure the utmost worldly evils that can be inflicted, rather than relinquish tenets that incur such vengeance.

* * * *

A nation so distinct from any other, a people so separate and isolated always have excited hatred. In the time of Honorius and Theodosius, Roman emperors, the christians massacred the Jews in their synagogues; and when the prefect of the city came to quiet the tumult, the furious monks called him an idolator, heathen, and unbeliever, and stoned him for his humane interposition; they threatened death to all those who favoured the Jews or pleaded for toleration.

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Hypatia, daughter of Theon the philosopher, a lady of prodigious talents, great meekness and chastity, being suspected of discountenancing these disgraceful outrages, was assailed by a mob (headed by one Peter a lecturer,) was seized and dragged out of the carriage, was led to a church, and in that sanctuary the pretty unhappy maiden was stripped, her beauteous body barbarously mangled and burnt to ashes.

* * * * *

Bishop Newton has justly said, that the preservation of the Jews through so many ages, and the total destruction of their enemies, are wonderful events, and are made still more wonderful by being signified before-hand by the spirit of prophecy, as is particularly denoted in the prophet Jeremiah; 'Fear not thou, O Jacob, my servant, saith the LORD, for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make an end of thee.' The preservation of the Jews is a signal, and illustrious act of DIVINE PROVIDENCE; they are dispersed among all nations, and not confounded with them; the drops of rain that fall, and the great rivers which flow into the ocean, are mingled and lost in that great and immense body of water; and such would have been the fate of the Jews in the ordinary course of nature; they would have been mingled and lost in the common mass of mankind, but they flow in all parts, blend with all nations, and yet are religiously and civilly separate from all; they still remain in their faith a distinct people; they are unable to live conformable to their laws; they nowhere elect their own magistrates, nowhere exercise the whole of their religion; intolerance restrains them; they are checked, bruised, and contemned, yet they are wonderfully saved; they bound from oppression, and like their ancetors, Moses in the bull-rushes, or Daniel in the lion's den, human power is frustrated, and there is no destroying whom GOD chooses to preserve.

Their solemn feasts and sacrifices are limited to one certain place, and that has been for many ages in the possession of strangers and aliens, who do not permit them to resume their station; though so dispersed they continue separate; the northern nations have come in swarms into the more southern parts of Europe; but where are they now to be discerned and distinguished? The Gauls went forth in great bodies to seek their fortunes in foreign parts, but what footsteps or traces of them are remaining anywhere? In France, who can discriminate the race of the ancient Gauls, from the divers other people who have settled there? In Spain, who can separate Spaniards, Goths and Moors, who alternately conquered it? In England, who can ascertain which are original Britons, or Danes, or Saxons, or Romans, or Normans? The most ancient and honourable pedigrees can only be traced to a certain period, and beyond that there is nothing but conjecture and uncertainty, obscurity and ignorance: but the Jews go

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beyond all other nations, they can deduce their genealogy from the beginning of the world; after the destruction of their archives and records they cannot discriminate particular families, but they know they sprang from their patriarch and prince Abraham; yet the contempt and persecution they every where encounter, one would imagine, would make them incorporate with other nations, and deny their original; but they profess it, glory in it, persist in it, and prefer it to life. After so many massacres, how could they be so numerous and continue separate, but by that POWER which they acknowledge, and of which nothing can deter their adoration, or discourage their confidence?

PROVIDENCE is equally demonstrated in vengeance on their enemies; the Egyptians held them in bondage many years, and were destroyed in an extraordinary manner; the Assyrians carried away captive ten tribes, and afterwards the Babylonians carried away the remaining two tribes, of Judah and Benjamin; and the Romans frequently massacred or banished them from their dominions; but where are now these potent monarchs that oppressed GOD's people? The Egyptians, Assyrians, and Babylonians, were overthrown by the Persians, and the Persians restored the Jews; the Syro-Macedonians were destroyed by the Romans, and the Roman empire was dissolved by the northern nations; yet the Jews are extremely numerous, adhere as firmly as ever to their religion, and are still distinct.

* * * * *

Moses's order for observing the Sabbatical year was a striking proof of the divine mission, for if he had not known by preternatural communication that the sixth year would produce sufficient for three years, the ordinance would have starved his community.

* * * * *

A religion essentially different from all others has excited the jealousy and hatred of all nations, and all nations are inimical to the Jews; the books which are extant are inoffensive, they are not strictures on other religions, they are not lures to attract converts, they are chiefly explanations of their tenets and rites, yet the abhorrence of their adversaries is not abated; even in the country where liberty is so much vaunted, laws exist against them which are a stigma to its jurisprudence, and a satire on its pretended philosophy.

* * * * *

It is a wonderful instance of the immutability of the Mosaic law, that the dispersion of the Jews over all the earth has not effected a change of it; the Israelites of Rome, of England, Germany, Turkey, Persia, &c. have incessantly professed the same law, no schism has made question of the ten commandments.

* * * * *

It seems difficult to ascertain the infallible sign of a miracle,

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for all the operations of nature are wonderful, and would be deemed miraculous if they were uncommon.

* * * * *

When a phenomenon is announced, and it happens, the prediction is prophetic: extraordinary deviations from nature's course were called in aid of the prophet's prediction, and the prediction was verified; the prophet predicted events 3,000 years before their accomplishment, in the wide globe extensive to the remotest parts; in all regions and amidst all nations, dispersed and scattered Jews are every where found; quiet, humble, and scarcely respected among nations; this faithful people are fixed in the unshaken exercise of their religion; persecution has not exterminated them, nor deterred them from the observance of the laws for which they suffer; the tyrants who oppress them without a consciousness of it, are fulfilling the prophecy; replete with crime, they are instruments of divine vengeance, and will perish after its execution; the fidelity of repentant Jews will be requited, and their promised restoration be infallibly effected.

* * * * *

The divine decree that the law given to the children of Israel should stand for ever, is infallible; not a tittle of the Bible is varied, every sublunary production is subject to change and vicissitude, this supernatural ordinance maintains its pre-eminence. The Jews of Asia, Europe, or India, wherever this wandering nation has been driven, the same identical law is professed. The Scripture is eternal and unchangeable, and the people uniform and inflexible; some missionary Jesuits penetrated into China, and there to their amazement they discovered a vast congregation of Jews, they were ignorant of Europe, or of the existence of European Jews; the Jesuits obtained a copy of their five books of Moses, they brought it to Europe, and found it a correct copy of the five books in use at the Synagogues.

Many nations meditated their total destruction, they have waded through their own blood to every region of the globe: oppressed, defenceless, and degraded; no country to shelter them; no potentates to protect them; no encouragement or comfort but an unbroken mind, that is sustained by him in whom they believe, and their firm reliance on a future deliverance from this deplorable state. 'And yet for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, nor will I abhor them to destroy them utterly, and to break my covenant with them, for I am the LORD their GOD:' and Jeremiah said, 'For I am with thee, saith the LORD, to save thee; though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet I will not make an end of thee, but will correct thee.'

* * * * *

And thou shalt be an astonishment, a proverb and a by-word, amongst all nations whither the LORD shall lead thee." Their

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character is proverbial, all nations have designated them, they are reproached and vilified wherever they inhabit; the bard who has amazed and fascinated his readers, did not disdain to sully his pen in the general calumny; to increase the overwhelming odium, and gratify a popular prejudice, he transposed characters; and to please a fanatic rabble made his inhuman usurer a Jew; the original tale on which he founded his dramatic composition had made him a christian thirsting for the Hebrew's blood; but Shakspeare, the flatterer and parasite of Elizabeth, was again the parasite to the people. He had idolized the Tudors, the ancestors of his queen, and he embittered his keen pen in strengthened gall to swell the enmity against a depressed people; the flashes of his lightning mind, his irresistible censure and impetuous eloquence corroborated an insuperable prediction; his exuberant genius knew no restraint, a spirit that had explored all the labyrinthian windings of human nature, had neglected the cultivation of another knowledge, or he would have hesitated at assuming a malignant office that incurred so fatal a penalty.

* * * * *

Their numbers excite no courage, their riches no enterprise; whatever is their increase of population, whatever their political influence, or physical strength, it incites no movement. If Jerusalem was depopulated, and all the potentates of the earth inviting them to repossess the territories of their ancestors, they would reject the solicitation; the object of their ardent prayers, the summit of their fondest hopes will be ungratified, till a signal from Heaven convinces them, that the period of their redemption is arrived; no human suggestion can stimulate them, a divine impulse must rouse them; they were possessed of Jerusalem by miracle, and they wait another miracle for their restoration."

For the Port Folio.

CORPORATE RIGHTS.

Defence of the Orleans Navigation Company before the Supreme Court, in the suit instituted against them by Scire Facias, pursuant to a resolution of the Legislature of the state of Louisiana. By James Workman of counsel for the defendants, with the opinion of the Court annexed. New Orleans, 1822.

In the present extension of corporations through the different parts of the United States, for the improvement of interior navigation by means of canals, to which the bold and magnificent undertakings in New York, Pennsylvania, and other states have led, whatever concerns the interest of these institutions, possesses importance in the eyes of the public. What are the powers of the Legislature in establishing these corporations, how far they are affected by any constitutional provisions, when the judiciary are au-

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thorised to declare them void or their privileges forfeited, to what extent they are congenial with or opposed to the spirit of our republican institutions; are all subjects in which large numbers feel a deep concern, and are all touched upon in the pamphlet now before us.

In 1805, the Governor and Council of the territory of Orleans, exercising the legislative power therein, granted a charter to the Orleans Navigation Company for rendering navigable the Bayou St. John and the canal of Carondelet leading from Lake Ponchartrain towards the city of New Orleans. In the prosecution of this undertaking the company expended the sum of 375,000 dollars, and a passage which before the organization of the company as it is stated, was hardly navigable for vessels of 20 tons was rendered completely practicable for large vessels of 150 tons. In the words of the counsel, the company "removed all the bars and sandbanks, and cleared away all the obstructions to the navigation of the bayou St. John, dug a noble canal in the place of the almost dry ditch, miscalled the canal Carondelet, scooped the deep and spacious basin now crowded with the large well-freighted vessels of various nations; and added at least 50 per cent. on an average to the value of a large portion of the real property of the city. In this they expended the whole capital of 200,000 dollars and all the tolls received for several years. And finally they demanded somewhat more than half the tolls which the law allowed them to take."

In this state of things the legislature of Louisiana, influenced perhaps by reasons which do not appear in this pamphlet, passed the following resolutions:

1. "Whereas, doubts are entertained of the constitutional validity and obligation of a certain charter granted by the governor and council, to the Orleans Navigation Company, by an act, bearing date the 3d day of July, 1805;

2. "And whereas, numerous complaints of repeated violations of said charter, by said company, have, from time to time, been made by the good people of Louisiana, and others navigating the waters of Lake Ponchartrain;

3. "And whereas, highly favoured monopolies and exclusive privileges are, in their nature, adverse to and incompatible with the genius and spirit of a free people; tending, manifestly, in their oppressive operations, to the alienation of the affections of the citizens for their government; and whereas, it is expedient, and at all times desirable, that the people should distinctly understand their rights, as well as the nature and interest of corporate institutions, existing under the colour of legal authority."——

And then, the legislature proceed to authorise and require the attorney-general to issue out a *scire facias*, to ascertain the points stated at the opening of this argument.

"First; the constitutional validity of the charter of the Orleans Navigation Company; and secondly, whether the same, if constitutional, be not forfeited by reason of the nonfeasance and malfeasance, the illegal and oppressive actings and doings of the said company."

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In May, 1832, the Supreme Court gave judgment in favour of the defendants.

On the part of the state some positions were taken which are indeed of an extraordinary character; but too palpably unfounded to call for much observation from the court, or to demand much reply from the counsel for the defendants. Mr. Preston, for instance, insisted first, That congress have no power to govern the territories of the United States and their acts for the government thereof are null. Second, That even if they had that power, they could not delegate it to the governor and legislative council of the territory of Orleans, from whom the charter was derived.

It was further contended for the state, that

"If the governor and legislative council of the territory of Orleans were constitutionally established, they were restrained in the exercise of their legislative powers, to rightful subjects of legislation; and that, in granting the charter now attacked, they transcended those limits, and did not act on a rightful subject of legislation."

To this Mr. Workman answers in the following satisfactory language:

If, to improve the inland navigation of a country, be not a rightful subject of legislation, I know not what is one. I think it is among the fittest subjects upon which legislative wisdom and power can be employed.

Of all laws, the most important, perhaps, are those which secure the lives, the persons, the reputation, the civil and religous liberties, and the political power of the citizen; for those laws form the best foundation of his independence, and dignity, and enjoyments, as a moral being. In the second degree, I should place those laws which increase his intellectual pleasures, and promote his intellectual improvement; those laws which encourage literature and the liberal arts and sciences; those which favour the establishment of schools and colleges, libraries, theatres, and philosophical societies. The next in excellence, are the laws which administer to the physical wants and comforts of the people; those laws which advance agriculture or manufactures, or give life to commerce; those which provide for the formation of roads, bridges, canals, or any other means of internal improvement.

The law before you, belongs, in relation to its final objects, to the last class; but the means it contemplates for obtaining them, have such a connection with science, as entitle it to a higher rank. The art of inland navigation is, in fact, one of those by which free and enlightened nations are more particularly distinguished from those which are enslaved, or barbarous, or imperfectly civilized. What art more useful, more noble, more entitled to legislative encouragement, than that which enables man to drain the marsh, to fertilize the desert, to command the rocks to disappear and the mountains to open, to facilitate the commercial intercourse and multiply the means of subsistence and comfort of a whole community? The legislature of this territory were invited, by the state of the country itself, to the subject of inland navigation. Nature has done so much for us, in intersecting our almost level soil, with innumerable rivers and bayous, that we can easily improve her bounty. We have no rocks to blast, no mountains to perforate, no expensive locks to erect; we have only to clear away, deepen, extend, and unite the channels of water communication already so abundantly provided for our convenience."—P. 36—38.

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It was also insisted that the bayou St. John was public property, free and common as a public high-way for the use of all the people of the United States: but the charter had violated this public right. By the ordinance for the government of the North Western territory it was declared "that the navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence shall be common highways and for ever free as well to the inhabitants of the said territory as to the citizens of the United States and without any tax, impost, or duty therefor. So by an act of 3d March, 1811, all navigable rivers and waters in the territories of Orleans and Louisiana shall be and remain forever public highways. And, by the acts of congress, to enable the people of the territory of Orleans to form a constitution, &c. and for admitting the state of Louisiana into the union, it shall be taken as a condition upon which Louisiana is incorporated into the union, that the river Mississippi and waters leading into the same, and also the Gulf of Mexico shall be common highways and for ever free, &c. without any tax, duty, impost, or toll therefor, imposed by the state. In answer to this argument Mr. Workman observes,

"Nothing more is intended than to declare, explicitly, that the waters in question shall be public highways, and not private ways, for the use of any particular person or persons exclusively. This is clearly proved by limiting the exclusion of all taxes, duties, imposts or tolls, to those which might be imposed by the said *state*. Never could it have been the intention of congress to prevent the new states from clearing, improving, and extending any of the navigable, or partly navigable waters, which God had given them, or from forming new channels of navigation: nor to prohibit them for ever from effecting those purposes by the most reasonable, the most effectual, and the most usual means; that is, by the agency of joint stock corporations, to be indemnified by tolls, paid by those who should profit by their labours. The grand object of the ordinance. and of all the laws in question, was to provide for the establishment of states, and permanent governments therein; and for their admission to a share in the federal councils, on an equal footing with the original states, at as early a period as might be consistent with the general interest—See the last paragraph of the *3d section of the Ordinance*. 1. *Martin's Dig*. 192. Could congress then have contemplated to deprive these new states of a means of internal improvement, prosperity and opulence, employed by every one of the old states, whose local situation and other circumstances, allowed them to avail themselves of its advantages? Congress never entertained such an invidious and illiberal disposition. We shall presently show, with respect to our own particular company that they have not only recognised, consented to, and approved of our charter, but have afforded us their generous aid in furtherance of our operations.

The bayou St. John, alienated! The bayou St. John not a public highway! Not free and open to all the citizens! Every one who will use his eyes, may be convinced of the contrary. That bayou, which, before the establishment of the Orleans Navigation Company, was an unsafe, obstructed, miserable channel, is now a great public highway for the vessels of all nations; and we have made it so. That bayou which was formerly shut up and occluded by bars, and sand-banks, and innumerable other embarrass-

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ments, we have opened and made free; really free for the use of all who choose to navigate its waters. Where one vessel could navigate it heretofore, a hundred, a thousand vessels may navigate it now. It is as free as it was possible for art to make it.—The navigation of that stream, of almost vital importance to our now populous city, can no longer be monopolized by the lime-boats and pirogues which formerly managed, though not without great risk and labour, to force their way through its shallow, encumbered channels. And this may be the real cause of the outcry set up by certain persons against our enterprizing, public-spirited institution. They find that their wretched craft cannot maintain any competition with the fine, large, well-rigged, well-manned vessels, which we have enabled to sail from the lakes into the heart of the city. They cannot bear to behold the bayou "ploughed by bolder prows than theirs;" and they know, that if our company were destroyed, the navigation of that stream would soon be deteriorated to its pristine state, when they might again possess the same monopoly of it which they enjoyed in the good old times.

The learned counsel's notion of a public highway, free to all the world, is like that of a certain worthy Hibernian, concerning a free port. On arriving with his ship at New York which, he was assured, was, like all the ports of the U. States, a free port, he was utterly astonished to find that he was obliged to pay a tonnage duty on his vessel, impost duties on his goods, and wharfage besides for the liberty of landing them on the quay. After all this, he was not so much surprised when he went to the Fly-market, which he heard was a public market, free and open to every one, to learn that he could obtain nothing there without paying for it."—p. 47—50.

"It is further maintained," (says Mr. W.) "that the toll granted by the 9th section of our charter, is in violation of that article of the constitution of the United States, which declares, that the "congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states;" and of that article, which provides, that "all duties, imposts and excises, shall be uniform throughout the United States;" and of that article also, which ordains, that "no preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one state over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to or from one state, be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another." But it is clear, at the first view, that the provisions and restrictions of those clauses, are applicable, exclusively, to the exercise of the legislative powers conferred on congress. It never before was contended or supposed that any of those clauses could be so construed as to restrain a state from authorising toll canals, or any similar establishment, for the *bona fide* purpose of improving its agriculture or commerce.

"There is yet one more objection to the constitutional validity of the 9th section of our charter. It is alleged that the imposition of the tonnage duty, as it is called, which that section allows us to demand, is in violation of the provision of the 10th section of the 1st article of the federal constitution; that "no state shall, without the consent of congress, lay any duty of tonnage;" and it is asserted, that our charter has never received the consent of congress.

"To investigate this objection thoroughly, let us first inquire, whether the toll in question is really such a tonnage duty as the constitution contemplates? A duty is a tax or impost raised by a state for the use of its government. A toll, on the contrary, signifies a payment, in towns, markets and fairs, for goods and cattle bought and sold. It is a reasonable sum of money due to the owner of the fair or market, upon the sale of things tollable

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within the same, 2 *Inst.* 220. Tolls were granted to the corporation of the city of Carlisle, for all commercial goods passing in and out of the city, on horses, or in carts or wagons. 5 *East's Rep.* 2. Tolls may be claimed by grant or prescription, by a town, for such a number of beasts, or for every beast that goeth through their town; or over a bridge or ferry maintained at their cost; which is reasonable, though it be for passing through the king's highway, where every man may lawfully go, as it is for the ease of travellers that go that way. *Terms de Ley*, 561—562. This toll must be for a reasonable cause, which must be shown, *viz.* that they are to repair or maintain a causeway, or a bridge, or such like. *Cro. Elix.* 711. Of this last kind is the toll in question. It is granted to us for the just and reasonable cause of improving and maintaining the navigation of certain waters. It is allowed as an indemnity, or, if you please, as a remuneration for monies laid out and services performed.—Again, the constitution says, "no *state* shall, without the consent of congress, lay any duty of tonnage." But our toll is not laid by any state, but by a corporation, authorised by a state legislature, or which amounts to the same, by a legislature having for that purpose, the power of a state legislature. It is, in fact, authorised by the state, inasmuch as our state constitution provides, that "all laws now in force, in this territory, not inconsistent with this constitution, shall continue and remain in full effect until repealed by the legislature.—*Schedule, sec.* 4. In this case, no tax or duty, of any kind, is positively established by law, although a toll is permitted, eventually, to be established by our charter. The toll emanates from a corporate power. The corporation may authorise or not authorise it, and may select the purposes to which the proceeds are to be applied. This corporation is a being intended for local objects only: all its capacities were limited to the improvement of the inland navigation of our territory. Its ordinance, imposing a toll, is a bye-law, and not a state law. This distinction between a public law, authorising a corporation to raise money, in a particular manner, and the bye-law by which the corporation exercises the authority thus given to it, was taken and sustained in the remarkable case of *Cohens* vs. *the state of Virginia*, 6 *Wheat. Rep.* 445."—p. 52—55.

The following pleasant retort deserves preservation.

"The counsel, towards the conclusion of his speech, was kind enough, in a gracious, relenting mood, to say: "We are not claiming the vested property of the company. Let them keep and use that in the exercise of their constitutional powers. We are contesting their right to demand property, or which is the same thing, money from us." Many thanks to the learned gentleman, for the intended favour!—He only means to take from us our tolls, our revenues, the only interest or return we can ever have, or expect to have, for our money, and then he will leave untouched our property; our capital, which is already laid out and expended for the public benefit, and gone forever! His beneficent intention, in this respect, reminds me of the goodly project of a certain Scotch economist, for expunging the national debt of Great Britain. Feeling, or pretending to feel, some qualms of conscience at a scheme of public robbery so extensive, ruinous and attrocious, this scrupulous enemy of exclusive rights and privileges, proposed that nothing but the *interest* of the debt should be abolished, and that the national creditors should be left at fu' leeberty to take a' their vest'd capitol—*whare'er they cou'd find it.*—p. 68—69.

Our limits do not permit further extracts from the argument of Mr. Workman, though the whole of it deserves perusal, as well for

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the chasteness of its style as for the solidity of its legal positions. The points discussed are not of common occurrence, and are interesting from the growing importance of all questions of constitutional law, and from the vast concerns embraced in their discussion. That there are evils attending the establishment of corporate institutions there is no doubt: but at the same time the necessity and utility of them in promoting extensive objects of public welfare is so manifest, that their good effects overbalance their evil; and this, in the condition of humanity is as much as can be said of almost any object of human pursuit. Individuals are not competent to the vast achievements of constructing turnpikes and cutting canals: and states, if they have the pecuniary means, are not capable of exerting that vigilance, economy, and uniformity of design, without which every attempt must be unsuccessful or wasteful. But whatever may have been the motive to granting a charter, when once granted, and costly expenditures have been incurred on the faith of it, an attempt to take it away on some of the grounds set up on the part of the state in this proceeding would be calculated to excite alarm, were it not that the judiciary is a tribunal which coolly examines on the justice and constitutionality of such measures, and decides without fear and without reproach. Any abuse of a charter may constitute a distinct and very just ground of forfeiture; but nothing of the kind appears to have been imputable to the Orleans Navigation Company.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

On the death of Madame de Chatelet, and in the first burst of his grief, Voltaire, had an interview with the *widowed husband*, extremely affecting to both parties. Voltaire, on this occasion, ventured to beg back the ring, which Madame de Chatelet had always worn. "You are not ignorant of the friendship which existed between us," said the afflicted lover to the afflicted husband; "and that ring, so constantly worn, you are perhaps already aware, contains *my picture*."

"I have witnessed your friendship," said the Marquis de Chatelet, "and I know the ring you allude to. As you observe, she never parted with it; but, to confess the truth, it is not *your* picture that it contains!—*that* picture was instantly replaced by *mine!*" The tears of Voltaire ceased to flow! he demanded proofs of this *treason* to friendship and to love. The ring was sent for, the secret spring was touched, the enamel flew open, and the picture of the young, the chivalrous St. Lambert stood confessed, in all the imposing superiority of youth and military glory. The philosopher closed the spring, and returned the ring to the mourning husband.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

KIDDYWINKLE HISTORY.—No. I.

Where is the man who has not heard of that ancient and honourable town Kiddywinkle—a town boasting of, according to the last census, no fewer, than two hundred and forty-seven inhabitants, and rendered immortal by containing the ashes of a Saxon monarch? I shall never forget the moment in which I first visited the market, and wandered round the streets of this venerable place. An urchin of seven years old, who had never previously waddled out of the village, seven miles distant, in which I had been reared, every step was enchantment, and awe, and amazement. The crowd in the market, which seemed to comprehend the whole world—the newly oiled boots, (some were actually glossed with blacking,) and the well brushed Sunday coats of the farmers—the dashing gowns and bonnets of the farmers' daughters—the stalls almost broke down with oranges, gingerbread, and other delicacies—the shop windows displaying a dazzling, though fantastic admixture of sugar-candy, ribbons, soap, muslins, and woollen-drapery—the gorgeous signs of the ale-houses—the sloops and barges on the canal—the mighty piles of coals and timber—the houses of the gentry, which, from their size, brilliant doors and window-shutters, curious knockers, and a thousand other wonderful things, seemed to be palaces—absolutely overpowered me. I seemed to be some insect, which had accidently crawled into a superior world. I doubted whether it was lawful for me to stare at the shop windows, or to mix myself up with the great folks in the market; and I even deemed it would be sacrilege to tread upon the two or three flag-stones, which were here and there laid before the doors of people of fashion; therefore, whenever I approached them, in my perambulations, I reverently strode into the mire, to avoid them. It would have been scarcely possible, at that time, to have convinced me, that any other place on earth equalled Kiddywinkle.

Although my head is not yet gray, many years have passed over it since that happy moment. I have, in these years, with something of the eccentricity and velocity of the comet, shot across every circle of society, except the upper ones, without appearing to be destined to move in any, and with scarcely a single friendly satellite to accompany me. I have been whirled through lowliness, and ambition, and splendid hopes, and bitter disappointments, and prosperity, and calamity, and everything else, save ease and happiness; until, at last, I have been placed as far out of society, as a man well can be, to live in it at all; and left with scarcely any other employment than that of ruminating on the past, and preparing for the eternity which hangs over me. A long line of years of sleepless effort and anxiety—of years which, in relation

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to myself, teemed with great events, and singular vicissitudes—stand next me in the retrospect, and still they can neither obliterate, nor shade what childhood painted on my memory. In gazing on the scenes of manhood, I see only a mighty mass of confused, though striking, lights and shadows, which alternately make me mourn, smile, shudder, blush, and boast; but, in looking at what preceded them, I see a series of distinct pictures, abounding, no doubt, in the simple and the grotesque, but still alike lovely in their tints, and delightful in their subjects. I love to look at myself, as I strutted about on the first day of my being deemed worthy of wearing jacket and trowsers—as I fought my innumerable battles with the old gander, although they not seldom ended in my discomfiture and flight—as I puffed away, on that memorable occasion, when I took liberties with my grandmother's pipe in her abscence, and was found by her rolling about the floor in a state of complete intoxication, to her infinite consternation and anger—as I drank from her lips the first prayers I could utter, and put my endless questions to her respecting that Deity, who has since so often been my only friend—as I pored over the histories of Tom Hickathrift and Jack the Giant Killer, until my breast throbbed with the wish to imitate these valorous persons—and, above all, I love to dwell on my first visit to Kiddywinkle. It was one of the grand events of my infancy; it introduced me to a new world, and it first called into action that ambition, which, although it has often enough led me through disaster and torture, has not finally forsook me, without leaving me something to be proud of. Would that I could remember the many sage remarks that I made to my companion, in viewing the wonders before me on this great occasion! They would, no doubt, have been a rich treat, but, alas! they are among the things that have left me for ever.

The Nag's Head has been, time immemorial, the principal inn of Kiddywinkle. It is the only one which displays, in letters of gold, "Neat Post Chaise," and "Wines," to the eyes of the public. To it, on market and fair days, ride all the gentlemen farmers and their sons—the privileged men, who wear white neckcloths and superfine, or, at least, fine Yorkshire, coats; while the humbler farmers and other villagers reverentially pass it to quarter themselves upon The Plough, The Black Bull, and The Green Dragon. To it, the rank and fashion of Kiddywinkle scrupulously confine themselves, when business or pleasure calls them to a place of public accommodation; while the lower orders as scrupulously shun it, to carry themselves and their money to the less exalted taps of the rival houses. It monopolizes all the gentlemen travellers, and the traveller gentlemen, all the justice meetings, and is, in truth, a house of extreme gentility. It is not, however, the whole inn, but only a certain small parlour which forms a part of it, to which I wish to give celebrity.

From causes which it will not be difficult to divine, Kiddywinkle

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boasts of no theatre, concert-room, or other place of evening amusements. The distinctions between the various classes of society are maintained in that ancient place, with a rigour which is unknown in the metropolis. Mrs. Sugarnose, the grocer's spouse, would be eternally disgraced, were she to drink tea with Mrs. Leatherleg, the wife of the shoemaker; and Mrs. Catchfool, the attorney's lady, could not, on any consideration, become intimate with Mrs. Sugarnose. The very highest class never, perhaps, comprehends more than five or six families; and these keep themselves as effectually secluded from all below them, with regard to social intercourse, as they would be, if an Atlantic rolled between them. They are, in general, exceedingly friendly with each other; but then there are weighty reasons which render it highly inexpedient for the heads—the masters—to mingle much together at each other's houses. These heads, though excessively aristocratic and refined, are ever slenderly endowed with income; for, from some inexplicable cause, plentiful fortunes never could be amassed at Kiddywinkle, or be attracted hither from other parts. For the ladies and children to visit each other is no great matter; a cup of tea tastes only of sixpences; but were the gentlemen to dine and sup with each other it would be ruinous. The eatables are nothing, even though the table boast of something beyond family fare; but the liquids—the wine and spirits—sdeath! golden sovereigns are swallowed every moment. A compact, therefore, constantly exists among the gentlemen, in virtue of which, they never entertain each other, except at that season of universal entertainment, Christmas. Man, however, in spite of pride and poverty, is a social animal. That which is inexorably withheld by scorn of inferiors and limited finances, is abundantly supplied to the aristocracy of Kiddywinkle, by the snug, comfortable, and venerable little parlour of the Nag's Head. Thither they repair every evening of their lives, to regale themselves with a cup of ale, or a glass of brandy and water, as inclination and funds may will; and to taste of joys, less gaudy and exciting, perhaps, than those of costly entertainments, but infinitely more pure and rational.

The Rev. Andrew Smallglebe, Docter Manydraught, and the three Esquires, Spencer Slenderstave, Leonard Littlesight, and Anthony Ailoften, constituted, a few years since, the tiptop circle of Kiddywinkle, and, of course, they were the sole evening occupants of the little parlour at the Nag's Head. Mr. Smallglebe was the vicar, and he enjoyed an income of two hundred and forty-six pounds per annum. He had passed his sixty-seventh year, and was, in person and disposition, the very reverse of those portraits, which mankind are taught to regard as the only correct likenesses of beneficed clergymen. He was in stature considerably below the middle size, and he was exceedingly slender, even in proportion to his limited altitude. His head was, indeed, somewhat larger, his face more round and fleshy, and his shoulders a little broad-

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er, than exact symmetry warranted; but then his legs and thighs—they could scarcely stand comparison with a walking-stick. His gait harmonized with the lightness of his form, and was as elastic and nimble as that of the boy of thirteen. The circular, plump, pale face of Mr. Smallglebe, did but little justice to his soul. His forehead was reasonably capacious, but still it did not tower into dignity;—his eye was large, but not prominent; steady, but not peircing; dark, but not expressive; perhaps it lost much in effect from displaying an inordinate portion of the white—his mouth was wide, and his chin was little; and greatly drawn in. The heaviness and vacancy of his countenance were, no doubt, a little heightened by his long, straight coarse hair; and they were rendered the more remarkable by the light boyishness of his figure. Mr. Smallglebe, however, had many good qualities, and some great ones.—His heart was all tenderness and benevolence, but, unfortunately, its bounty streamed as profusely upon the unworthy, as the worthy. He had never mixed with mankind, and he had never been the world's suppliant, or dependent; the few mortals that he had seen had been friends seeking his society, or the needy imploring his assistance, and they, of course, had exhibited to his eyes nothing but desert and virtue. While he had thus seen nothing of mankind's depravity, his spotless conscience and unextinguishable cheerfulness, magnified into the superlative, the little that he had seen of its assumed merit, and he would believe nothing that could be said of it, except praise. In his judgment, the rarest thing in the world was a bad man, or a bad woman; and if the proofs that such existed happened to force themselves upon him, he could always find as many provocatives and palliatives for the guilt, as well nigh sufficed to justify it. He was a man of considerable genius and reading, and, in the pulpit, he was eloquent and popular; but while his pathos melted all before it, and his appeals to the better feelings were irresistible; he never remembered that it was his duty to grapple with the sinner, and to repeat the threatenings to the impenitent. Out of the pulpit, Mr. Smallglebe was a universal favourite. His artless, simple, mild, unchangeable, and benevolent cheerfulness spread an atmosphere around him, from which all who entered it drank solace and happiness. His conversation charmed, not by its brilliancy or force; but by its broad, easy flow—its intelligence, warmth, purity, and benevolence. Base as the world is, it was not possible for the man, who was every one's friend, to have an enemy, "He is the best little man that ever breathed!" was the character which every tongue assigned to Mr. Smallglebe. Those who robbed him under the pretence of soliciting charity—those who laughed at his good nature, and credulity—those who despised his profession—and those who even forced him into opposition and contention, all joined in ejaculating the eulogy.

Mr. Smallglebe, nevertheless, had his failings; these will, per-

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haps, appear in the course of this history, but I have not the heart to make them the subjects of intentional enumeration. I knew the man, and loved him. Of the multitudes with whom I have come in contact in my eventful life, he was one of the few, whose hearts never could stoop to what men ought to be ashamed of. The recollection of his virtues has stifled the curse on my lips, as in my hours of agony it has been falling on my species. When I look back on the baseness which I have been doomed to witness in human nature, I remember him, and my misanthropy vanishes; for I then know that the world still contains some who are good and honourable. We have parted to meet no more on earth, but I shall only forget him when I leave the world for ever.

Doctor Manydraught had for many years practised as a physician at a neighbouring sea-port, with considerable success. He was a tall, huge, eccentric, boisterous, hot-headed person, whose faculties were of the most diminutive description. Why the outrage was offered to nature, of making a medical practitioner of such a man, instead of a dragon, is a matter too hard for me to explain. How he obtained patients, is not, perhaps, so incomprehensible. Egotism is to most men far more serviceable than merit, although many have not the art, or the nerve, to give it at all times the air of credibility. Doctor Manydraught was a prodigious egotist; and he thundered forth his own praise with such marvellous command of mien—with such triumphant assurance and energy—that you found it almost impossible to doubt, or to think that any other physician could safely be trusted. He was never at a loss, and he was never in despair. The patient, sick from excess of health, just affected him as much as the dying one; and the latter could scarcely fail, even at the last hour, of gathering hope from his bold, bright eye, and harsh, dauntless features. The sick, and their friends, therefore, shrunk from the doubting man of skill, to cling to the courageous prescriber, of no skill whatever; and while the former pined from lack of practice, the latter lived riotously upon a profusion of fees. Doctor Manydraught long led a life, equally busy and merry. He killed unmercifully, and yet never wanted victims; he drank and wenched immoderately, and still the means never ran short. At length, when he reached the fiftieth year of his age, and the seventieth of his constitution, his health failed, his spirits sank, his boasting degenerated into bullying, patients fled, fees vanished, and starvation frowned in the horizon. He acted with his usual decision, and with far more than his usual wisdom. He saw that his loss was irrecoverable, that want was at hand, and he immediately announced his determination to retire from business, converted his little property into an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and settled himself at Kiddywinkle. His change of residence was a masterly piece of policy, for it saved him from a tremendous fall in society; nay at his new place of abode, notwithstanding his reduction of income,

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he was a greater man than he was before. All Kiddywinke eagerly listened to, and devoutly believed his accounts of his wonderful cures—his exalted connexions—his transcendent merits—and Doctor Manydraught was deemed to be something more than man. He was constantly picking up dinners, half guineas, and even guineas, by means of advice; certain of old friends were continually sending him hampers of wine, and casks of brandy, and he thus lived almost as sumptuously as ever.

The father of Spencer Slenderstave, Esquire, converted himself in a brilliant manner, from a washerwoman's bare-footed urchin, into the chief tailor of Kiddywinkle. He amassed wealth, determined that his son should follow some exalted calling, and therefore apprenticed him to the greatest haberdasher in the county. Spencer was tall, sickly, and emaciated as a boy, and he was the same as a man. His constitution and temper were naturally bad, and his ignorant parents rendered them incurable by indulgence. When a child, his frequent fits of illness procured him excessive supplies of barley-sugar, plum-cake, and everything else that his fancy called for; and this not only rendered the fits more frequent, but bribed him to counterfeit them, the more especially as his word was never doubted. He was therefore generally ailing, always complaining, and eternally stuffed with the food of ailments. He was naturally selfish, cold-blooded and covetous, vain, peevish, and pettish; and he was rendered doubly so by the reverence with which his parents met his wishes and ill-humour. The boys hooted him from their society for his effeminacy and bad temper, and he thus grew up to fourteen with his mother, whom he treated as his slave, for his chief associate, and with the gratification of his propensities for his chief employment. At this age, he was a slim, bent, woful-looking boy, clad in a grotesque combination of foppish finery, and great-coats, and comforters, and exhibiting much of the solemn, antiquated air, and possessing almost all the odious habits of the bachelor of seventy. During his apprenticeship, Mr. Slenderstave secluded himself as much as possible from society, because those with whom he came in contact would neither treat him with reverence, nor administer to his caprice, without return. He betook himself to novels and light poetry for amusement, poetized largely, and even published in a provincial paper divers dolorous elogies descriptive of his own miseries. His bondage expired, and he, of course, went to spend his year in London, where he naturally became a highly finished dandy. His father died and left him two thousand pounds, whereupon he determined to commence business immediately, although he was greivously perplexed where his shop should be opend. He had now become, in his own judgment, a man of exceedingly fine taste, and he read and rhymed more than ever. His reading was strictly confined to the fine, the romantic, and lackadaysical; and it effectually convinced him, that a man of refined feelings could be happy nowhere except among

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daisies, cowslips, and primroses, blackbirds, purling streams, and shady bowers. Kiddywinkle was the place; it was both town and country; and accordingly a spacious shop was taken at Kiddywinkle. Into this shop Mr. Slenderstave thrust a most magnificent and costly stock; every way suited to his own brilliant taste, and every way unsuited to the wants and funds of the only people who were likely to become purchasers. The ladies, high and low, of Kiddywinkle, the farmers' wives, the labourers' wives, and the servant girls of the whole surrounding country, were all thrown into raptures by the sight of Mr. Slenderstave's fine things; but then, after duly admiring what they could not afford to buy, they went elsewhere to expend their money. This told much against his success as a tradesman, and his own conduct told as much against it. He was now a very fine gentleman. He lounged into his shop every morning at eleven in an elegant undress, just gazed over his empty shop and idle shopmen, and then lounged back again to deliver himself of a sonnet, to devour the beauties of the last publication of the Cockney school, or to prepare himself for ruralizing in the green fields until dinner time. He kept a delicious table, and dressed in the first fashion. As was to be expected, the stock account at the end of the first year wore so hideous a face, that Mr. Slenderstave cursed trade one hundred and fifty times, and vowed that he would abandon it, then and for ever. He did abandon it; he took lodgings, and fashioned himself into a gentleman in calling, as in everything else, with an income of about seventy-five pounds per annum. Mr. Slenderstave, of course, could not possibly mingle with any but the first people of Kiddywinkle, and these were for some time extremely loath to admit him into their society. Independently of his ignoble birth, and of his having just straggled out of a shop, his dandyism, arrogance, and silliness rendered him insupportable to the great of Kiddywinkle.—He, however, plied the ladies incessantly. He dilated to them on silks and laces—copied for them the fashions from the newspapers—recited to them the beauties of Barry Cornwall—eulogised their taste—made verses on their charms—and dressed so divinely, that at length Mrs. Smallglebe pronounced Mr. Slenderstave to be an excessively learned, accomplished, genteel, and fine young man. This was sufficient, and he at once took his place in the little parlour at the Nag's Head. At the moment when the other frequenters of this parlour were sketched, he was about forty-five. A tall, slight, jointless, nerveless, spectre-looking person, no one could look on Mr. Slenderstave without seeing that he was kept alive by drugs and cordials. His sallow, fleshless face was immoderately long and angular, and it exhibited a rare combination of ghastliness, conceit, melancholy, and silliness. His dress was perfectly unique. His finances restricted him to one suit per annum, and his taste compelled him to send this suit to his tailor every month to be fashionized. The tailor lucklessly had no "town connec-

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tions," and therefore, while he was compelled to alter, he had nothing to guide him but his own fancy. Mr. Slenderstave was in consequence sometimes twenty years before, and sometimes twenty years behind the fashion, but never in it, and this gave him the appearance of being an exquisite morsel of threadbare foppery, to which no one could assign a country or an era. He was now altogether a literary gentleman. He enriched the provincial paper which circulated in Kiddywinkle, with amatory and lachrymose verses almost weekly, and he was reported to be far gone with a pathetic novel.

Leonard Littlesight, Esquire, began the world as a respectable farmer, and by skill, industry, and the benign influence of high prices, he was enabled to retire at sixty, possessed of land worth five hundred per annum. He was a hale, broad, erect, vigorous man, with a plump, oval face, which exhibited a singular mixture of nerve, sternness, and benevolence. His mind was strong and shrewd, and stored with much practical knowledge of human nature, but it possessed nothing beyond what it had picked up from experience. Of books, Mr. Littlesight knew, and desired to know, nothing. He was a man of mighty prejudices and singular obstinacy, but his heart nevertheless lay in the right place, and his life would have done honour to any one, save a philanthropist by profession.

Anthony Ailoften, Esquire, was a little, puny man of sixty-four, with a long, thin, sallow face, sharp nose and chin, and little, sore, weak, watery eyes, which nevertheless occasionally astonished those on whom they fell, with their brilliancy. He began life as a merchant, but his constitution could not be reconciled to the air of a town, and therefore, after a few years, rather discouraging ones with regard to profit, he abandoned business, and settled himself at Kiddywinkle upon his patrimony of two hundred per annum. He was excessively bilious, and therefore, while he was rarely seriously indisposed, he was always just sufficiently so to be discontented and peevish. Both invalids, there was this essential difference between him and Mr. Slenderstave,—the one could barely keep himself out of the grave, and still he constantly affected excellent health,—the other was within two degrees of being a healthy man, and still he constantly affected grievous sickness.—It was an affront to the man of bile to tell him that he looked well; it was an affront to the poet to tell him that he looked poorly. Mr. Ailoften was a man of quick, powerful intellect, and of much desultory reading, and when his feelings were a little excited, a matter of frequent occurrence, he could be extremely eloquent.—He would, however, only look at specks, flaws, and defects, and, consequently, his eloquence abounded in sarcasm, invective, gloom, and lamentation. His tongue was a terror to Mr. Slenderstave, and, in truth, all the visiters of the parlour stood in a certain degree of awe of it, save and except Mr. Littlesight.

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In a divided land like this, if five people be assembled together, they are pretty sure to constitute at least two, if not five, political and other parties. Perhaps when the government has accomplished the praiseworthy work in Ireland, of conciliating, by scourging its supporters, and of eradicating party spirit by means of proclamation, statute, fine, and imprisonment, it will deign to commence the same noble work in England. Oh happy Ireland! Oh wonderful Marquis Wellesley! What prodigious fools were our forefathers, to think that the supporters of government deserved anything but scorn and contumely; and that party spirit could be wasted away by anything but coercion—that coercion was the best thing possible for keeping it at the highest point of madness! Bestir yourselves, ye conciliators, and treble the speed of your bounties!

> Si bene quid facias, facias cito; nam cito factum,
> Gratum erit; ingratum gratia tarda facit.

Unhappily, conciliation was unknown at Kiddywinkle, and therefore the great men of that ancient place were more or less under the influence of party spirit. Mr. Smallglebe was a Tory, a mild, pluckless, yielding, conciliating one, who flinched from argument, and not seldom made a half surrender of his principles for the sake of peace. Dr. Manydraught was a furious Whig; Mr. Slenderstave vibrated between Whiggism and Radicalism; Mr. Littlesight was a staunch friend of the King, a sterling member of the true-blue school, who regarded every man with detestation whose loyalty was questionable; and Mr. Ailoften was a decided, unbending Tory. They were as much divided on religion as on politics, and they were again split into parties with regard to the administration of the parish affairs of Kiddywinkle.

It is not for me to give a regular record of the proceedings of these illustrious personages, although such a record would be invaluable to the world at large. The labour would be too stupendous. I merely propose to give some of the more memorable debates in the little parlour, and some of the more striking of the incidents which befell them out of it. In doing this, I shall not forget the duties of the historian. I shall adhere not only to the truth, but to the naked truth. Why should I, to debase or exalt my heroes, sacrifice my own immortality?

On a certain November evening, these eminent individuals were all snugly seated round the fire of the little parlour. The wind blew fiercely from the north-west; the atmosphere was loaded with dense, sombre, closely connected clouds, and chill, raw, spleen-inspiring vapour, and the lungs seemed to inhale nothing but melancholy and wretchedness. The very fire of the parlour, instead of enlivening its visitors by genial warmth and brilliant flame, could, from the want of draught, scarely be kept in existence. In spite of the hard names and the violent, interminable poking of

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Mr. Ailoften, it would only exhibit a mass of sad, brown, heartless cinders, the very type of moody gloominess. All this affected the guests very sensibly, and after the first forced compliments passed, they sat in unbroken silence. Mr. Smallglebe kept his spectacles levelled at the County Herald, evidently for no other purpose than to justify the inaction of his tongue. Dr. Manydraught toiled at his brandy and water with speechless industry, while his eyes, though clouded, displayed unusual ferocity: the face of Mr. Slenderstave was yellow and ghastly in the last degree, and his eyes were dim and half closed; he sat, or rather lay, on his chair with his head hung over its back, and his legs stretched out, to the infinite annoyance of Mr. Ailoften, apparently in deep abstraction, though his frequent heavy sighs proclaimed his thoughts to be of the most dismal nature; Mr. Littlesight sucked his pipe as vehemently as if he had been smoking for a wager—lamented to himself the tobacco of former times—swallowed huge draughts of ale—cursed in silence the villainy of modern brewers, and could not conceive what made him feel so unhappy; and Mr. Ailoften, while his countenance displayed a double portion of gloom and irritability, wriggled about upon his seat, bit his nails, groaned in spirit, longed to throw the fire out of the window for resisting his importunities, and the legs of Mr. Slenderstave after it, for crossing his own, and even almost wished, as a means of disgorging his spleen, for a quarrel with some of his companions. The prospects of the evening were of the most undesirable kind. The best that could be hoped for was a continuance of the taciturnity, for it seemed but too certain that nothing else could exclude dispute and vituperation.

It is highly probable that this taciturnity would have continued, or that it would only have been broken by widely-separated, harmless sentences, had it not been for the legs of Mr. Slenderstave. This talented person sat next the wall; on his right hand sat Mr. Ailoften, with his front turned as far as practicable towards the fire, and in such a position that his legs were crossed by the spread-out ones of the man of verse, and were thereby robbed of the trifling portion of warmth which was their due, and which they grievously needed. Mr. Slenderstave was a person of too much refinement to be guilty of such rudeness intentionally, although he would have felt less compassion for the legs of Mr. Ailoften than for those of any other man in the world. The truth is, he had been delving the whole day at his novel. He had got his heroine desperately crazed by love, had brought her to the verge of suicide, but was unable to determine whether she should gently drown herself in some solitary brook, or majestically leap from some cliff into the ocean. On his arrival at the parlour, he felt irresistibly impelled to resume internally the discussion of this knotty point, and in doing it, he unwittingly put his legs in their offensive situation. Mr. Ailoften regarded Mr. Slenderstave with

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no affection at all; in sober truth, from the combined influence of natural antipathy, and innumerable contradictions and bickerings, he could not endure him. He looked at the legs, and then at the fire, and then again at the legs, in a way which showed that he wished his glance could consume them. He thought he never saw such legs—such mis-shapen, stick-like, abominable ones. He glanced from them to those of Mr. Smallglebe, and the latter even seemed to show a fair portion of calf in the comparison. Fifty times was Mr. Ailoften on the point of kicking them away without ceremony—fifty times was he on the point of blazing out upon Mr. Slenderstave such a volley of bitter words, and as often did he restrain himself. He only resisted the last temptation by thinking, that he could remove the obnoxious limbs in a manner that would be more creditable to himself, and more galling to their owner.—He rose to stir the fire—carried one foot over the offending legs, and planted it near the fender—stooped for the poker—affected to stagger—and, in recovering himself, brought the side of his other foot, the edge of his well-nailed shoe, with all his force, against the unsuspecting ankles of Mr. Slenderstave. The man of verse started from his dream in agony, and breathed such a groan as pierced the hearts of all present, save Mr. Ailoften.

"I beg your pardon," muttered the author of Mr. Slenderstave's calamity. The words were uttered in a cool, contemptuous tone; and the eyes of the speaker, instead of beaming remorse and compassion upon the sufferer, continued to dwell complacently upon the fire. It was evident to all that there had been a great deal of intention in the business. Mr. Slenderstave limped about the parlour for a moment in torture, then sunk upon a chair, gathered the ankle that had suffered the most upon his knee, rubbed it, groaned incessantly, and showed every symptom of an approaching fainting fit. Dr. Manydraught flew to his assistance with the brandy and water, and arrested the senses at the moment of their departure. The pain gradually subsided, and then Mr. Slenderstave began to reflect how he should deal with the offender. He knew his man, and would perhaps have satisfied his vengeance with throwing a few ireful glances upon the back of Mr. Ailoften, had it not been for the inconsiderate conduct of Dr. Manydraught. "My God," said the Doctor, "what a kick!—it was enough to break a man's leg!"—Mr. Slenderstave, who was rapidly recovering, now began to fear that his leg was broken: he relapsed, and when assured that his fears were groundless, he nevertheless was quite certain that he had not escaped a fractured limb through any forbearance on the part of Mr. Ailoften. His courage fired by the words of the doctor descended from his eyes to his tongue:—"It was," he sighed, "most uncivil;"—he paused, but Mr. Ailoften was silent:—"It was most ungentlemanly"—Mr. Ailoften was still silent, "It was," raising his voice,—"most shameful."—Mr. Ailoften was silent no longer. "It is well," said that eminent individual

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with wonderful composure, "when the injuries which we unintentionally do to others are nothing more than the chastisement of rudeness:"—"Me rude!" exclaimed Mr. Slenderstave, "well, I protest,—now, my dear doctor,—you know something of my manners; am I,"—the doctor's eyes seemed to attest his gentility:—"ha—it was—yes it was the deed of a—a—brute!" He trembled as soon as the word fell from his lips. Mr. Ailofton threw upon him a glance of flame, and extreme consequences seemed to be inevitable. Mr. Smallglebe started from his seat, insisted on silince, dilated on the abscence of evil intention in Mr. Ailoften, enlarged on the offensive nature of the term brute, procured an exchange of apologies, and restored peace.

Previously to the fracas, Mr. Littlesight had asked Mr. Smallglebe a dozen times if the paper contained any news, and the reverend gentleman had as often answered that it contained none whatever. He now, however, in spite of disinclination, found it necessary to make some attempt at conversation, to remove the remains of the ill humour, which the legs of Mr. Slenderstave and the kick they had received, had jointly produced. He studied, but imagination and memory slumbered, and no topic would present itself. He seized the paper, "We have," said he, "some news to-day, which will be highly relished by the friends of humanity:"—

Mr. Littlesight seemed to be amazed; Mr. Ailoften looked up in expectation, though the expression of his countenance almost terrified the pastor's tongue from farther motion; Mr. Slenderstave sat like a statue in all the majesty of contemptuous disregard: "I rejoice to hear it," said the doctor "pray give us the particulars."

"The news," said the reverend gentleman, "is not perchance fitted for the palate of those who delight in battles and victories; and it may scarcely please those whose pleasure flows from the details of party rage and contention, but to the friend of mankind—the mourner over the sufferings of others—the philanthropist."—

Mr. Littlesight listened so intently, that he forgot to eject the smoke which his pipe poured into his mouth; in its endeavours to find egress, it made him cough so immoderately, that the reverend speaker was compelled to make a short pause.

"Mr. Weteyes," he proceeded, "has carried a motion in the House of Commons for an inquiry into the state of certain prisons. I have actually shed tears over his speech. His descriptions of the sufferings which the wretched inhabitants of these places endure might melt a heart of marble. And then his sketches of those who have authority over them—of jailors and magistrates! They make one shudder. He is a bold man; he conceals nothing and spares no one."

"He is a fine fellow, by heaven!" cried Dr. Manydraught, "a Whig; yes, no one but a Whig would have taken up a business like this."

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Mr. Littlesight looked inquisitively at Mr. Ailoften. On all matters which savoured of politics, he carefully concealed his sentiments until he heard those of the man of bile whom he regarded as his leader. Mr. Ailoften's visage showed still darker clouds: he cast a sarcastic smile in return, which seemed to say, "Idiots," bit his lip, tapped with his toe upon the floor, and remained silent. Mr. Littlesight perfectly understood him, and put on a look of important hesitation. Mr. Slenderstave took his cue from the features of the man who had bruised him, and prepared himself for giving vigorous support to the pastor and doctor.

"It is a matter," said Mr. Smallglebe, "with which party has nothing to do, and which ought never to be mentioned in conjunction with party titles. To restrain the abuse of authority towards the helpless, and to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, is the common duty of all, and ought to give equal pleasure to all. I perceive likewise that petitions are pouring in from all quarters for the abolition of slavery. What a glorious age we live in! Methinks the next generation of philanthropists will have nothing to do, save to raise statues to those who are now in existence."

"It is all true," said Dr. Manydraught, who felt that he lacked matter to be voluble on the occasion.

"I have often in my pensive moods," sighed Mr. Slenderstave, putting himself in the most sentimental posture imaginable, "placed before me the poor, broken-hearted prisoner. I have gazed upon his fine countenance—

> "His graceful nose lightsomely brought
> Down from a forehead of clear-spirited thought;"—

The chill devouring dew of hunger and despair sat upon his wasted features. Instead of the sweet, sleek-coming-on breeze of Spring, the cold damp of his dungeon visited his cheek;—instead of the soft, gladsome warblings of the lark and the thrush, the clank of chains and bolts filled his ear;—instead of light woods and clipsome hedges and freaky meadows; some delicious landscape which, composed of

> ——"Sky, earth, and sea,
> Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly;"

his faded eye could only fall upon horrid bars and walls. He thought of his friends—his parents—his wife—his children. His eyes filled,—I could bear it no longer. I turned to his friends, they were disconsolate—to his parents, they were sinking into the grave—to his wife, young, tender, and lovely, a bright-eyed, heart-piercing counterpart of Venus; she was wan and wretched, the consumption had withered the rose on her cheek, and was preying on her vitals; and I turned to his children; the sweet dear rosy, little cherubs, were crowding in the most moving manner round the

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mother, and ceaselessly asking when they should see "Papa."—I could not—I could not—I could not—"

Mr. Slenderstave was too much affected to proceed; his dolorous countenance wrinkled itself into the most startling expression of wo; he leisurely drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and applied it to his eyes with all the dignity and solemnity of tragic sorrow. Dr. Manydraught was visibly moved; the eyes of Mr. Smallglebe sparkled with enthusiasm; Mr. Littlesight gave a prodigious hem, and looked marvellously incredulous; and Mr. Ailoften pushed the poker through the fire as though he was running a man through the body, threw it down again, but said nothing.

Mr. Smallglebe's feelings were too much excited, to permit him to notice the silence-inspiring looks of Mr. Ailoften. "It is," said he with rapture, "a heavenly work to soothe the miseries of the criminal, and to break the fetters of the slave;—to arrest the arm of the oppressor, and to say to cruelty—Thy power is ended.—Are we not all of one species? Are we not all prone to error and transgression? And—"

"Shall not villains and ruffians be wept over and assisted, because they are punished for their crimes against the innocent?" fiercely ejaculated Mr. Ailoften. This worthy person, on the termination of his affair with the legs of Mr. Slenderstave, resolved to have no farther quarrel with anything during the evening. He was sorely tempted by the first speech of the pastor; he was ready to break out a thousand times during that of the poet, but he nevertheless determined, that he would not be moved by anything, no matter how absurd. His resolution, however, failed him, and he involuntarily broke in upon the eloquence of the vicar who was somewhat disconcerted by the unceremonious interruption.

"I, sir," proceeded Mr. Ailoften, "can feel for the sufferings of others,—my heart can bleed over the wretched, but then, I cannot lay aside the use of my reason, even in pitying. I can mourn over the murderer's victim, but not over the murderer. I can assist the sufferers whom the robber has ruined, but not the robber who ruined them. A man must obtain my sympathy before he is a felon; he shall never gain it by becoming one."

"Sound sense—sound sense!" ejaculated Mr. Littlesight.—"Those indeed," continued Mr. Ailoften, "who utter this puling cant over prostitutes and ruffians, are bound to do it in consistency. The members of Parliament who blast without remorse, the characters and prospects of absent individuals, rail against laws, magistrates, and the government, and hold up the Scriptures and religion, as things not to be defended;—the editors of newspapers, who live by inculcating sedition and immorality, by teaching the ignorant to scorn their religious instructors, and to indulge their vicious appetites as they please—these persons ought, as a duty, to defend those who copy their example, to clamour for prison-luxuries for those whom they have converted into criminals, and to

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weep over the wretches whom they have led to the gallows. But the blackening infamy stains not my forehead, therefore, I know not the duty."

Mr. Smallglebe seemed somewhat disconcerted.—Dr. Manydraught slightly frowned—Mr. Slenderstave pulled his handkerchief just below his eyes, and looked over it upon the speaker as though he wished to annihilate him.

The eloquence of Mr. Ailoften had got vent, and it would not be restrained. "These persons," he continued, "are not, however, consistent in all things. On the Sabbath, you shall wander through the metropolis, and you shall see the printers of the newspapers actively employed in preparing the next day's publication—the editor toiling at his sheet of party fury—the servants of noblemen labouring more industriously than they have ever done during the week, in making ready magnificent entertainments; and on the very next day you shall find these papers, and noblemen declaiming with all their might against slavery, because the negro is employed on the Sunday morning! The assassin of public morals inveighs against West Indian immorality!—The man on whose estate the English labourer toils in the summer months, sixteen hours per day, execrates the ten hours per day labour of the slave! —The Irish landholder who grinds down his unhappy tenant, until he can scarcely get a potatoe to eat, and a rag to cover himself, descants on the inhumanity of the Jamaica planter! The philanthropist pours his lamentations over the prison treatment of rogues and vagabonds, and in the self-same breath, destroys the reputation and peace of the innocent and worthy! Out upon the bungling mockery—the impious cheat! It is a disgrace to the English character."

"Bitter words, but true ones;" exclaimed Mr. Littlesight triumphantly.

"This hypocritical philanthropy," continued Mr. Ailoften, with increased vehemence, "is not confined to sect and party. Look at your Reviews—your newspapers—your poetry and novels—your Parliamentary speeches—they teem with it in sickening profusion. From what you read and hear, you would believe that there could not possibly be a suffering man in the nation. Yet why are the Irish peasantry starved? Where were the advocates of the English labourers, when they could not find employment? Who will assist the ruined tradesman? Where shall the destitute man of genius find a patron? Alas! alas! when the test is applied, we only discover that the benefactors of desert perished, when the philanthropists sprung into being."

Mr. Slenderstave put his handkerchief into his pocket—reared himself up on his seat—looked excessively fierce—and made divers formidable contortions of mouth, but no sound escaped him.

"Your condemnation," said Dr. Manydraught, whose visage and tone displayed anything but good humour, "is neither liberal nor

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just. It is levelled against the brightest characteristic of the age. I have the honour to be the warm friend of those whom you censure."

"You perhaps call yourself a philanthropist?" said Mr. Ailofften, drily.

"If I do, what then?" said Dr. Manydraught reddening.

Mr. Ailoften was in the exact temper for scourging and torturing, regardless of consequences. He heard with a sarcastic smile the confession. "Yes," said he, "you sign petitions for the amelioration of the criminal laws, the abolition of slavery, and I know not what;—you shudder over West Indian cruelty, and bewail the miseries of the inhabitants of prisons. The other day you horse-whipped your boy for a trifling piece of negligence,—a month since you turned a poor labourer into the streets, because he could not pay you the rent of his cottage—six months ago you ruined a tradesman, by arresting him for a sum of money which you had lent him—an unfortunate grocer lately implored you in vain, to assist him in recommencing business—this was philanthropy, unadulterated philanthropy!"

Flesh and blood could not endure this; the doctor started up in a towering passion, but he could only exclaim, "By God! sir," before his arm was seized by Mr. Smallglebe. "Hear me," cried the worthy pastor, "this is the most unfortunate, of all unfortunate evenings,"—the parlour-door softly opened, and Samuel Suckdeep, the honest landlord, made his appearance. To proceed farther with the quarrel in such ignoble presence, was not to be thought of, and therefore the gentlemen composed themselves, and directed him to expound his business.

"I beg pardon, gemmen," said Sammy, with a bow of devout humility, with which his confident eye but poorly harmonized, "I beg pardon, gemmen, two poor, miserable creatures have just entered my house, a father and his daughter, who are all rags, and have not a farthing to help themselves with. The night is bad, and fast spending. I will gladly give them supper and lodging, and as the vicar there is so kind to the poor, I thought he might perhaps give them a small matter for the morrow. They are real objects—no tramps—distressed gentlefolks." Sammy muttered something more, which was not distinctly audible.

Sammy Suckdeep was in many points a worthy fellow, but he was by no means gifted with philanthropy. He had no intention of giving the wanderers anything—not a crust—but he thought if he could beg them anything of the gentlemen, it could scarcely fail of coming round into his own pocket. He made his appeal at a luckless moment, yet Mr. Smallglebe's heart was always open.—"Let us see them," said he, "let us inquire into their situation; if we find them deserving, they shall not leave Kiddywinke pennyless." His friends gave a cold assent to the proposal, more to get rid of their contention, than from feelings of benevolence.

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Sammy vanished, and the wanderers speedily made their appearance. The man, on being interrogated, told in a few words his history. He had been well educated—had possessed a good fortune—had owned a flourishing business—had given his children, his daughter at his side, a boarding school education—had been ruined—was forsaken by friends—could not find employment—had left his wife and younger children behind him, without bread to eat—and was wandering to seek work, he knew not whither. His appearance fully confirmed his story. His air and address were those of the gentleman, and formed a fine specimen of modest self-possession. His cheek was hollow and wasted, and his eye sunk and faded. His coat threadbare and full of holes and slits in all parts, still showed that it had been cut out of superfine by fashionable hands; and his hat, bereft of down, crushed and broke, had evidently been an expensive beaver. The daughter seemed to be about eighteen; her dress was ragged, but composed wholly of worn-out finery; and her air bespoke ease and good breeding. Her eye was black and brilliant—her features were fine, and graced by an expression of sweetness which seemed ready to melt into a smile from the least encouragement. She was beautifully formed; and all could see, that if she were not lovely in her rags, her rags alone prevented her being so. She seemed to be more confident—more at ease—than her parent, but it was evidently the confidence of light spirits and cheerful innocence.

Mr. Smallglebe was delighted with the worth of the appellants to his charity; Dr. Manydraught was little less so; Mr. Slenderstave was in heroics; Mr. Littlesight had already got his hand into his pocket, and even the heart of Mr. Ailoften was touched.

Mr. Smallglebe, Dr. Manydraught, and the two last-named gentlemen, got the man in the midst of them, and asked him ten thousand questions. While they were doing this the poet sat behind, and cast his eyes upon the fair maiden. She returned the gaze with a smile that thrilled to the heart of Mr. Slenderstave. He smiled again, and she smiled in return still more bewitching. He was enchanted. Step by step, she approached him during the interchange of smiles, until at last she stood at his side. He gasped out a tender inquiry—she answered in a voice of music—and he was absolutely in a delirium. Her hand hung against his arm, and seemed to invite the touch. He seized it—pressed it—put it to his heart—remembered himself and released it. The tenderness of her tone, and the sweetness of her smiles, were now overpowering. "I will retouch the heroine in my novel," thought Mr. Slenderstave. He again seized her hand, pressed, and released it. In the midst of their whispers, he felt it involuntarily moving up and down his side. "She seeks my heart," thought Mr. Slenderstave—"She is smit—she loves me already;" and he sighed heavily. The eyes of the company were now turned upon them, and they separated. "Happy are they who know not misfortune and

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want!" sighed Mr. Smallglebe, as he secretly put his half-crown in the hands of the man. Dr. Manydraught held out a shilling, Mr. Slenderstave another; Mr. Littlesight offered two, and Mr. Ailoften gave five, with an air which showed that he was ashamed of his past harshness, and wished now to atone for it by liberality. The man seemed affected to tears, and expressed his thanks in a manner which delighted the hearts of all. The maiden showed her gratitude in a way not less moving, and they departed.

There were at that moment twenty worthy families in Kiddywinkle, in a state of starvation, to any one of which these shillings would have been of unspeakable benefit; but then, they were not composed of strangers, of whom nothing was known.

This exercise of benevolence dispelled all remains of ill humour. The load which had sat upon the spirits vanished, and Mr. Ailoften was now the very pink of kindness and pleasantry. The guests sat two hours later than usual, and thought they had never known an evening of more exquisite enjoyment.

Mr. Suckdeep was at length summoned to give an account of the costs. He entered with a face of unusual solemnity. "Where are the poor sufferers?" said Mr. Smallglebe. "Gone," answered Sammy, in a tone of deep vexation. "Gone at this unseasonable hour?" exclaimed the worthy vicar. "They just," said the landlord, "swallowed a glass of rum a-piece; I think the man had two, and then they hastily departed; the man muttered something about his family. Ingrates—I fear they are no better than they should be."—Sammy had no right to say this, for he knew nothing againt them, save that they refused to expend the money in his house which he had been instrumental in obtaining them.

"The poor fellow wished to carry his unexpected gain to his family without diminution: it raises him still higher in my opinion," said the vicar. Mr. Smallglebe was now prepared to liquidate Sammy's claim. He put his hand into one breeches-pocket, and then into the other; then he searched his waistcoat pockets, then he ransacked those of his coat, and then he looked upon his friends in speechless amazement. All eyes were fixed upon him. "Are you ill?" tenderly inquired Dr. Manydraught. "I have lost my purse!" faintly groaned the pastor.—"A pickpocket!" exclaimed Mr. Littlesight."—"What egregious fools have we been!" said Mr. Ailoften, "and I have been the greatest."

The purse could not be found, and it seemed clear enough that it had departed with the stranger. Mr. Slenderstave, who had been astounded by the loss of the vicar, now suddenly recollected himself. He put his hand to his waistcoat-pocket—to the pocket on that side where the soft hand of the lovely girl had so sweetly strayed. This pocket had been the depository of a treasure to him invaluable. He felt—started—groaned—looked like a man overwhelmed with agony—clapped his hand on his forehead, and, exclaiming, "The witch!—the traitoress!—I am undone!—she has

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ruined me!" rushed out of the parlour. His friends gazed on each other for some moments in silent astonishment, and then followed him.

The details of Mr. Slenderstave's mighty loss, and of the fearful consequences to which it led, must be given in another chapter.

For the Port Folio.

AN OLD MAID'S GOSSIP.—No. II.

MY NEPHEW NED.

I have already mentioned my nephew Ned. This lad is at once a poet and a dandy; and his heterogeneous mixture of enthusiasm and foppishness would be very diverting to me, if I were less interested in his respectability. But as it is, I fear that his whims will not only render him ridiculous, but involve his friends also. I have rather more reason for thus fearing, than the mere apprehensiveness of an anxious old maiden aunt; for he has lately committed me by his folly. I will relate my story, Mr. Oldschool, that you may judge for yourself of the cause of my present vexation; and as you are a reasonable man, I think I may be sure of your sympathy.

You must know that my gentleman is very particular about the plaiting of his shirt frills, and he has taken it into his head that no one can perform the operation so much to his satisfaction as "dear aunt Ruth." It so happened, that one sombre afternoon last spring, as I was very busy putting up a package to be committed to the care of a gentleman about to depart for Kentucky, master Ned came into my room with a clean shirt unfolded in his hand, to show me how "villanously" Chloe had pinched and tortured the frill without having succeeded in producing the least symmetry or comeliness. He was engaged to escort his sisters to a tea-party in the neighbourhood, and, as I thought a little dandyism on this occasion very pardonable, I bade him give me the shirt;—but before I proceeded to the laundry to procure a proper instrument for the operation, I begged Ned to lend me his assistance in the business in which I was engaged. A stately lady, who resides in Lexington, had once tasted a particular kind of cake of my manufacture, of which (I say it with modesty) I excel in the making; and she had politely requested my friend to write to me for my receipt. To transcribe this receipt was the only thing remaining to be done: and as Ned writes a very fair hand, I desired him to copy it while I went to plait the frill. When he sat himself down to the writing stand, near an open window, I was considerate enough to desire him to close the window, fearing lest the screaming of the frogs in a neighbouring marsh might distract his attention, for the smallest mistake is ruin to a receipt, as every one knows. As I left the room the

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youth muttered something about "no soul" and "frog-concerts" and "musical harbingers," to which I paid no attention. When I returned with the shirt, it was quite duskish and Ned immediately hurried off to dress. Before I had procured a candle to inspect his writing, my brother sent up a messenger to hurry my despatch, as the servant who was to take it to the gentleman was already on his horse to depart. In great haste I caught up Ned's writing, and without even glancing it over, I folded it in the package, and closing it, put in a wafer, and gave it to the man.

Conceive my consternation when a few days since, my friend returned me my "curious receipt for making cakes," with an accompanying letter seasoned with many sly jokes, and a malicious detail of the astonishment of the lady for whom it had been sent. As if, Mr. Oldschool, I could really have fallen into romance—and love too, by implication,—for they are said always to go together. But here is the precious paper; and all who have the patience to read it, will, I am sure, accord their pity to the unfortunate old maid whose reputation for good sober sense has been put in jeopardy by such a rhapsody.

THE RANA PIPIENS.

While every feathered warbler of the grove has found some admiring bard who "frames sweet madrigals" to celebrate its "wood-notes wild," shall none commemorate the glad pipings of the earliest harbinger of spring? None, of all those whose bosoms have thrilled on hearing their first faint notes stealing upon the ear, to embody in "immortal verse" these preluding strains in the *living poetry* of the year?

How joyous! those first low snatches of melody that break the long silence of animated creation, in the stillness of evening, when the balmy southwind breathes around; giving them scarcely audible assurance that the fetters of winter are dissolved, while yet there is no promise to the eye that "Nature from her lap will pour"

> "—— ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
> "And fruits as numerous as the drops of rain,
> "Or beams that give them birth."

How many sweet and tender images arise of the blessed influences of this delicious season, as we eagerly listen to the first utterings of these unseen vocalists.—How forcibly do their notes speak to the heart of all the promises of spring! The bursting forth of leaf and bud, the countless flowers, that spread their dyes and exhale their fragrance in each sequestered dell, and broad sunny meadow—the lambs frisking and sporting around—the wild birds, carolling forth their loves, or building their little nests with architectural nicety—the swoln brooklet, sparkling in the sunshine and laving its green margin with mimick waves of liquid crystal!—all these, and a thousand other sweet pastoral images

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of the spring crowd on the mind, "lapping the charmed senses" in ecstasy at these fair visions of redolent abundance.

And then, as step by step, each fond anticipation is realized, still these little melodists pour out their gladsome strains, keeping pace with the fairy-footed spring. At first some adventurous musician sends forth a few stealthy notes, which are scarce heard ere the lingering blasts of winter resume their sway, and hush to silence the benumbed tenants of the pool:—but if these timid strains so "few and far between" delight us while

> "Yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
> "And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
> "Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
> "Deform the day delightless,"

a genial change is sure to come at last. And when the ample lawn begins to spread out the first soft tinctures of its velvet livery beneath the vivifying beams of the sun, and the full-brimmed morass displays a more decided green, or, as the poet says,

> "When April starts, and calls around,
> "The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
> "And lightly o'er the living scene,
> "Scatters his freshest, tenderest green,"

a bolder chorus arises to cheer the listening ear the live-long night. And then, "when the effusive south warms the wide air" and

> "Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
> "Fleecy, and white, o'er all surrounding heaven,"

the jocund clamour rings out above all the varied sounds of day.

It is the gentle south-wind, and the moist low wrack, and the protecting gloom of the soft dewy evening that these little choristers most love; and it is then, that they send forth their most loquacious harmonies. But when the radiant sun

> "Looks out effulgent, from amid the flush
> "Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam;"

or traverses the hemisphere in obscured majesty, there comes a pause,—and there is holiness in the silence that ensues in Nature's great sanctuary! "o'er flood and field," and in the budding forest, the "hush of bliss" reposes like a charm,—save, when some little bird in its happiness breaks out into song for an instant, and then relapses into silence.

And is beauty so omnipotent, that all the charm of poetic impulses, and affecting feelings, awakened by the dawning year, and having a voice in the wild melody of these heralds of bloom, and verdure, and fragrance, and balm, and all the delicious circumstances of love's own proper season must have no influence, because these neglected chanters boast no attractions to the eye, to sway the senses and fire the imagination, and to call forth the poet's lay to bid them live in "charmed song?" R. E.

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For the Port Folio.

ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

Maine. Two instances occurred lately at Addison, of a large body of earth sliding from the banks into the river. In one, about an acre of wood-land, trees and all, slided into the water, carrying with it a large quantity of mud to the opposite side, and blocking up the whole passage of the stream. There are large trees now standing in the middle of the river. A similar circumstance has not happened here for thirty years. The next day the fresh water made a passage, so that boats and rafts can now pass, though no doubt it will be years before the whole body of earth that tumbled in will be washed entirely away.

Vermont. At Poultney, there was a *Yankee* celebration of the 4th of July, which might well be imitated on many occasions. The new post road between two villages was very bad, and about two hundred men, *armed* with picks, spades, shovels, &c. assembled early in the morning to make it good. It was accomplished by 4 o'clock, when they sat down and partook of a plenteous repast, furnished by the ladies of the neighbourhood, and drank the usual number of toasts with great glee.

Massachusetts. Interest.—The Massachusetts Bank at Boston, discount at 5 per cent. Money is a mere drug at present.

Rhode Island. In Newport, a person, reduced from affluence to poverty by belligerent spoliations, sold for a trifle a claim on Spain—He is since dead.—Recently $4000 have been awarded for this claim—and the receiver has given half to the widow.

New York. It having been understood that Gen. de la Fayette intended to visit this country, Congress, at the last session, resolved that a national vessel should be despatched for the purpose of conveying him to our shores. He declined this honour, but took his passage in the ship Cadmus, for New York, where he arrived on the 16th of August.

Agreeably to the arrangements entered into by the corporation, he was introduced into the city, in the following order:

The committee of arrangement of the corporation, officers of the United States army and navy, officers of the militia holding the rank of major and brigadier generals, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and a committee from the society of the Cincinnati, at 11 o'clock A. M. proceeded to Staten Island, for the purpose of accompanying him to the city. The steam-boat Chancellor Livingston was employed for the purpose of conveying him from Staten Island to the battery, and was accompanied by the Cadmus highly dressed and decorated with colours, and towed by steamboats, and the steam-ship Robert Fulton, the steam-boats Connecticut, Oliver Ellsworth, Bellona and Nautilus, all richly and elegantly dressed in colours and crowded with passengers desirous of witnessing the ceremony. The ceremonies at the island having been finished, the general was received on board, and the gay and impressive procession returned to the city. He was landed at the battery a little before two o'clock, having been saluted as he passed up the bay by a discharge from the ship Importer and Governor's Island, and was received amidst the shouts of an immense concourse of people.

From the battery he proceeded in an open carriage up Broadway to the city hall, escorted by the military, under the command of major general Morton, where he was received by the common council, and an address was made by the mayor, to which the general made an appropriate answer.

After the adjournment of the common council, he received the

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marching salute in front of the city hall, and again entered the hall, accompanied by his son and suite, and in the governor's room received the society of the Cincinnati, composed of his surviving brothers and companions in the field, a small number of whom still remain to congratulate their fellow soldier. Here also he was met by the officers of the army and navy, and many citizens and strangers. From the hall he was accompanied by the common council, and many distinguished persons to the city hotel to dine, escorted by the military.

The whole exhibition, from the landing at the battery, to the time of the dispersion of the people at the park, was in a high degree interesting and gratifying. The numbers collected were perhaps unequalled on any former festive occasion. The bells of the different churches rang a merry peal. The houses through Broadway were filled with spectators of the first respectability and the street was crowded with people.

The day was singularly fine for the occasion—the water scene exceeded in splendour and effect any thing of the kind that has ever been exhibited here. The appearance of the military was highly creditable in equipments, movements and discipline; and we have not a doubt their appearance, when contrasted by his recollection with the suffering troops of the war of Independence, must have made a deep impression on the general's mind.

In the evening all the public places were brilliantly illuminated, rockets were thrown up, and the streets were thronged to a late hour. Castle Garden, particularly, where Gen. La Fayette landed, and where he remained for some time, on his first reaching this city, was brilliantly illuminated last evening, and crowded with beauty and fashion.

Nearly all business was suspended yesterday, and the stores of every description were closed at an early hour in the forenoon. Indeed scarcely a person could be seen in any of the streets except those through which general La Fayette was to pass.

The chivalrous generosity with which La Fayette espoused our uncertain fortunes, excited not less admiration than gratitude; and every American has contemplated his subsequent career with lively sympathy.

During his captivity in the Austrian and Prussian dungeons he was supplied with money through our minister in London, by order of president Washington, who also sent one of the brothers of chief justice Marshall to the continent of Europe, to solicit his liberation, with an urgent letter, written by himself as an individual. He was well received at the Austrian court, and complimented as a fine young American, whilst the greatest veneration was expressed for Gen. Washington. But whilst they were amusing Mr. Marshall with their courtesies, they transferred the illustrious prisoner to the Prussians, and then expressed their regret, that they could not gratify the wishes of his great friend!

Since the acquisition of Louisiana, congress passed a law granting a bounty in lands to Gen. La Fayette. Mr. Madison having been appointed his agent, the location was made, consistently with the terms of the law, upon some vacant lands in the island of New Orleans, of great value. These, we believe, he afterwards sold.

At the late commencement of Columbia College, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Langdon Cheves, Esq. of Philadelphia, Daniel Webster, Esq. of Boston, and Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq. of New York.

The period fixed by law for the termination of slavery is the 4th of July, 1827.—According to the con-

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sus of 1820 there are 29,279 free persons of colour, and 10,092 slaves, in this state.

Under the present militia system, the treasury of the commonwealth was drained in a year, ending on the 29th of November last, of the enormous sum of *thirty thousand one hundred and fifty dollars!* nearly all of which went to pay the salaries of brigade inspectors, a class of officers that might, in our humble opinion, be very easily dispensed with.

The revenue of the Erie Canal, for the present year, from January to the first of August, amounted to *one hundred and thirty thousand six hundred and seventy dollars and forty-nine cents.*

In the city of New York there are said to exist not less than 3,000 licensed taverns, or one to every forty persons of its population. It is wonderful, that so enlightened a community, which has done so much to improve its moral state, should suffer the seeds of crimes and diseases to be so profusely spread. The revenue, received as the avails of the licenses, can form but a small part of what the consequences produce, in poor-rates, cost of prosecuting and keeping criminals, &c.

Pennsylvania. Auction Duties.—Amount of duties on goods sold at auction by the respective auctioneers of the city of Philadelphia, from June 1823 to June 1824.

Samuel Comly, from 1st to 5th June,	$19,494 67
William Lippincott, from 1st June to 1st June,	12,876 14
Silas E. Weir, from 1st June to 1st June,	10,803 04
Tobias Wagner, from 1st June to 2d June,	10,030 39
John Jennings, from 1st June to 1st June,	8,534 21
Thomas Passmore, from 1st June, 1820, to 31st January, 1824,	1302 27
Moses Thomas, from 17th June to 17th March,	*574 78
Titon Grelaud, from 5th June to 6th February,	322 77
George Riter, from 1st June to 16th June,	157 77
T. B. Freeman, from 1st June to 1st June,	122 98

The ground for a canal of 12 miles, between the Susquehanna at Wilkesbarre, to the Lehigh, has been surveyed, and it is found that a sufficient quantity of water might be gathered on the summit level, the excavation would be easy, and materials could be easily procured.

Mr. Rush, our minister at the court of St. James, has acknowledged the receipt of 6,600 pounds sterling, through Baring and Co. from the committees appointed to receive contributions for the relief of the virtuous and patriotic Greeks. The Greek deputation in London have very feelingly noticed the liberality of the American contributors, and say that the government of Greece will hasten to express its sincere gratitude.

North Carolina. About 18 months ago, a young lady of Franklin county, Miss Mary Davis, wove a large bag, entire and perfect. We now record a performance of this young lady, displaying much greater ingenuity. She has completed a shirt in her loom, (which is a common domestic one) the collar and wristbands of which are double and neatly gathered. It has shoulder-straps and gussets, and the button holes of the collar, bosom and wristbands, are all neatly executed. The garment was commenced at the tail and finished at the shoulder-straps. At the distance of three feet, so finely is it woven, that it has every appearance of needle-work, but on close examination, the deception is apparent.

* This sum is the amount of duties paid by Mr. Thomas for only nine months.

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Virginia. A proposal has been made to remove the William and Mary College from Williamsburg, where it was established more than a hundred and thirty years ago, to the city of Richmond.

"A singular display of the goodness and power of Almighty God, at a Camp Meeting held on Tangier Island, Aug. 15th 1824.

"Miss Narcissa Crippin, a highly respectable young lady, nineteen years of age, and a zealous christian, was, on the evening of the 15th instant, say about eight o'clock, so operated on by the spirit of God, that her face became too bright and shining for mortal eyes to gaze upon, without producing the most awful feelings to the beholders. It resembled the reflection of the sun upon a bright cloud. The appearance of her face for the space of 40 minutes was truly angelic, during which time she was silent, after which she spoke and expressed her happy and heavenly feelings, when her dazzling countenance gradually faded and her face resumed its natural appearance—The writer of this paragraph was an eye witness of the circumstance above stated—such a sight he never expected to behold with mortal eyes, and to give a true description of which would be beyond the ability of mortal man. While she remained in the situation above described, she was seen by more than two hundred persons, a few of whom have subscribed their names hereto," &c! &c! &c!

South Carolina. The Yorkville Pioneer gives an account of a sycamore tree, which for its great size surpasses perhaps any one in the United States. It is seventy-two feet in circumference, with sixteen feet of a hollow in diameter; has held within that space 7 men on horse back. It stands near Howel's Ferry, on Broad River, on the York side. Tradition reports it gave shelter and afforded protection to many families during the lowering days of the Revolution.

Sweet Potatoes.—A person in South Carolina raised, the past season, 800 bushels of sweet potatoes on an acre! placing the vines singly in their beds, an inch apart. The same person had one potatoe 2 feet 9 inches long, and another which weighed 12 1-4 pounds!

A bridge has recently been thrown across the Pee Dee, at Cheraw, where the river is 415 feet wide. It rests on three arches, and is, including the abutments, 1337 feet in length.

Georgia.—The heat was so excessive at Savannah, on the 2d July, that John Collins, formerly mate of the Indian Chief, when returning to Savannah in a pilot boat, fell into the arms of one of the pilots and expired in a few moments.

Kentucky.—At the last commencement at Transylvania University, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on twenty-four young gentlemen; that of Bachelor of Laws on ten; that of Doctor of Medicine on forty-six. The whole number of degrees conferred at this University, from its establishment to this day, is 337. The degree of Doctor of Laws, was conferred on J. J. Crittenden, of Kentuky, and Edward Livingston, of Louisiana.

John Moore, who was tried and sentenced to the Penitentiary for 10 years at the late term of the Fayette circuit court for the murder of his uncle, was discharged on the last day of the term, on the general grounds that the verdict of the jury was contrary to law!

At Harrodsburg a verdict of *two thousand dollars* in damages, was recovered, in a suit, in favour of *Sophia Richardson* against *Garland Withers*, for a breach of marriage contract. The defendant, upon trial, plead *non assumpsit*, and *non assumpsit* within five years. The jury had retired but a few minutes

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until they returned with their verdict. A motion was then made in arrest of judgment, in consequence of some alleged irregularity, in making the issue upon the plea of the statute of limitation; but the court overruled the motion.

Ohio.—A Patriarch.—Michael Isgrig, of Cincinnati, aged 71, and Barbara his wife, aged 70, now living in this county, are the progenitors of the following numerous family, which is perhaps without a parallel in the United States. This statement is made from an abstract, in his own handwriting, from his family record:

They have had 17 children, of whom 2 died in infancy, and 14 were married; from these have proceeded 106 grand children, 12 of whom have married, and the number of their children already amounts to 36,—so that they may be counted as follows:

Michael Isgrig and his wife,	2
Their children, - - - - -	17
Grandchildren, - - - - -	106
Great grandchildren. - -	36
	161

To which add the number of persons to whom their children were married, 14, and the husbands or wives of their grandchildren, 12, and the aggregate is 187 persons.

A letter from Chillicothe, dated July 16, says;—"Yesterday, morning, the 15th, at 17 minutes after eleven o'clock, we felt in this place *a smart shock of an earthquake*, which lasted about fifty seconds and was accompanied or rather preceded, by a low rumbling noise, like distant thunder. The vibrations were about two in a second and appeared to be in a northwest and southwest direction. It was not accompanied by the usual atmospheric indications. On the contrary, the sky was clear and serene, the atmosphere elastic and bracing, and a fine breeze of wind blowing."

Tennessee.—In the supreme court of errors and appeals, present judges HAYWOOD and PECK,—as soon as the minutes of the preceding day were read, Mr. DARBY, whose name was stricken from the list of attorneys in the district court for contempt, observed to the court, that if they were disposed to continue his application to be admitted as a practising attorney, further, with a view to its decision in a full court, their honours would continue it for the space of two weeks, as he would be necessarily absent for that length of time.

Judge PECK observed, "the court will give you an answer to-morrow."

Mr. DARBY replied: "If convenient to the court, I should prefer to have it now, as to-morrow I shall not be here to hear it."

After a very short conference between the judges, judge PECK said, "the court have prepared an opinion in this case, which will now be pronounced."

Judge HAYWOOD then read from the bench an opinion on the doctrine of contempt, which concluded with pronouncing that the judges of the circuit courts had no power to grant the new license, and refusing the application.

So soon as the reading of the opinion was completed, Mr. DARBY addressed the court as follows:

"If your honours please, in a case like the present, novel in its nature, and admitted by the court to be novel to them, I have this to say, that it would have better become your honours, instead of drawing up an argument exparte like the one just read, to have heard what might be said on the other side: because—

Judge PECK: "Mr. Darby, the court understand the case just as well as if they heard you argue it for ten days."

Mr. DARBY: "I have no doubt of it; but—

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Judge PECK: "The case is done, sir, take your seat."

Mr. DARBY: "At this time it is my business to stand."

Judge PECK: "Sheriff, keep order in the court house. Mr. Clerk call the roll."

The roll being called over, and no motion being made, the court proceeded to give opinions on cases previously argued.

Illinois.—At the last session of the legislature of this state, a board of commissioners was organized, "to consider, devise, and adopt such measures as shall or may be requisite to effect the communication by canal and locks, between the navigable waters of the Illinois river and Lake Michigan." The act authorized the employment of one or more skilful engineers, and directs that the territory through which the proposed canal must pass, be examined, and maps and surveys made, &c. Commissioners proceeded last fall, in the performance of these duties to Lake Michigan, accompanied by an able engineer. The lateness and inclemency of the season prevented the full accomplishment of the objects of their mission. It is understood that they will make another attempt during the ensuing autumn, at an earlier period, and with increased means; and no doubt is entertained that they will be able to lay before the next legislature a report which will throw sufficient light on the subject to enable that body to arrive at some conclusive opinion upon this interesting matter. Should Illinois be able to open a communication with the great northern lakes, there will then exist, at the completion of the great New York canal no impediment to the navigation from the city of New York to New Orleans, through the interior of our extensive empire.

This state, and indeed the whole western country, has been drenched with violent rains for several months. The corn crops are in consequence very unpromising. The Ohio river which is usually low at at this time of the year continued high, and the steam boats have not ceased running. Such continued and copious falls of rain have not been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. It is impossible to predict what effect may be produced by this extraordinary season, upon the health of the country. The washing rains have so far kept the pools and water courses pure, and cleansed continually the surface of the earth, and should they continue for a few weeks longer, there will hardly be time sufficient for the creation of any putrescent matter before cool weather; but should the rains cease and the weather be hot, much sickness may be apprehended.

The people have decided by a large majority against the introduction of slavery into this state.

Michigan.—Boats calculated to pass through the lakes St. Clair and Erie, and the New York Canal, are now building, near the foot of Lake Huron, for the purpose of taking cargoes of produce to the city of New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Extent of our country. Our western country possesses one most astonishing feature; we mean its mighty rivers. Pittsburgh is near 2000 miles above New Orleans, yet vessels clear out from Pittsburgh, for European ports. A vessel from that place arrived some time since at Leghorn, and upon presenting his papers to the proper authorities, the capt: was told they were forged, and his vessel would be confiscated. It was not without great difficulty that he by reference to the map, convinced them that there was really such a place as Pittsburgh in the world, and their astonishment was perfect when the captain clearly demonstrated that it was really a port of entry.

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The north American Review has been proscribed in France. Its title is inserted in the list of prohibited books, and the custom-house officers are commanded not to suffer it to pass through their hands, into the country. Booksellers are also forbidden to have it on sale, and it is subject to be seized when found in any person's possession.

London Theatricals.—The managers of Drury Lane Theatre are stated, in the London papers, to have rejected a tragedy written by Sir Walter Scott; three of the principal performers having refused to appear in the characters assigned them.

Mr. Braham has declined accepting the liberal offers made to him by Mr. Price to visit this country. Mr. Macready was about to retire from the stage, and devote himself to the church.

Among the valuable recruits which Mr. Price, the New York Manager is about to bring over from England, are Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

Newspapers.—There are only 278 newspapers published in the United kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Nautical accuracy.—It is a singular fact, and well worthy of remark, that the ship Francis, arrived at Norfolk, from Liverpool, spoke and exchanged signals with three of the old line of packet ships all from the port of New York, for Liverpool, viz:—the *Pacific, William Thompson, and Canada!*

Canada.—The legislative council of Lower Canada have passed resolutions declaring the claim of the United States to the free navigation of the river *St. Lawrence* to the sea, from the territories of the state bordering thereon, as alluded to in the President's Message, to be contrary to the established and recognized laws of nations, and praying the British Ministry to advise the king not to accede to it on any condition. These resolutions were sent to the *Assembly*, the popular branch, where they were warmly opposed, and postponed to a future day.

Very handsome subscriptions have been made in England for the widow of Bowdich, the unfortunate traveller, who lost his life in Africa. —A portrait of Belzoni, who lately perished in the same service, is about to be published, from a drawing of that interesting individual, by the able hand of Mr. Brockedon.

The tonnage of British vessels cleared outwards from British ports, in 1823, was 2,095,013 tons—of foreign vessels 515,774 tons.

The Swedish Diet has been wisely occupied in making new provision for public instruction, and what is worthy of remark, the order of the peasants has taken the lead in this matter.—There are at present fifty-four Lancasterian schools in the kingdom, of which fourteen are in Stockholm.

Pneumatic Lamp.—Amongst the ingenious novelties of the present day, is a machine made by Mr. Garden, the chemist in Oxford street, for the purpose of producing instantaneous light; which appears to us to be more simple, and less liable to be put out of order, than the Volta lamp, and other machines of a similar kind. It has lately been discovered, that a stream of hydrogen gas, passing over finely-granulated platinum, inflames it. The whole contrivance, therefore, consists in retaining a quantity of hydrogen gas over water, which is perpetually produced by a mixture of a small quantity of zinc and sulphuric acid, and which, being suffered to escape by a small stop-cock, passes over a little scoop, containing the platinum, which it instantly inflames. From this a candle or lamp may be lighted, and the metal extinguished by a small cap being put over it. It forms an elegant little ornament—of small

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expense, and easily kept in order; and, once charged, will last many weeks or months.

Diplomatic.—The *Courier de Arauco* lately brought an account of the reception of *Heman Allen, Esq.* our Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Chili. We should be disposed to smile at the pompous ceremony which was observed on this occasion, if we were not mortified at the undignified conduct of the representative of our nation. On delivering his letter of credence, Mr. Allen, not satisfied with playing the prophet in predicting a distinguished rank, to the Chilians, among the nations of the world,—undertakes to read them a homily on the means of *guarding their inestimable inheritance* and sneers at the *coalitions, tyrants, and self-created potentates* who threaten it. Whatever may be the private opinion of Mr. Allen upon these high matters, this was very unbecoming, and we trust unauthorized language for a public minister of the United States. For a similar act of officiousness in Mr. Livingston, Minister to France, the British Ministry made a complaint to our government, and the offensive conduct was formally disavowed by president Jefferson. The reply of the Supreme Director of Chili to Mr. Allen, which is in much better taste, acknowledges in grateful terms, the early and friendly notice of the United States.

The petitions of the British merchants to parliament, in favour of acknowledging the Independence of South America and Mexico, disclose the surprising extent of the British trade, which has sprung up since the revolutions in those countries. The market thus opened is, to her trade and manufactures, what the original discovery by Columbus was to the Spaniards—a new world to stimulate adventure, foment industry, and extend the wealth and power of the nation. Already we are informed, that the late colonies "are disposed to consume British manufactures, to an extent limited only by their means of paying for them." An increase of the exports of British produce is found to have taken place between the years 1819 and 1822, to the amount of 10,795,000*l.*, or more than three sevenths of the whole domestic export, of which a considerable proportion is ascribed to this trade; and it is stated specifically, that the British produce and manufactures exported to those parts increased in 1823, beyond what the amount was in the preceding year, 1,781,000*l.* In 1823 the amount was 5,648,000*l.* In the year 1820 the export of cotton goods to the countries referred to, exceeded that to the United States by more than $100,000, and which is said to be rapidly increasing. It is added, that of such cotton goods a great quantity are re-shipped from the United States to Mexico and South America. This view of the subject demonstrates what a deep interest the British government has in the welfare of these new states, and at the same time the power of that guarantee for promoting it, which is the strongest, at least among trading nations—self-aggrandizement. The large amount of British tonnage employed in this trade corroborates that motive.

The London papers infer, that the lord chancellor is opposed to the acknowledgment of the new states of America, because he declined recognizing them as such, in his juridical proceedings. In truth he could not have acted otherwise. In Great Britain, as well as the United States, the courts of justice necessarily follow the decision of the executive government upon the point, as the administration of foreign affairs belongs exclusively to that branch. Nothing therefore is to be inferred from the circumstance alluded to.

It appears officially, that in the

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year ending the last of September, the American tonnage, employed in the trade to Hayti, was greater than the aggregate of that required for the trade with the four northern powers of Europe, together with Spain, Portugal, the Mediterranean and China, by upwards of 5,000 tons; and that besides the commodities Hayti supplies us for a carrying trade with those powers, she takes double the amount of our domestic productions, of that, which they do.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 25th of June, at Point Coupee, Louisiana, JULIEN POYDRAS, esq. Mr. P. was a man of very large fortune, and munificent disposition. He was the first Delegate in Congress, from the territory of Orleans. The act, which no doubt will do most honour to his memory, is the foundation of the Female Orphan Asylum, to which he devoted $100,000. Long after many celebrated names shall have been sunk in oblivion, the name of Julien Poydras will be remembered by the innocent creatures who, by his wise providence and humanity, shall have been sheltered against the misfortune and danger which result from misery, for a weak defenceless sex. By his will he left for a college at Point Coupee, 20,000 dollars.

For marriage portions to poor girls of said parish, 30,000 dollars.

To each of his god-sons and god-daughters, 5,000 dollars.

For marriage portions to poor girls of the parish of West Baton Rouge, 30,000 dollars.

To the Charity Hospital of New Orleans, his house on the Levee, between St. Louis and Centi streets, and his house in Bourbon street.

To the Poydras Female Asylum, all his houses in Poydras street, and on the Batture.

The remainder of his fortune goes to his family with the exception of some legacies to his friends.

July 27th. In Bucks county, Pennsylvania, SAMUEL STEWART, M. D. (Æt. 37) for many years a respectable practitioner of this city. To his bereaved family, and to those who were acquainted with the subject of this notice, we can only say that we join, from the depth of our hearts, in this afflicting dispensation. Modest, unobtrusive, mild, and always conciliating, Dr. Stewart's worth was duly appreciated by those only who shared his intimacy. Attached, at an early age, to one of the principal charitable institutions of our city, he ever discharged his duties to the poor with the same zeal and kindness which characterized his intercourse with his private practice.

July 27. JOHN KEATING, jun. esq. Æt. 26. But a few weeks before his death, this gentleman became the son-in-law of Joseph Hopkinson, esq., and had every reason to promise himself as fortunate a domestic existence and as prosperous a professional career as any person of his time of life. A more impressive instance of the uncertainty of human expectations could not readily be cited. The deceased was a member of the Philadelphia bar, and had already obtained no inconsiderable practice and reputation. As one of the representatives of the city, in the State Legislature, he acquired universal regard and proved himself worthy of that general confidence in his talents and uprightness, to which he owed the station.

Aug. 16. At his residence in

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Montgomery county, the venerable CHARLES THOMSON, in the 95th year of his age. He was one of the most virtuous, steadfast, energetic and useful patriots of the revolution. Few names connected with the history of American independence deserve more honour than his, in reference both to his public and private merits. He enjoyed, as sole secretary of the revolutionary congress, the highest confidence of that body and of the country, and the personal friendship of the best and greatest of the Americans. He stood among them like the personification of probity, firmness, and regularity. He possessed a mind naturally strong and perspicacious, which he enriched with various learning, ancient and modern, that became a constant source of gratification and employment to him in his retirement. The chief object of his old age was to prepare himself for a future life, and his friends and relatives have every reason to believe, that as a truly earnest, pious, and practical christian, he has gained the crown which he so perseveringly and worthily sought.

Aug. 4. ELIHU SPENCER SERGEANT, esq. of this city, counsellor at law. (Æt. 38.) The sudden death of this excellent man has excited the sincerest sympathy and sorrow of this community.—He was arrested by the hand of death in the vigour of life and of usefulness, in the midst of a successful professional career, and in the fullest enjoyment of domestic and social happiness. His virtues were extensively known and acknowledged; and they obtained for him the affection of his friends and the esteem of all who knew him. The purity of his life and conduct, the soundness of his understanding, and the excellence of his judgment, shed honour upon his professional life, and commanded for him a just and honourable confidence. The profession and the community will feel the loss they have sustained; those who knew him intimately, and partook of his friendship, will feel it still more; but his afflicted family have suffered a bereavement which nothing can repair. The only consolation of his surviving friends is in the remembrance of his virtues, and in the belief of his eternal happiness.

Near Bristol, England, at an advanced age, *Mrs. Sophia Lee.* She was one of four sisters, who, at the death of their father, opened a school at Bath. Their success was such, that they were enabled to erect a spacious mansion, called Belvidere House, which became one of the most celebrated female academies. Mrs. Lee very early turned her attention to literary pursuits. Her first production was "The Chapter of Accidents," a comedy, which came out in 1780, and was received with general applause. She next published "The Recess," 3 vols. in 1782 and 1785, which continues to be a popular novel. In 1787 she produced "The Hermit's Tale," a poem; in 1796 followed "Almeyda, Queen of Grenada," a tragedy; afterwards the "Life of a Lover, in a Series of Letters," 6 vols. 12mo.; and in 1810 "Ormond, or the Debauchee," a novel, 3 vols. In all the social relations, Mrs. Lee exhibited the kindest dispositions, and was universally esteemed.

In London, *Mr. John Davy*, 59, the musical composer, author of the "Bay of Biscay," and other popular songs.

At Ongar, *Miss Jane Taylor*, one of the writers of the "Nursery Rhymes," and "Hymns for Infant Minds;" also, "Display," "Essays in Rhymes," and other admirable works.

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For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A system of Universal Geography, Ancient and Modern, on the principle of Comparison and Classification.—Modern Geography by Wilber C. Woodbridge—Ancient Geography by Emma Willard. Accompanied by an atlas exhibiting in connexion with the outlines of countries, the religion, government, and degree of civilization and the comparative size of towns, rivers, and mountains.

The plan of this work combines the attractions of novelty and ingenuity; and in the faculties which it affords for acquiring useful information on the subject to which it relates, it possesses decided advantages over that which is generally in use. The authors appear to have consulted the standard works on Geography, and the various admirable dissertations which have been published, from time to time, in our most authoritative journals. We can therefore recommend it without hesitation to parents and conductors of seminaries for the instruction of youth; and this judgment, we are happy to find, is corroborated by the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, a teacher of long experience, and a scholar of the first order, —who, after dwelling upon the copiousness of its illustrations, the perspicuity of its arrangement, and the variety of its knowledge, does not hesitate in assigning to it the first place among the text-books which have come under his notice.

It gives us great satisfaction to be able to announce that a second edition of *Redwood* is already in the press. This demand for the work is alike honourable to the genius of the author and the good taste of the public.

The "Conversations on the Bible, by a Lady of Philadelphia," which was published at the Port Folio Office, a few years ago, has reached a second edition in London, where it has been reprinted as an original English production. The Morning Chronicle announces it in the following terms: "Parents and proprietors of seminaries will feel much obligation to the author of this little volume for the care with which she has executed her task." The New Monthly Magazine may also be quoted as favourably disposed towards it: "The very ingenious author of the Conversations on Chemistry, Political Economy, &c." says the Editor, "has given deserved popularity to this style of writing, which possesses considerable attractions for young readers. The writer of the present volume has well applied it to the illustration and explanation of the Old Testament, many portions of which require the aid of a skilful commentator, to render them intelligible to children. The "Conversations on the Bible," contain a judicious selection from the contents of the sacred volume, elucidated by occasional remarks, and by references to the best authors who have written on the subject."

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Blackwood's Magazine places Leslie "clearly and decidedly at the head of those who exhibit cabinet pictures this year," in London. His "Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess," says this writer, "is quite as good as any picture Wilkie ever painted—full of excellence as to drawing, and to colouring—and above all, as to conception. This artist now stands fairly where his genius entitles him to be. *We congratulate America.*"

The original manuscript of Pope's translation of Homer is said to be still in existence. We have lately perused the original of General Washington's Farewell Address, which we should be glad to see preserved in the archives of the government.

Washington Irving has undertaken to superintend a collection of English Literature, to be published in Paris. It will contain the best works of the most eminent English authors, in every department of literature, commencing with Geoffrey Chaucer, and coming down to the present day. Messrs. Carey & Lea will receive subscriptions in this country. It is stipulated that persons may select such works as they prefer, where they do not wish to possess the whole collection. Those who were obliged to pay for the whole of the tasteless and indiscriminate mass which was thrown together in the collection of "British Poets," lately published in this city, will at once perceive the advantage offered by this privilege.

Charles G. Haines, Esq. of New York, has presented to a distinguished citizen of the Republic of Colombia, a work in MS. of some three or four hundred pages, entitled, "Notes on the Theory of the Political and Civil Institutions of the United States." It is said to be written in a popular style, and presenting the most plain and simple view of the General and State Governments, and their concurrent operation on the genius and resources of the same people. Such a book is much wanted in South America and in Europe. It will be published in Spanish and no doubt be widely circulated.

It is proposed to publish a new edition of Johnson's Dictionary, with the additions of Mr. Todd, and Walker's pronunciation.

Archibald Haralson, Esq. of Louisiana, has translated Pothier's well known work on the *Contract of Sale.*

Proposals have been issued for republishing in Philadelphia "La Belle Assemblée; or Court and Fashionable Magazine," for which the patronage of the American ladies of the "patrician order" is solicited. What is meant by this term, we are at a loss to conjecture; nor do we believe that such a vapid and mawkish miscellany will become popular among any class of discerning females in this country.

The "Christian," a weekly heretical paper, has been abandoned for want of pecuniary support.

Charles Wiley, of New York, has published a work entitled "Essays on the Nature and Uses of the various Evidences of Revealed Religion. By Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq." Mr. Verplanck

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is well known to the public as a scholar, and he is one of the Professors in the Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York.

Mr. Wiley has in press "Memoirs of Gilbert Mottie, Marquis de La Fayette, comprising his Military, Political, and Private life. By General William Ducoudray Holstein, who, under the name of Peter Feldmann, contributed to his enlargement from the prison of Olmutz."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to remind one of the first and ablest of Mr. Oldschool's correspondents of a task which he lately undertook. In the language of *his* favourite bard

> I put your Grace in mind
> Of what you promised me.

On the subject suggested for the exercise of his fine taste we know that "he can open a vein of true and noble thinking,"—which might promote the interests of a valuable institution.

To a female correspondent, we owe every courtesy which it is the privilege of the gentle sex to receive; but we must beg her indulgence if we conclude not to publish her last communication. The disasters of the sooty twain may as well be left in the dark.

The New York American has hazarded a conjecture that the Aurora-newspaper, in this city, is published at the Asylum for the Insane. Here is a slight mistake. This old vehicle of defamation is issued from a different quarter, and the editor is so perfectly harmless that he is suffered to go at large. In his peregrinations if he happens to pick up an idea, he divides it with his neighbour of the "United States office."—Hence the two papers have acquired the fame of being only half-witted; and their sapient conductors, as they survey the blatteration which daily issues from their respective presses, exchange a nod of congratulation. Thus

> Each blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
> And thanks his stars he was not born a fool.

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Painted by C.R.Leslie. Engraved by C.G.Childs.

THE OMINOUS INCIDENT AT THE MERMAIDENS FOUNTAIN.

PUBLISHED BY H.HALL, 1834.

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

LA FAYETTE.

THE arrival of Gen. La Fayette has diffused a stream of gladness throughout all the land, and excited the emulation of every class in welcoming to our shores a man who essentially contributed to the establishment of American Independence. Amidst the loud huzzas and triumphal expressions which are heard on every side, it is our duty as faithful journalists to preserve the memory of these transactions. We shall therefore publish in this Number a brief account of his reception in different parts of the United States; and a specimen of the insignia which have been prepared by our artists to commemorate his reception in Philadelphia.

The visit of this ardent and steadfast supporter of natural rights, "who came over to Macedon" and helped us, at a period of fearful dismay, is one of those rare incidents in the annals of a nation, which fill the heart with a crowd of interesting and agreeable reflections.

When our illustrious Guest first turned his eyes towards this western world, he beheld us engaged in a contest with a powerful nation, under every circumstance of difficulty and danger: without a name, without resources, without arms, without allies; with nothing, in short, but a just cause and a determined spirit. In such a conjuncture, he did not content himself with furnishing pecuni-

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ary aid: he came personally, from a distant soil, abandoning, at the dawn of manhood, the luxuries of Paris and the incitements of ambition, to partake our rugged fortune. He spilt his blood at Brandywine, and hazarded his life in various hard fought battles. By the congress of the United States, he was invested with the high rank of Major General in our armies; he was the companion of Hamilton; he was honoured with the friendship of WASHINGTON; and he retired from the field only when peace and independence had crowned our efforts. Fayette enjoyed the confidence of the patriots of 1776, and he was worthy of the trust. By his frankness, his gallantry, and his ardour, he conciliated universal esteem: he was implicated in no controversy: he was shaded by no suspicion: he made no man his enemy. On every occasion he evinced the goodness of his heart and the disinterestedness of his zeal in our behalf. The United States had many friends in Europe during her vital struggle; some were fruitful in resources and powerful in talents; others cherished ardent wishes, and a few vindicated our cause in eloquent and indignant language. But the chivalrous spirit of Fayette could not be contented with such demonstrations of regard: he took his stand by our side and risked his fame and life with us.

When his sword could be useful no longer he returned to the bosom of his family. We reaped the harvest of his toil and devotion; we obtained independence; we secured freedom; we established enlightened and invaluable forms of government; our commerce now expands its fibres through every soil; our territories are enlarged to the limits of a mighty empire; our fire-sides are embellished by the arts, and our homes are protected by legions of disciplined freemen. He who contributed so much to these great objects, comes again to visit us, and beholds the work in which he laboured so ardently, flourishing beyond an example in history. The old "Thirteen States," which he defended in the spring of his days, have improved in every thing that can add value to life; and nearly as many younger brethren are now ranged by their side, participating in the same genial warmth of liberty and happiness. The father beholds his children arrived at maturity and enjoying the fruits of his cares and sacrifices: the children, grown to man-

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hood, contemplate with joy and gratitude the face of their early friend and defender! These are pleasures without alloy! These are among the highest delights that earth can bestow!

All classes among us are animated by the same rapturous feeling. Every countenance is brightened with cheerfulness and every bosom is warm with gratitude. The warrior of the revolution regards with profound emotion, one who participated with him in its changeful scenes, and calls up the remembrance of its former exploits with tears of joy. The man of mature age recollects the name, familiar to his boyhood, when it was associated with those of Washington, and Warren, and Green, and De Kalb. The child springs to catch a glimpse of the veteran whose virtues were presented to his earliest reflections in the grateful pages of American history. In Fayette, the patriot witnesses the sincere republican through all the fearful and wondrous vicissitudes of the French revolution. The American traveller recognizes a fellow-citizen who, at the distance of three thousand miles received him as a brother and breathed a benevolent wish towards his country. Such a man is truly one whom a nation may honour with frank and enthusiastic respect, not dictated by selfishness, nor contaminated by adulation.

The scene of a spontaneous and unanimous expression of gratitude by a great nation to an individual, without station or any other than moral influence, is, like many other American examples, without precedent in the annals of the world. In modern times we should in vain search for such a tribute to virtue: alas! in no country but this could scenes so delightful, be exhibited, under any circumstances. Emperors and kings have been environed by pomp and followed by the multitude: but power, not virtue, was the idol: selfishness or fear, not gratitude or love, the motive. Amidst the loud acclaim of sycophants and dependants, thousands muttered in secret the groans of misery and revenge. Even ancient times, the ages of liberty in Greece and Rome, offer no counterfeit presentment to this exhilarating spectacle. Were we to point to the nearest resemblance we should cite the name of Timoleon, who, like Fayette, went to the succour of a foreign nation, and like him too, had the peculiar good fortune to enjoy, in

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his old age, the love and gratitude of those whom he had assisted in throwing off an odious oppression. Fayette, better than any man now living, deserves the name of the most virtuous and happy patriot of history—he is, emphatically, THE TIMOLEON OF MODERN TIMES.

LIFE OF JAMES WATT.

JAMES WATT was a philosopher, mechanician, and civil engineer, whose inventive talents, extensive knowledge of the sciences and arts, and practical application of them to the purposes of life, place him in the foremost rank of those illustrious men, whose discoveries have influenced the state of society, and conferred distinction upon their country and age.

His great-grandfather farmed his own small estate in the county of Aberdeen, but engaging in the civil wars, was killed in one of Montrose's battles, and his property lost to his family. His son, Thomas Watt, left an infant, was brought up by relations, and having a turn for the mathematical sciences, made such proficiency by his own exertions, under very untoward circumstances, occasioned by the persecutions of the times, as to enable him at a later and quieter period to establish himself at Greenock, as a teacher of these sciences, and of the dependent arts of surveying and navigation.

He had two sons, John and James; the former brought up as a mathematician, settled first at Air, and afterwards at Glasgow, where he was much employed in surveying and directing the improvement of estates; was an able man, and drew neatly and accurately, which was not very common in those days. He died in 1737, at an early age, leaving a *Survey of the River Clyde, from Glasgow to the Point of Troward*, which was published by his brother several years afterwards. James, his younger brother, of an active, ingenious, and enterprizing mind, became a merchant in Greenock, and was upwards of twenty years a member of the Town-Council, a magistrate, and a zealous promoter of the improvements of the town. By his wife, Agnes Muirheid, he had two

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sons, James, the subject of the present article, and John, who was lost soon after he became of age.

James Watt, was born at Greenock, the 19th January 1736. He received the rudiments of his education in the public schools of his native town; but from the extreme delicacy of his constitution, was with difficulty enabled to attend the classes, and owed much of his acquirements to his studious habits at home. Little more is known of his early years, than that, from the first, he manifested a partiality for mechanical contrivances and operations, and frequently employed himself in that way. The desire of improvement in an art then little practised in Scotland, induced him to go to London in his eighteenth year, and there to place himself under the tuition of a mathematical instrument-maker; but he remained little more than a twelvemonth, the infirm state of his health compelling his return to the paternal roof.

In that short period, he appears to have made great proficiency, and continued, after his return to Scotland, to perfect himself in this art, both at home and on his visits to his mother's relations at Glasgow, where it was his wish to establish himself. But some opposition being made by the corporations, who considered him as an intruder upon their privileges, the professors of the college took him under their protection, and accommodated him with an apartment and premises for carrying on his business within their precincts, with the title and office of *Mathematical Instrument-Maker to the University.* This took place in 1757, when he was twenty-one years of age, and it must be inferred, that he had already given satisfactory proofs of talent to the eminent men who then adorned that seat of learning. There Mr. Watt applied sedulously to business, and in the few intervals which its concerns, and ill health allowed, cultivated those various talents which distinguished him in after life.

The steam-engine had been a frequent subject of conversation between Mr. Robison and himself, and the former had suggested the possibility of its application to the moving of wheel-carriages. About the year 1761 or 1762, Mr. Watt had tried some experiments on the force of steam in a Papin's digester, and had constructed and worked with strong steam a small model, consisting

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of an inverted syringe; the bottom of the rod of which was loaded with a weight, alternately admitting the steam below the piston, and letting it off to the atmosphere. Observing the imperfections of this construction, he soon abandoned it; but the attention necessary to be bestowed upon his business prevented his reconsidering it, until the winter of 1763-4, when he was employed by the Professors of Natural Philosophy to put in order a working model of a steam-engine upon Newcomen's construction. When he had repaired it and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though large in proportion to the cylinder, was barely able to supply it with steam for a few strokes *per* minute, and that a great quantity of water was required, though it was but lightly loaded by the pump attached to it. It soon occurred, that the cause lay in the little cylinder (two inches diameter, six inches stroke,) exposing a greater surface to condense the steam than the cylinders of larger engines did, in proportion to their respective contents.

By shortening the column of water in the pump, less steam and less injection water were required, and the model worked at a proper speed. Thus the purpose for which it was put into his hands was accomplished; and with this mode of accounting for the defect and this result, most artists would have been satisfied. Not so Mr. Watt. He had become aware of a great consumption of steam, and his curiosity was excited to a more accurate investigation of the causes, in which he proceeded in a truly philosophical manner. The cylinder of his small model being of brass, he conceived that less steam would be condensed by substituting cylinders of some material which would transmit heat more slowly. He made a larger model with a cylinder (six inches diameter, and one foot stroke,) of wood, soaked in oil, and baked to dryness. He ascertained, from experiments made with boilers of various constructions, that the evaporation of boiling water is neither in proportion to the evaporating surface, nor to the quantity of water, as had been supposed, but to the heat that enters it; and that the latter depended chiefly on the quantity of surface exposed to the action of the fire. He likewise determined the weight of coal required for the evaporation of any given quantity of water. Being convinced that there existed a great error in the statement which had

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been previously given of the bulk of water when converted into steam, he proceeded to examine that point by experiment; and discovered, that water, converted into steam of the heat of boiling water, was expanded to eighteen hundred times its bulk: or, as a rule for ready calculation, that a cubic inch of water produced a cubic foot of steam. He constructed a boiler to be applied to his model, which should show, by inspection, the quantity of water evaporated, and, consequently, would enable him to calculate the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine. This he now proved to be several times the full of the cylinder. He also observed, that all attempts to improve the vacuum, by throwing in more injection water, caused a disproportionate waste of steam: and it occurred to him, that the cause of this was the boiling of water in vacuo at very low heats (recently determined by Dr. Cullen, to be under 100;) consequently, at greater heats, the injection water was converted into steam in the cylinder, and resisted the descent of the piston. He now perceived clearly, that the great waste of steam proceeded from its being chilled, and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder before it was sufficiently heated to retain it in an elastic state; and that, to derive the greatest advantage, the cylinder should always be kept as hot as the steam that entered it, and that, when the steam was condensed, it should be cooled down to 100°, or lower, in order to make the vacuum complete. Early in 1765, the fortunate thought occurred to him of accomplishing this, by condensing the steam in a separate vessel; exhausted by air, and kept cool by injection, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened every time steam was to be condensed, while the cylinder itself was to be kept constantly hot. No sooner had this occurred to him, than the means of effecting it presented themselves in rapid succession. A model was constructed, and the experiments made with it, placed the correctness of the theory, and the advantages of the invention, beyond the reach of doubt.

In the course of these trials, he was much struck by the great heat communicated to the injection water by a small quantity of steam, and proceeded by a very simple experiment to satisfy himself upon that subject, when he discovered that water converted

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into steam will heat about six times its own weight of water at 47° or 48° to 212°. He mentioned this extraordinary fact to Dr. Black, who then explained to him his doctrine of latent heat, to the support of which, Mr. Watt had afterwards the satisfaction of contributing his experiments. From some of these he was led to suppose the latent heat of steam to be above 1000°, but he afterwards considered 960° a more accurate determination. From others, he deduced the important conclusion, that the sum of the latent and sensible heat of steam, at different temperatures, is a constant quantity, the latent heat increasing as the sensible heat diminishes; or, in other words, that a given weight of water in the state of steam contains nearly the same quantity of heat, whatever may be the bulk or density of the steam.

He also, at this time, made experiments upon the capacities of different bodies for heat, and upon the heats at which water boils under various pressures; from which he ascertained, that where the heats proceeded in an arithmetical, the elasticities proceeded in a geometrical ratio, the curve of which he laid down. These he repeated some years after with more accuracy.

From this period (the early part of 1765,) his mind became very much engaged in contriving the machinery for executing his improvement, upon a large scale; but the want of funds prevented his attempting it, until he was induced to address himself to Dr. Roebuck, who had a short time before completed his establishment of the Carron Ironworks, and who, in addition to his known qualities of ingenuity and enterprise, was considered to be possessed of ample means of introducing the invention to the public. He agreed to enter into the plan, upon having the proceeds of two-thirds of the invention assigned to him; and an engine upon a large scale was then constructed by Mr. Watt, at Kinneil, near Borrowtounness, where the doctor then resided; the trials made with which gave satisfaction. But the introduction of the invention to the public was retarded, on the one hand, by the pecuniary difficulties in which the doctor became involved, by the failure of several of his multifarious undertakings; and on the other, by the employment, which the rising reputation of Mr.

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Watt, for knowledge and skill in the line of a civil-engineer, procured him.

He was employed in 1767, to make a survey for a canal of junction between the rivers Forth and Clyde, by what was called the Lomond passage, and attended parliament on the part of the subscribers, where the bill was lost. An offer was then made to him of undertaking the survey and estimate of an intended canal from the Monk land Colleries to Glasgow; and these proving satisfactory, the superintendence of the execution was confided to him. This was quickly followed by his being employed by the *Trustees for Fisheries and Manufactures in Scotland,* to make a survey of a canal from Perth to Forfar, through Strathmore; and soon afterwards, by the *Commissioners of the Annexed Estates,* to furnish a report and estimate of the relative advantages of opening a communication between the Firth of Clyde and the western ocean, by means of a navigable canal across the isthmus of Crinan* or that of Tarbert. Business of this description now crowded upon him; and surveys, plans, and estimates were successively undertaken by him for the harbours of Ayr, Port-Glasgow, and Greenock; the deepening of the river Clyde, the rendering navigable the rivers Forth and Devon, and the water of Leven; the making of a canal from Machrihanish bay to Cambelltown, and of another between the Grand Canal and the harbour of Borrowstounness; the building of bridges at Hamilton and at Rutherglen, &c. &c. In these surveys he made use of a new micrometer, and a machine for drawing in perspective, which he had invented to facilitate his operations. Our limits do not allow us to go into the details of his *Reports,* which are remarkable for their perspicuity and accuracy, although the work of a self-taught engineer. The last and greatest work upon which he was employed was the survey and estimate of the line of a canal between Fort-William and Inverness, since executed by Mr. Telford, upon a larger scale than was at that time proposed, under the name of the Caledonia Canal.

Whilst engaged upon this survey, in the latter part of the year

* The Crinan canal was executed several years afterwards, under the direction of his friend Mr. Rennie with some variations.

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1773, Mr. Watt received the account of the death of his affectionate wife, leaving him a daughter and a son. He appears soon after to have made up his mind to accept the invitation of Mr. Boulton,* to settle in England. He had secured his title to his *Improvements for saving Steam and Fuel in Fire Engines*, by patent, in the year 1769; but all hopes of carrying them into effect, by the assistance of Dr. Roebuck, being at an end, he had induced that gentleman to transfer his share of the patent to Mr. Boulton. In conjunction with him an application was made to parliament for an extension of the term of the patent, and an act prolonging it for twenty-five years was obtained in the year 1775, when the business of making steam-engines was commenced by the firm of Boulton and Watt.

Some engines for pumping water were soon made upon a large scale, and the savings in fuel were demonstrated by repeated comparative trials to amount to three-fourths of the quantity consumed by those of the best construction before in use. A deputation from the mining interest of Cornwall was sent to ascertain the fact, and their report led to the introduction of the improved engines into that country, to which they have proved of such vast utility.

The immediate application of the powers of steam to giving a rotary motion to mills had formed an early object of Mr. Watt's attention, and he had deeply considered the various means of effecting this. One method of producing a continued movement in one direction was by a steam-wheel, described in his patent of 1769. Various others of a similar kind suggested themselves to him, of some of which drawings and models were made; but the difficulty of rendering them steam and air-tight, and the loss of power by friction, induced him to turn his thoughts to the adaptation of the reciprocating motion to the production of a continued regular rotary one. This he accomplished by a series of improvements, the exclusive property of which he secured by successive patents in the years 1781, 1782, 1784, and 1785; including, among

* Some account of this gentleman may be found in the Port Folio for October, 1810.

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other inventions, the rotary motion of the sun and planet wheels,* the expansive principle, the double engine, the parallel motion, and the smokeless furnace. The application of the centrifugal regulating force of *the governor* gave the finishing stroke to the machine.

The invention of the separate condenser, and the contrivances necessary to give it full effect, would alone have established the fame of Mr. Watt; but when to these are added the various inventions called forth to perfect his rotative engines, we are impressed by a union of philosophical research, of physical skill, and of mechanical ingenuity, which has, we believe, no parallel in modern times.

The perfection thus given to the rotative engine soon led to its general application for imparting motion to almost every species of mill-work and machinery; and gave an impulse, unexampled in the history of inventions, to the extension of British manufactures, population, and wealth.

Nor were Mr. Watt's inventive powers confined to the steam-engine. The necessity of preserving accurate copies of his various drawings and of his letters, containing long and important calculations; and the desire of avoiding that labour himself, which he did not think it right to entrust to others, led him, in the year 1780, to contrive a copying apparatus, and commenced the manufactory of them,—a contrivance of great simplicity, and of which he reaped an ample benefit in the time, labour, and expense it saved to himself, to say nothing of its advantage to the public.

In the winter of 1784-5, he put up an apparatus for heating a room by means of steam. The possibility of doing this we find suggested by Col. Cooke in the *Philosophical Transactions* for

* Mr. Watt had originally intended to derive the rotary motion from the working beam by means of a connecting rod and crank; but the workman employed to make the model communicated it to a neighbouring manufacturer, who took out a patent for it. This stimulated Mr. Watt to the invention of other means of effecting the same object, of which five are described in the patent of 1781. He afterwards used the crank which was indeed his own, when he saw occasion, in defiance of the patentee, who never troubled him.

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1745; but we know not whether this was known to Mr. Watt when he made this first practical attempt, from which he deduced proportions of surface, &c. which afterwards served to guide him in the introduction of the process in larger buildings.

Chemical studies engaged much of his attention during his busiest time, and at the very period when he was most engaged in perfecting his rotative engines, and in managing a business become considerable, and, from its novelty, requiring close attention, he entered deeply into the investigations then in progress relative to the constitution and properties of the different gases. Early in 1783, he was led, by the experiments of his friend and neighbour, Dr. Priestly, to the important conclusion, that water is a compound of dephlogisticated and inflammable airs (as they were then called) deprived of their latent or elementary heat, and he was the first to make known this theory. This was done in a letter to Dr. Priestly, dated the 28th April 1783, in which he states the doctor's experiments to have come in aid of some prior notions of his own, and supports his conclusions by original experiments. That letter Dr. Priestly received in London; and, after showing it to several members of the Royal Society, he delivered it to sir Joseph Banks, with a request that it might be read in some of the public meetings of the society; but before that could be complied with, Mr. Watt, having heard of some new experiments made by Dr. Priestly, begged that the reading might be delayed. Those new experiments soon afterwards proved to have been delusive, and Mr. Watt sent a revised edition of his letter to Mr. De Luc on the 26th November of the same year, which was not read to the Society until the 29th April 1784, and appears in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year, under the title of *Thoughts on the Constituent Parts of Water and of Dephlogisticated Air*, with *an Account of some Experiments upon that Subject.* In the interim, on the 15th January 1784, a paper by Mr. Cavendish had been read, containing his *Experiments on the Combustion of the Dephlogisticated* and *Inflammable Airs*, and drawing the same inference as Mr. Watt; with this difference only, that he did not admit elementary heat into his explanation. He refers in it to his knowledge of Mr. Watt's paper, and states

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his own experiments to have been made in 1781, and mentioned to Dr. Priestly; but he does not say at what period he formed his conclusions; he only mentions that a friend of his had given some account of his experiments in the summer of 1783 to Mr. Lavoisier, as well as of the conclusion drawn from them. It is quite certain that Mr. Watt had never heard of them; and Dr. Blagden has stated, that he mentioned at Paris the opinions of both the English philosophers, which were not admitted without hesitation, nor until the French chemists had satisfied themselves by experiments of their own.

Mr. Watt also has the merit of being the first person to introduce into Great Britain, and to carry into effect, on a practical scale, in any country, the bleaching of linens and cottons by oxymuriatic acid, the invention of his friend M. Berthollet. That gentleman had communicated his invention to Mr. Watt at Paris in the winter of 1786-7, whither he had proceeded with Mr. Boulton at the instance of the French government, to suggest improvements in the mode of raising water at Marly, and his mind was instantly alive to the extensive application of which it admitted. He advised Mr. Berthollet to secure the property by an English patent; but that he declined and left his friend to make such use of it as he thought proper.

Some years after this, Mr. Watt was led, by the illness of his daughter, and some apprehensions entertained for the son, who were the issue of his second marriage, to consider the subject of the medical application of the factitious airs, and to contrive various apparatuses for that purpose, and which were described by himself, in his friend Dr. Beddoes's publications on *Pneumatic Medicine.*

We have not space to particularize other improvements introduced by Mr. Watt, or at his suggestion, into various arts, for there were few arts with the details of which he was not intimately acquainted, and to the practical professors of which he was not able and willing to impart information. We shall only mention that before he left Glasgow to settle in England, he had assisted some of his friends in the establishment of a pottery there, to the success of which his experiments and advice had greatly

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contributed, and in which he afterwards continued a partner. At a later period, he occupied himself much upon a composition, having the transparency, and nearly the hardness of marble, from which he made many casts. This promoted, if it did not create a taste for sculpture and statuary, and led to his employing himself, during the last years of his life, in the contrivance of a machine for multiplying busts and other carved work, which he left in a very forward state.

Mr. Watt did not escape the common lot of eminent men, that of meeting with pirates of his inventions, and detractors from his merit. The latter, indeed, were but few, and their efforts transitory; but the former were numerous, and in proportion to the benefits expected to arise from an evasion of the patent dues claimed by Boulton and Watt; though these were established upon the liberal footing of receiving only one-third of the savings of fuel compared with the best steam-engines previously in use. In consequence, both the attention of Mr. Boulton and of Mr. Watt was greatly occupied, from the year 1792 to the year 1799, in defending their patent rights against numerous invaders, the principal of whom were supported by a portion of the mining interest of Cornwall, although the respectable part of it refused to concur in their measures.

In 1800, upon the expiration of the act of parliament passed in his favour, he withdrew from business, resigning his share to his two sons; of whom the youngest, Mr. Gregory Watt, died soon after, having given splendid proofs of literary and philosophical talents, and left a durable record of the latter, in his paper *On Basalt* in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Mr. Watt continued to the close of life to interest himself in the pursuits of his former associates, and to maintain an uninterrupted friendship with Mr. Boulton, whom he survived several years. He died on the 25th August 1819, in the 84th year of his age.

Mr. Watt was elected a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784; of the Royal Society of London in 1785; and a corresponding member of the Batavian Society in 1787. In 1806, the honourable degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the spontaneous and unanimous vote of the Senate of the Uni-

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versity of Glasgow; and in 1808, he was elected, first a corresponding, and afterwards a foreign member of the Institute of France.

In this brief narrative of his long, busy, and useful life, we have endeavoured to confine ourselves to a statement of the principal facts, and shall now add the character drawn up, soon after his death, by a distinguished writer, who knew him well, and enjoyed a large portion of his esteem.

"Death is still busy in our high places; and it is with great pain that we find ourselves called upon, so soon after the loss of Mr. Playfair, to record the decease of another of our illustrious countrymen, and one to whom mankind has been still more largely indebted. Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th ult., at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the 84th year of his age.

This name, fortunately, needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have "gathered all its fame." We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility; for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which they can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it, draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no

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branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power, which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man too that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not perhaps the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information,—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and so well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that

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was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense,—and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was most curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted too with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it, for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened, that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious

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writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals; and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say, that with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk, at least in his latter years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine which they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice of predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another, but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopedia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select from his inexhaustable stores what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity, he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasure. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiari-

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ty, and prized accordingly far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful, though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonised admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage, the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardnes, parade, and pretensions; and indeed never failed to put such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years: and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation, never more delightful nor more instructive, than in his last visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself with all the ardour of aerly life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary, and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83d year.

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconveniences through the summer: but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks of his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event that was approaching;

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and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle, and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God!"

For the Port Folio.

MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS POSEY.

Thomas Posey was born of respectable parentage, near the Potowmac in Virginia, on the ninth of July in the year 1750. In 1769 he had received a tolerable English education; and as he was to inherit no fortune, his enterprising spirit induced him, at that early age, to seek a residence in the western part of Virginia, near the frontiers, where he hoped to better his situation in life by the accumulation of property. He had been there only a few years when a war with the Indians broke out; and in 1774 an expedition againt them was undertaken by lord Dunmore, then governor of Virginia. Mr. Posey having now arrived at man's estate, and acquired a character for activity and correctness, as well as a competent knowledge of business, received an appointment in the Quarter Master's Department, and marched in the division commanded by Col. Andrew Lewis. This gallant army, which consisted entirely of the militia of Virginia, penetrated the Indian country as far as the banks of the Ohio, where the enemy was prepared to receive them. A battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1774, with a body of Indians, composed of numerous tribes, at the mouth of Great Kanhawa River, which continued with great obstinacy during the whole day, and terminated in the entire defeat of the enemy. Colonels Lewis and Field, of Vir-

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ginia, were killed in this engagement, after having distinguished themselves by signal deeds of gallantry. A letter written by Mr. Posey to a friend, immediately after the action, is still preserved by his family, and evinces him to have been a cool and attentive observer of the bloody scene, which he describes with great minuteness. He dwells particularly on the death of Col. Lewis, whom he calls a good and worthy man, and describes as exhausting his latest breath in stimulating his men to action. This campaign was attended with all the difficulties and hardships incident to Indian warfare; and was concluded by the well known treaty made by lord Dunmore with the savage tribes, which produced the release of a large number of unfortunate prisoners, some of whom had been held in captivity for many years. It was this occasion which elicited the affecting display of savage eloquence exhibited in the celebrated speech of Logan, which has been recorded by Mr. Jefferson, and has been attested to be genuine by Col. Gibson of Pennsylvania, who acted as interpreter between the British governor and this distinguished chieftain.

The appalling exhibition of war in its most cruel shape, which Mr. Posey must have witnessed in these border hostilities, might, in a less resolute mind, have extinguished the military ardour of a young and unpractised soldier. But his was the dauntless spirit which danger only served to awaken; and we find him soon after engaged in scenes which called for all the energies of American valour. In the year 1775, the revolutionary war having commenced, he was elected a member of a committee of correspondence, a similar committee being formed in each county in the state; and thus, at the early age of twenty-five, he became enrolled in the ranks of patriotism, and occupied a prominent station in the eyes of his countrymen. Soon after this he was appointed a captain in the regular service, and raised a company which was incorporated with the 7th Virginia Regiment, and afterwards put on the continental establishment. During this campaign, the regiment served against lord Dunmore; who committed great depredations on different parts of the coast, and having considerable land and naval force, made a stand and fortified Gwynn's Island. He was attacked by our troops commanded by brigadier

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general Lewis, and was routed, and driven off, with considerable loss of men, and damage to his shipping. At the end of this campaign, the 7th regiment was ordered to join general Washington. They set out in the winter of 1776-7 and in the spring joined the main army, which shortly after took post on the heights of Middle Brook, New Jersey; a large force of the enemy then lying at New Brunswick, a few miles distant, under the command of lord Cornwallis.

Soon after Capt. Posey joined the main army, Gen. Washington directed a selection of officers and men to be made from the different corps, to compose a rifle regiment, to be commanded by Col. Daniel Morgan; and Posey was selected as one of the captains. This corps soon became one of the most distinguished in the army. It was immediately ordered to do duty on the enemy's lines, where it was much exposed, always on the alert, and continually engaged with the enemy's picket guards, their foraging parties, or some part of their forces. To say that on these occasions Capt. Posey was not excelled by any of the brave officers of this gallant regiment is high praise; but it may be said with great justice.

Early in the summer following, lord Cornwallis evacuated New Brunswick, and took up his line of march for New York. General Washington detached a large force to endeavour to intercept him, or to bring on a general engagement. Morgan's rifle regiment was on this service; with orders to hang on the rear of the enemy, to engage him at every defile, and to harrass him whenever an opportunity should offer. When the enemy reached Piscataway such an opportunity presented itself. Morgan posted himself in a marshy wood near the road, and when the main body of the enemy had passed, and the rear guard approached, attacked and endeavoured to cut it off. A warm contest ensued; in the course of which Capt. Posey was ordered, with his company, to cross a causeway leading through a large swamp,—for the purpose of gaining the front of the enemy. The order was promptly executed, and occasioned a sharp conflict between this party, and the enemy's light troops, who surrounded Capt. Posey, and were near cutting him off. Perceiving the danger of his situation,

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he directed a deadly fire at a particular point of the enemy's force, and thus opened a passage through which he made good his retreat. In this action the regiment sustained much loss, the heaviest of which fell on Capt. Posey's company; the enemy also suffered considerably.

Shortly after reaching New York, lord Cornwallis evacuated that place, embarked his forces, and some time after landed at the head of Elk in Maryland. In the meanwhile, Gen. Burgoyne, at the head of ten thousand chosen regulars, Canadians and Indians, was advancing from Canada upon New York, in order to cut off the communication between the eastern and southern states, and had reached the northern frontier of New York. He was opposed by the American forces under major general Gates, of whom Morgan's riflemen formed a part, and continued to perform the arduous duties which necessarily devolve on this description of troops—bearing a part in every battle, and continually harassing the enemy's outposts and detachments. The general engagement of the 19th of September, which lasted the whole of that day, was brought on by this regiment, which did great execution throughout the battle. Night covered the retreat of the American army, leaving the enemy in possession of the field, with a great number of slain on both sides—but the events of this day broke the heart of the British army. On the 7th of October another general engagement was fought. The enemy marched out in full force, to drive our army from its encampment, and with sanguine expectations of success. Our gallant countrymen met them on the plains. Arnold brought on the action with his division, and Morgan was ordered with his regiment to assail the enemy's flank. Arnold was twice repulsed before Morgan made his attack, which was the enemy's right wing. This brave officer had marched under cover of a thick wood, to gain a ridge of which the enemy were about to take possession; and reaching the summit before them he poured into them a destructive fire which brought almost every mounted officer to the ground, broke their right, threw them into great confusion, and forced them to retreat after disputing the ground about half an hour. Arnold following up the blow of Morgan, broke the enemy's centre, and his left

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meeting with the same treatment, the whole line gave way in disorder. General Frazer, of the British army, brought up a second line, which had not been long engaged, before Frazer was shot, and carried off the field, and the whole of the British forces retired within the Hessian lines. These lines were then stormed by our troops, but night coming on, the assault was discontinued. Throughout this engagement, Morgan's regiment bore a conspicuous part, and well sustained its high reputation—and Capt. Posey reaped a full share of the laurels of the day. The enemy retired to Saratoga, and the result so glorious to the American arms, and so important to the revolutionary cause, is well known.

Morgan, with his regiment, was now ordered to join general Washington in the neighbourhood of Germantown. The riflemen here were continually employed on the enemy's lines, until the army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. Morgan's regiment, with a company of artillery and some cavalry were then stationed at Radnor, near the outposts of the enemy who was in possession of Philadelphia.

In the spring of 1778, Col. Morgan being on furlough, Lieut. Col. Butler having joined his regiment, and major Morris having been killed, Capt. Posey was ordered to take command of the rifle corps, now much reduced by the many actions in which it had taken part, and the hardships and privations it had endured. He still continued to perform the active duties of the *partizan* service, until the British evacuated Philadelphia, and our army was put in motion to follow them; his detachment was then ordered to join the army, and remained with it until a disposition was made to attack the enemy at Monmouth. Morgan, by this time had rejoined his regiment, which was augmented, and Posey still remained with it, with the rank of major, to which he was now promoted. At the battle of Monmouth, Morgan was attached with his regiment, and the additional troops under his command, to the light infantry under the orders of the marquis de la Fayette, and acted on the right wing of the enemy.

After this battle, general Washington having received information, that the Indians and tories had assembled in considerable force, and broken up the settlements of the German-flats, Cherry Valley,

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and Schoharie, on the north-western frontiers of New York, and colonel Morgan having joined the 11th infantry to which he was arranged when first appointed a colonel, major Posey was ordered to take command of the rifle regiment, and join Col. William Butler of the 4th Pennsylvania regiment, who with his own command and that of major Posey marched immediately to the relief of those settlements. The Indians and tories were beaten back to the Indian towns, and thence to the lakes, and several of their villages burned, and their corn destroyed, after which the troops went into winter quarters at Schoharie.

In the spring of 1779 major Posey joined the main army at Middlebrook, and took command of the 11th Virginia regiment of infantry, from which he was shortly after transferred to the command of a battalion composing part of Febiger's regiment of Light Infantry, under the command of general Wayne. Under this accomplished officer he participated in the assault on Stony Point, on the night of the 15th of July 1779, on which occasion he distinguished himself, as being one of the first to enter the main work of the enemy, and by making a successful charge on a battery of two 24 pieces, that was playing upon the left column. At the charge, the enemy threw down their arms, exclaiming "*Spare us brave Americans, spare us, spare us!*" after which, not a man was slain. Major Posey was the second field officer who entered the enemy's batteries on this glorious night; he gave the word "*the Fort's our own,*" and his battalion suffered more than any other corps. Thus, he had the honour of bearing a prominent part, in one of the most daring and brilliant achievements, recorded in the annals of civilized warfare.

In the winter of 1779-80, the whole of the Virginia line was ordered to Charleston in South Carolina, and major Posey having obtained permission to visit his family, did not overtake the troops before they had reached Charleston and the communication was cut off. He then applied to governor Rutledge for a command in the militia; but the inhabitants, scattered in every direction, and panic struck by the depredations of the enemy, could not be embodied; and finding that he could be of no service in the south, he returned to Virginia, and was ordered to a recruiting station. He left

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this service for a short interval to assist at the siege of Little York, where he had a second time the pleasure of beholding a large British force surrender to the American arms. He returned to his recruiting station, and organized a regiment, of which he obtained the command; having been promoted a short time previous, to the rank of lieutenant colonel.

In the winter of 1781-2, Lieut. Col. Posey repaired to Georgia, where he served under general Wayne until the evacuation of Savannah by the enemy. Here he was engaged with his usual success, on one occasion, with a large foraging party of the enemy, and on another with the Indians; the latter of which deserves particular mention, as there is some inaccuracy in the account given of it by general Lee, in his *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department.* On the night of the 23d of June 1782, the army was disposed in the following manner: the artillery, the cavalry, and the light infantry of Posey's regiment, commanded by Capt. Parker, were arranged in proper order at the house of the *lower Mrs. Gibbon's,* (so distinguished, from there being two widow ladies of that name, at whose houses the troops had been stationed alternately) with a chain of sentinels in the rear; the remainder of Posey's regiment was posted a few hundred yards from the house, on the road leading by Mrs. Gibbon's to Savannah, with the usual disposition of guards and a chain of sentinels in front. Major Samuel Findlay was with the regiment, Posey having been ordered to remain that night with general Wayne. The whole of the troops had been employed for several days past upon hard duty, sleeping at night in their ranks, and on their arms, with their clothes and accoutrements on, in constant expectation that the British would come out of Savannah in force for action, or that an opportunity would occur of cutting off their supplies. Thus, worn down with fatigue and watching, they were aroused from a profound sleep in the dead of night, by an attack made by the chief Guristersigo, with a large body of Indians. The assault was violent, sudden, and unexpected; accompanied with all the horrors of Indian warfare, with the yells of savages, and the use of tomahawks, scalping knives, spears, and guns—by which our troops were thrown into great disorder. Wayne and Posey,

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wrapped in their cloaks had lain down together, and being roused by the alarm at the same instant, rushed towards the scene of action. They had proceeded but a few steps when Col. Posey met Capt. Parker, who informed him of the confusion into which the suddenness of the attack had thrown his men, and desired his orders. Posey immediately directed that the light troops should be rallied behind the house, and accordingly by his own exertions united with Capt. Parker's, the men were soon collected. Posey then placing himself at the head of this little band, with Capt. Parker, ordered a charge through the enemy to reach his regiment, which was effected with such celerity and firmness, that the conflict, although severe, was not long doubtful. Many of the Indians fell at the point of the bayonet, and several by the force of Posey's own arm; and unfortunately, a gallant soldier of his own command, became, by mistake, the victim of his prowess. Sergeant Thompson, of Parker's company, had, contrary to orders, taken off his coat and bound up his head with a handkerchief, by which he was so disguised, that although manfully engaged with the enemy, he was taken for an Indian by Posey, who with a thrust of his sword, laid him at his feet. The colonel deeply lamented this circumstance, when he visited the hospital on the following morning, and learned from the brave, but incautious sergeant, the particulars of his wounds. Gen. Wayne, with the cavalry followed Posey, who had filed off to the right to gain his regiment, which he met on its march to the scene of action; and placing himself at the head of it, charged immediately upon the rear of the enemy, and put them to flight. General Wayne filed to the left, where he fell in with a considerable body of the Indians, and after a sharp conflict compelled them to retreat. Thus, by the united bravery of both officers and soldiers, the whole force of the enemy was completely routed.

This statement varies, it will be perceived, from that of general Lee, only so far as respects colonel Posey's share in the action. The historian of the Southern War, when addressed by colonel Posey on the subject, a few years since, promptly acknowledged his error. As his letter is not long, we shall insert it in this place.

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Alexandria, January 30th—18.

"DEAR SIR,

I was yesterday favoured with your letter, covering one addressed to you by Col. Parker, and requesting me to correct part of the "*Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States,*" which applied to the part which you took in the defence made by brigadier general Wayne against the attack of the Indians led by Guristersigo.

It will give me great pleasure to comply with your request, as no doubt exists on my mind, that I was mistaken in my narrative of that engagement, so far as relates to yourself.

From the testimony now for the first time before me, I find that you were not with your infantry in camp, but passed that night at the general's quarter's, by his order, and consequently joined him in repelling the enemy from the commencement of the assault.

If a second edition of the work should take place, I will certainly introduce this requisite change, and in the mean time, I trust you will retain this letter as evidence of my conviction, and of my intention.

Yours truly,

HENRY LEE."

The Hon. Thomas Posey
in Congress, Washington City.

After the British evacuated Savannah, Wayne with his command, was ordered to join general Green. The British army, a few months afterwards, evacuated Charleston. The light infantry was then under the command of general Wayne; and Lieut. Col. Posey, who commanded a battalion in that corps, was ordered, when the enemy was about to evacuate the town, to march in with his command, to prevent those depredations on the part of the British, which soldiers are apt to commit when evacuating a place which they have long held, and to which the troops of that nation are particularly prone.

This was one of the last scenes of the revolutionary war; during the whole of which we have seen Colonel Posey actively and efficiently engaged. It will be gratifying now to turn to more

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peaceful scenes, and to behold this gallant soldier sharing the rewards bestowed by a grateful country upon her patriots and heroes. He was both a hero and a patriot. His was not that narrow soul which pants alone for military fame, and personal exaltation. Proud, as he well might be, of his hard-earned laurels, he prized still more dearly the glory and happiness of his country, and he cheerfully laid down his arms when the object for which he had assumed them was accomplished—when the vanquished foe yielded the palm to American valour, and his country took her station among the nations of the earth.

During the war Colonel Posey lost his wife, who left him an only child—John Posey, who was afterwards an Officer of Dragoons in Wayne's Legion, and served in the campaign against the Indians in the North Western Territory in 1793–4, when he was advanced to the rank of Captain.

After the peace, which took place in September, 1783, Colonel Posey married a second time, to Mrs. Thornton, a young widow of considerable beauty and accomplishments, and settled in Spottsylvania county, Virginia. This marriage produced a family of ten children, of whom nine reached the years of discretion. In the year 1785 he was appointed Colonel of the Militia of that county, and in the year following County Lieutenant,—an office of considerable dignity and responsibility in those times, when General officers of Militia had not as yet been created, and the whole command of the Military devolved on the Lieutenants of Counties, in a country still subject to Indian incursions. He acted as County Lieutenant and Magistrate until 1793 when he was appointed by the President and Senate of the United States, a Brigadier General in the Legionary Army commanded by General Wayne, and became again a companion in arms of his former illustrious commander. He continued some time with the Legion highly honoured by Wayne, and beloved by the troops; and by his activity and military experience contributed greatly to the success of the expedition which gave peace to the western frontiers. On quitting the army he settled in Kentucky, where his distinguished services recommended him to new honours, and he was almost immediately called to the station of Speaker of the Senate, in

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which office he served four years, uniting with its duties those of Lieutenant Governor of this flourishing State.

In 1810 General Posey was appointed Major General of the first division of Kentucky Militia, and was selected to the command of 5,000 men, the *quota* of that State of the requisition of 100,000 made by Congress in anticipation of hostilities with Great Britain or France. This was obeyed with no less promptitude by the veteran soldier of the revolution, than by the gallant youth of Kentucky, ever ready in the hour of danger, and foremost in the ranks of honour. But the call was premature; war was not declared with either of the offending parties, and this patriotic army was ordered to be discharged. The Governor of Kentucky, who was himself a distinguished officer of the revolution, concluded a letter addressed to General Posey, accompanying the orders for the disbandment of his troops, in the following manner:

"While I felicitate my fellow citizens on the prospect of our affairs which has led to this event, permit me particularly to assure you, that I entertain a high sense of the promptitude and zeal with which you undertook and discharged the duties of commander in chief of this corps. You have set an example of military spirit, at the expense of private convenience, which I hope ever to see imitated by the militia of this State, when the interest of their country is at stake.

I beg leave to renew to you my sentiments of regard,
and am sincerely, your friend and obedient servant,

CHARLES SCOTT.

MAJOR GENERAL POSEY."

About this time General Posey turned his attention to the Orleans Territory, which he explored with the intention of settling in the Attacapas or Opelousas; and finally made a purchase in the Attacapas, and removed thither with part of his family. He was in that county in 1812, when hostilities with Great Britain were about to commence, and set a brilliant example of patriotism to his countrymen, by raising a volunteer company at Baton Rouge, of which he accepted the command for a short time with the rank of Captain. This act of magnanimous condescension,

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on the part of a veteran soldier holding the rank of Major General, speaks more in his praise than volumes of panegyric.

In this year the State of Louisiana was added to the Union, and General Posey was appointed Senator in the Congress of the United States, to fill the place of Mr. Destriong, who had resigned. He repaired to Washington City, and served in Congress until he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Indiana Territory, on the 3d of March 1813, which office he continued to execute to the universal satisfaction of the people, by whom he was much beloved, until the year 1816, when the Territory was erected into a State. In answer to his last message to the Territorial Legislature, that body used the following language—"They cannot refrain from declaring their perfect approbation of your official conduct as Governor of this Territory. During your administration, many evils have been remedied, and we particularly admire the calm, dispassionate, impartial conduct, which has produced the salutary effects of quieting the violence of party spirit, harmonizing the interests as well as the feelings of the different parties of the Territory. Under your auspices we have become as one people." This brief extract displays the character of this excellent man, in a new and different light from that in which we have been viewing it; and exhibits another instance, among the many which our history affords, of the facility with which the soldiers of the Republic, lay aside their military habits, assume civil stations, cultivate the gentle virtues and the arts of peace. Previous to his appointment the people of Indiana had been divided and distracted by factions, but such was the high esteem which they entertained for the veteran soldier of the revolution who had been appointed their Governor, such the suavity of his manners, and firmness of his conduct, that he conciliated the affections of all parties, ensured the general tranquillity, and commanded universal respect.

The last station in which Governor Posey was permitted to serve his country was that of agent for Indian affairs, which he received on relinquishing the government of Indiana, and held until his death, honoured and beloved by all the Indian tribes within his agency, among whom he enjoyed unbounded influence.

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He died on the 19th of March, 1818, at Shawnee Town, in the Illinois Territory. He had caught a severe cold in descending the Wabash from Vincennes, which induced an inflammation of the pleura, and terminated in a typhus fever, eight days from its commencement. He died in the arms of his beloved wife, who was left with a large family of affectionate children to deplore his loss. Among his papers were found a brief sketch of his life, in his own hand writing, a letter of advice to his children and grandchildren, and a letter to his wife to be delivered after his death.

Governor Posey had for many years been a member of the Presbyterian church, and during the latter part of his life engaged zealously in the cause of christianity. He was a devout and humble follower of the cross, and a firm believer in the doctrines of our holy religion. He made every exertion to supply the poor and unfortunate part of mankind with the holy scriptures; was President of several Bible Societies, and in 1817 was appointed by the Presbyterian church of Indiana to represent them in a general convention held on Pennsylvania Run near Louisville, and in a synod which sat at Springfield in Kentucky.

In his person, General Posey was tall, athletic, and finely formed. His appearance united dignity and gracefulness, and in his manners were blended in a remarkable degree the stately and gallant bearing of the soldier, with the ease and suavity of the polished gentleman. His face was remarkably handsome, his features high, fine, and prominent, and if at times they assumed the sternness of command, there was a softness in his fine blue eye, a spirit and intelligence mingled with a calm and benevolent expression which pervaded the whole countenance, that at once attracted the admiration and won the affections of the beholder.

In private life General Posey was cheerful, social, and benevolent, performing the various duties which devolved upon him as a member of civil society with strict punctuality, and with a rigid attention to the privileges and the feelings of his fellow men. His principles, drawn as they were from the purest fountains, formed among the severest trials of patriotism, and modelled upon the highest examples of political virtue which have adorned any age or country, were purely republican. The heroes and sages of

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the revolution, adopted the political creed of no man or party. They went back to first principles; from the limpid stream of reason, they drew the simple elements of that faith for which they fought and conquered.

Such was this gallant soldier; and if an untiring assiduity in the public service—a chivalric self devotion in the hour of danger—a rigid adherence to the rules of honour, be military virtues, the object of this notice will rank high among the heroes of his country. But when around these sterner qualities we find enwreathed the soft and useful refinements of civil life, when we recognize the just neighbour, the active citizen, the affectionate father, the steady friend, the faithful chief magistrate blended with the patriot warrior—when to all this is added the pious humility of the christian bowing before his Saviour's cross, our hearts are warmed and exalted by a rich display of the noblest attributes of man, and we may boldly offer that character which unites so many of the highest traits of excellence, as an example to the rising generation, worthy of the imitation of those who seek a life of usefulness, and an old age of honour.

For the Port Folio.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

Whether any portion of the literature of our country is so far a subject of exclusive cultivation, that we ought reasonably to expect standard works, much doubt may be entertained. Yet if present writers do not attain the summit of fame, they are not without an incentive to exertion. They may gratify the reasonable curiosity, and stimulate the patriotism of their cotemporaries; they may collect those materials, to which the future historian and biographer must resort, and for which they must render their acknowledgments. In reference to the revolution, the present is the age of memoirs and collections, whose merit is invaluable, because they are indispensable to posterity. Most of those who were forward in the interesting scenes of that time have left the stage, and it is from their children now at maturity, that the incidents of their private history must be collected, or they would probably be forever lost. It is true that a single act unexampled in its character, and stupendous in its effects, has given celebrity to the names of some who otherwise

* Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence, by Robert Walo, jr. vol. IV. Philadelphia, published by R. W. Pomeroy.

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would not have been known beyond a narrow circle. They placed their names on a scroll which gave birth to a new nation, possessing improved political principles, and exhibiting an enviable character among mankind, and it is not surprising that a desire exists to trace their private walks, their parentage, habits, and personal deportment. Yet there are many of these names which, independently of this circumstance, would have commanded attention. Had accident never placed Franklin, the Adams's, Livingston, Sherman, Witherspoon, Hopkinson, Wilson, M'Kean, Rutledge or the Lee's, in congress at this splendid epoch, their superior genius and abilities would be held in remembrance. So, on the other hand, there were many eminent and patriotic men who occupied seats in congress before and after the 4th of July 1776, or were then employed in the service of the states, whose lives are equally worthy to be embraced when a general biography of that day shall come to be written. The names of Henry, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Clinton, Mifflin, Reed, Sergeant, Dickinson, Howard, Pendleton, Randolph, Gadsden, Laurens, Drayton, and Pinkney, are to be found in the list of members of congress during the revolution, and yet are not amongst those which accompanied the Declaration of Independence.

Still the fact of signing that instrument is one so unique: it is so identified with all that belongs to a pure and ardent patriotism: it was so bold and uncompromising a stand in the breach of danger, as by itself to convey a peculiar sanctity to those who executed it, whether they conceived the plan or only followed the stern determinations of others. Without scanning nicely the degrees of merit or the shades of motive, it may be safely asserted that to have been one of the fifty-six there enrolled, is a just passport to a renown which cannot be frittered away by nice objections, or obscured by an excelling lustre in another. In the temple of American freedom there may be such as fill a larger space, or rise to a more elevated height, but these are a select few who occupy a peculiar and a consecrated spot.

The present work is devoted exclusively to a biography of those whose names are found attached to the Declaration of Independence. It was commenced in 1820 by Mr. Sanderson, and reached the fourth volume in 1823, the two latter volumes having been compiled by Mr. Waln. We say compiled, without meaning to allege that none of the biographies are his work: but because it would seem from the style of their composition that their authors are almost as various as the subjects.

The work however is recommended to us not only by the interesting period to which it relates, and a home felt sympathy in the men it describes, but because in the midst of considerable defects, the style possesses vivacity and spirit. It might be thought at first that in treating of fifty-six men who flourished at the same time,

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embarked in the same struggle, and most of whom derive their fame from the same act, the work would be embarrassed by the recurrence of the same events, and must inevitably fail to possess that diversity of incident which gives interest and grace to biography. But when we consider that the members of the congress of 1776, not only differed in their education, personal character and pursuits, but came from distant parts of this continent, without much previous intercourse or acquaintance, and at other periods engaged in peculiar scenes, it will be found that the subject admits of that variety of which we have spoken. There is in each individual something fresh, something not belonging to any other: and in the various opinions and habits of the east, the middle, and the south, of the lawyer, the merchant, the sailor, or the husbandman, something new and characteristic is to be traced. The simple event of the Declaration of Independence with all its preparatives and consequences, connected with the existing means of the country, the power of the British to annoy us, and the situation and feelings of other nations, admits of a widely extended discussion, and might be presented in portions in the lives of different individuals, without the danger of repetition or the fear of burthening them with adventitious materials: and it is a subject yet far from being exhausted by our historians.

It is our purpose to give to the readers of the Port Folio, from the work before us, some occasional extracts, illustrative of those whose lives are contained in it as well as of its style of composition: and as there is no necessary connection in the different portions of the work,—each biography standing out distinct in itself,—we shall commence with the fourth and most recent volume, which is edited by Mr. Waln.

Among the signers of the Declaration, from the state of South Carolina, is *Thomas Heyward*, with whom Mr. Waln commences this volume. He was a native of that state, a gentleman of large property, of classical education, and a lawyer. He was not merely a civilian but a soldier, and was as intrepid in the field as he was resolute in council. He survived the Revolution, and for several years filled the place of judge in his native state. He died in the year 1809, at the age of 63. The biography is not long but it presents a character endued with many good qualities.

In the following observations on Mr. Heyward's visit to England to complete his education, some of the latent grounds are unfolded from which dissatisfaction and repugnance against the then mother country, naturally sprung up in the minds of the colonists.

"After the usual term of study, he was, according to the course of education then prevalent, sent to England to be entered in one of the Inns of Court. It does not appear that he placed himself in a lawyer's office, to while away the period between youth and manhood, before he took possession of his estate. His expecta-

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tions from his father might have furnished him with a plea of indolence, or indifference, or only called forth a decent attention to his studies; but he valued his fortune only as it enabled him to strengthen and enlarge his mind, and to qualify himself for public pursuits. In the Temple, he therefore pursued his studies with the zeal which characterised their commencement, and emulated the diligence of those, who could look only to a profession for advancement. In England he found also an additional motive for exertion. If it was not there that he first learned the distinction between an Englishman and a colonist, it was there that he was most painfully wounded by it. Pride is a striking feature in the English character. Glorying in their country, they think they have a right to be proud, and they do not merely yield to the sentiment, but cherish it as ennobling. Now, however becoming this may appear to its votaries, it is seen in a less amiable light by its objects, and its victims. In the colonies, the people cherished the idea that they were of the English race, and endeavoured to associate themselves with the military, the civil, and the literary glory of England. The colonists read Shakspeare and Milton with the feelings of Englishmen. It was their ambition

> "That Chatham's language was their mother tongue,
> "And Wolf's great name compatriot with their own."

But in England the colonist was taught to be less aspiring. At every step he was met by some mortifying distinctions, which checked his presumption; and though the laws made no difference between the subjects of the crown, whether born at home or abroad, the pride of the English would not permit them to receive, as equals, a colonial race, unadorned by a nobility, and unsupported by hereditary wealth. In the intercourse of society nothing makes a deeper impression on the youthful mind, or will be more keenly resented, than a contemptuous deportment. The practice which prevailed in the southern provinces, of completing the education of their youth in England, had not, therefore, the effect of binding faster the links which united the mother country and the colonies.

"The mortifications to which our youth were often exposed in England, rather sent them home with alienated affections; and the sentiment that America could be nothing of herself, so long as she was dependent upon Europe, gradually gained ground. In all appointments, civil and military, for the colonies, an unwise government cherished rather than repressed these distinctions and jealousies. Places of confidence and profit were committed almost entirely to Europeans, and America was governed, not as an integral member of the British empire, but as a dependent province, erected and administered only for the advantage of an insolent step-mother. This degradation was felt by all, but even

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the most enlightened, though sensible that there was something wrong in the relations of the two countries, knew not what was the remedy." (P. 5—8.)

His activity and his sufferings appear from the part he took in military affairs, and his temper and turn of mind in the sketch which follows.

"Though appointed a judge, he still held a commission in the militia; and, in the affair at Beaufort, commanded a company of the Charleston ancient battalion of Artillery. This corps was raised in the province, in the time of governor Littleton, and had served under him in his expedition against the Creeks.

"General Moultrie now commanded at Beaufort a mixed force of regulars and militia; and of the latter, the most efficient member was the Charleston Artillery, a disciplined battalion animated by the recollection of past services and fame. Their courage and skill could not have been placed under a safer direction, for their two captains, Rutledge and Heyward, if they had not a military reputation to sustain, were now to support with their blood that cause which had so often animated the eloquence of the one, and inspired the self-devotion of the other. The presence of two of the most distinguished patriots of the state, members of that celebrated congress which had given independence to their country, also imparted interest and dignity to the scene. To the artillery was ascribed the success of the day; nor was Mr. Heyward without a trophy of victory, in the wound which he received from a musket ball. In the disastrous attack upon Savannah, this corps had their share of suffering and loss. When Charleston was besieged, he had attained to the command of the battalion, whose steadiness and skill during the tedious operations of the enemy, rivalled that of the veterans of the line. With the fall of the town, he became a prisoner of war. If fear or despondency could have overcome him, he would have made his peace with the conquerors, and secured both his person and estate. But, though aware that if he allowed the day of mercy to pass away, he was one of those to whom no future clemency would be extended, he with the bravest and best men in the country, adhered to the good old cause, and thought it even criminal to despair of the fortunes of the republic. This band of patriots were [was] an odious and a dangerous spectacle. They reproached the fallen virtue of those who had sought the protection of the enemies of their country. Their heroism might yet arouse the sleeping patriotism of the timid and the desponding; and under their courage the discontented might one day rally. While any refused the oath of allegiance the conquest of the province was incomplete. The lieutenant governor of the state, Christopher Gadsden, and all those who still considered themselves Americans, were therefore apprehended. From among those, the leaders of the revolution were selected to be

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transported to Augustine, while the younger patriots were confined, in the prison ships in the harbour of Charleston. Judge Heyward was among the former. His spirit was to be broken neither by exile nor threats. Even his cheerfulness was superior to misfortune, and to the music of "God save the king," he adapted the words of "God save the States," a song now popular on festive occasions, that under a loyal tune the prisoners might give play to the feelings of patriotism. During his imprisonment, a party of the enemy from Augustine visited his plantation, and seized and carried away all his slaves. No interposition on the part of his friends was permitted, and the civil authority sanctioned this military plunder. The hatred to his name had nearly involved his brothers in a similar calamity; but their minority was at length permitted to except them from the devastation.

"Though some of Mr. Heyward's slaves were afterwards reclaimed, one hundred and thirty of the number remained among the spoils of the enemy, and were probably transferred from the rice fields of Carolina to the sugar estates of Jamaica.

"The prisoners at Augustine were at length released; but his ill fortune had not yet deserted him. On his passage to Philadelphia he fell overboard, and only escaped drowning by holding to the rudder of the ship until he was taken in. It was in Philadelphia that the exiles from Carolina were first assured that their state was reconquered, and independence secured." p. 11—14.

"Though of a grave temper, which was indicated by his countenance, he was not insensible to wit and pleasantry. In early life he was fond of company, from which he seems only to have been estranged by the afflictions and the cares which thickened upon him. His judgment was sound, and his disposition ardent. These are attested by the offices he filled, and the part that he bore in the revolution. His friendships, and the general esteem of his fellow citizens, furnish proofs of the goodness of his heart. In his public duties, he was honest, firm, and intelligent. He conscientiously and fearlessly embarked in the revolution. He was neither blind to its dangers, nor indifferent to its morality. His life, estate, and reputation, he cast upon the waters of strife. A successful revolution could confer no more on him than on the humblest of his countrymen. Though the prize was common, his stake was among the largest. Of such a character, a stranger to public virtue can scarcely form a conception; and yet America produced thousands, in whom the promotion of the general weal was the predominating motive, who ventured upon the most desperate hazards under the influence of a patriotism which stifled every selfish consideration, nobly grasping at an assured freedom, and a national independence for themselves and their posterity. p. 16—17.

Of *George Read* of Delaware, a tolerably full account is given. This gentleman received a classical education, he was born in Dela-

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ware, and filled various prominent stations in that state. He died in 1798 at the age of 64. The following anecdotes are characteristic of the times. In a letter from Mr. Read to Cæsar Rodney and Thomas M'Kean, the attack made by the row-gallies in May 1776 upon the Roebuck and Liverpool frigates, off the mouth of Christiana creek in the Delaware, is thus described:

"We are informed by a venerable revolutionary naval officer that he was captured, three days after the battle, by the Liverpool, captain Boileau, who was a native of Scotland. This officer related to our informant, that, in the hottest of the fight, a row-boat came from the shore, manned with four boys, who placed themselves directly under the stern of his ship, and fired incessantly into her. His officer of marines, calling his attention to these juvenile assailants, exclaimed, "Captain, do you see those d——d young rebels?—shall we fire upon them?"—"No—no"—cried the brave old Boileau, "don't hurt the boys; *let them break the cabin windows.*"

"In the heat of the engagement, the attention of many among the innumerable spectators who lined the shores of the Delaware, was diverted from the novel spectacle of a naval combat, by a militia major, who rode at full speed among them, threw himself from his horse, which he let loose among the crowd, and entreated to be put on board of one of the gallies. With much difficulty, he persuaded two men to put off in a boat with him. He steered directly for the galley nearest the enemy, and, as soon as he reached her deck, stationed himself at a gun. The cartridges failed:—cartridge paper was called for to make a supply, but it was all expended:—the gallant major instantly pulled off his boots, cut off their feet, filled them with powder, and rammed them into his gun. When he returned home, he boasted that he had not only been in the engagement, but had *fired his boots at the enemy.*

"In July, 1776, Mr. Read signed the Declaration of Independence. Whatever diversity of opinion may have existed in relation to the time of adopting this measure, the strictest union was preserved when its immediate necessity was impressed upon the minds of the minority. The glory of the enterprise in which they had embarked, appeared the same to all, and all regarded independence as the only security of peace and liberty. With them, peace and liberty were indissolubly connected; "et nomen pacis dulce est, et ipsa res salutaris: sed inter pacem et servitutem plurimum interest: pax est tranquilla libertas, servitus malorum omnium postremum; non modo bello, sed morte etiam repellendum."* Such were the sentiments of our forefathers, and, in the fruits of their

* Cicero. Oratio in M. Antonium. 652. The very name of peace is sweet, and is in itself a blessing; yet who would confound peace and slavery. Peace is the repose of liberty; slavery is the worst of ills;—worse than war or death itself.

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wisdom, we enjoy the repose of liberty, and they have merited and obtained a high and noble station among the heroes and patriots of the world.

"Soon after the Declaration of Independence, Joseph Galloway observed to Mr. Read that he had signed it with a halter about his neck: Mr. Read replied that it was a measure demanded by the crisis, and he was prepared to meet any consequences that might ensue.

"In September, 1776, he was president of the convention which formed the first constitution of Delaware. In the autumn of 1777, he was compelled to assume the arduous and responsible duties of chief magistrate of the state, in consequence of the capture of president M'Kinley by a detachment of British troops, immediately after the battle of Brandywine. The first presidency of the state had been offered for his acceptance, but he declined the honour.

"At the time of Mr. M'Kinley's capture, Mr. Read was at Philadelphia, assisting in the deliberations of congress. He left that city as the British army entered it, and while returning to Delaware for the purpose of assuming the presidency, thus forced upon him, he narrowly escaped the misfortune which had befallen president M'Kinley. It was impracticable to pass from Philadelphia to Delaware on the western side of the river, as the British occupied the whole pass into the peninsula. Necessity, therefore, compelled him to proceed along the Jersey shore of the river, and brave the risk of crossing it, although almost covered with the ships of the enemy. On the 13th of October 1777, Mr. Read arrived at Salem, in New Jersey, and procured a boat to convey himself and family across the Delaware, there about five miles wide. At this time, there were several British men-of-war lying at anchor off Newcastle. When the boat had almost attained the Delaware shore, she was descried by the enemy, who immediately despatched an armed barge in pursuit of her. The tide being, unfortunately, low, the boat grounded so far from the beach that it was impossible for Mr. Read to land with his family before their pursuers arrived. There was only time to efface every mark on the baggage which could excite any suspicion that Mr. Read was not, as he represented himself, a country gentleman, returning to his home. The officer who commanded the boat was of no higher rank than that of a boatswain; and the presence of Mr. Read's mother, wife, and infant children, gave sufficient probability to his story to deceive sailors, who, like all thoughtless persons, are little prone to suspect deception. The honest hearted fellows assisted with great good humour in landing the baggage, and carrying the ladies and children on shore.

"His manners were dignified, and his dignity may sometimes have bordered upon austerity. He avoided trifling occupations,

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disliked familiarity, and could not tolerate the slightest violation of good manners, for which he was himself distinguished. A strict and consistent moralist, he granted no indulgence to laxity of principle in others; and he was remarkably averse to that qualified dependence which an obligation necessarily produces. Notwithstanding an exact attention to his expenditure, which he never permitted to exceed his income, his pecuniary liberality was very extensive.

In his person, Mr. Read was above the middle size, erect, and dignified in his demeanour; and he was remarkable for attention to personal arrangements. (p. 83.)

William Williams, of Connecticut was born in that state in 1731, and lived till 1811. He was graduated at Harvard, and his early studies were of a theological complexion. He served against the French in 1755, and was engaged in the battle between Sir William Johnson and Baron Dieskaw. His employments afterwards were of a public kind, commencing as town clerk and becoming afterwards speaker of the house of representatives. His character is in some measure displayed in the passages we extract:

"The acknowledged aim of Mr. Williams in his political career, was to merit the title of an *honest* politician, and no one was more successful in obtaining it: he never desired any office in which he could not promote the public good. He was scrupulously honest in all the transactions of private life; and obtained, as a merchant the unlimited confidence of his fellow-citizens. When the troubles of the revolution commenced, he embarked enthusiastically in the cause of the colonies. He settled and relinquished his mercantile concerns, and devoted himself wholly to the service of his country. His exertions were indefatigable in arousing the feelings of his fellow citizens, both by nervous essays in the public papers, and by public speaking: he was an elegant and sententious writer;—a vehement, and ardent orator. His voice was strong and powerful, and his eloquence gathered fresh force as he became animated by the increasing interest of his subject. His political career was untainted by selfishness, unless, indeed, it was selfish to seek elevation in the public opinion, by pure and disinterested patriotism. He was never wealthy, but he abandoned a lucrative business, and sacrificed the greater part of his estate in the public service: the property, which a life of plodding industry, devested of every care or feeling in the contest excepting such as might relate to the great goal of gain, might have swelled into an ample fortune, was, at the death of the patriot, dwindled down to less than five thousand dollars.

It is related, as an evidence of his sincerity, that in the early stages of the revolution, he had more than two thousand dollars in specie, being a portion of the proceeds of his merchandize: continental currency would not, at that period, procure the services

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which were required, and Mr. Williams from patriotic motives, exchanged the specie in his possession for continental money: he lost the whole, but it was a loss which he never regretted. This anecdote affords on example of that practical patriotism which tests the sincerity of the heart.

The disinterestedness of his conduct was also apparent in the settlement of his affairs, previous to his thorough embarkation in the turbulent scenes of the revolution. His mind was so fully bent upon one great object, that he scarcely took the trouble of collecting the notes which he had received: he was accustomed to remark, that many of his debtors had been impoverished by the war, some had died, and others had been killed in the public service, and that he would never enforce payment from the widow and the fatherless—more especially from those whose husbands and fathers had perished in the cause of their country.

He was a prudent and economical, but liberal man. As judge of probate, he always declined receiving the customary fees from indigent widows, on whom he conferred the benefits of his friendly advice, which, from the extent of his influence, frequently proved of essential service. During the period in which he held the office of judge of probate, being about forty years, his decisions were never, in a single instance, reversed by the supreme court. In his judicial capacity, he was stern and inflexible towards the hardened offender; but mild and benevolent so far as his duty would permit, to those who were seduced by error, or evil counsels. In many cases, he devoted the perquisites of his office to charitable purposes, and always evinced that inattention to private emolument, which so strongly chatacterized the course of his political career.

"The following characteristic anecdote fully displays his disposition and zeal in relation to the cause which he so warmly maintained. At the close of the year 1776, and a short time previous to the battle of Trenton, the people of the states began to be greatly alarmed at the disastrous situation of the national affairs. At this period the council of safety was sitting in Lebanon, and two of the members, the honorable William Hillhouse, and Benjamin Huntington, Esq., generally resided in the family of Mr. Williams. Mr. Hillhouse was a calm, firm, and sedate man, of superior judgment and knowledge: Mr. Huntington was a judge of the superior court, and a shrewd lawyer. The conversation naturally reverted to the darkness of the times, and the dangers which were then apprehended from the eventual success of the British arms: they at length considered their probable respective fates, should the fears of the nation be realized. Mr. Williams remarked, that he would in all probability be hung, as he had used every exertion to commence and prosecute the contest; that he had published a great number of hostile essays in the public papers of

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the day; and that he had signed the declaration of independence, which was an act of rebellion that the British goverment would never pardon. Mr. Hillhouse said he did not despair of ultimate success, but that whatever should happen, he would endeavour to act in a proper manner, and to the best advantage: judge Huntington observed, that as he neither signed the declaration of independence, nor had written any thing in opposition to the British government, he was, at all events, secure from the gallows. Mr. Williams instantly replied with great warmth, addressing himself to judge Huntington, 'then, sir, you ought to be hanged for not doing your duty.'

"His person was of the middle stature and remarkably erect and well proportioned: in his youth his features were handsome; his hair and eyes were black; his nose, aquiline; his face, round; and his complexion, fair. (p. 103.)

Samuel Huntington, was likewise a native of Connecticut, and was brought up a farmer, with an ordinary education: but afterwards engaged in the law, in which he rose to be attorney general, chief justice and governor. He died in 1796, aged 64.

"Although, in his early youth, he possessed a studious and contemplative mind, he wanted that precocity of talents which so often disappoints our expectations. Premature ripeness of the understanding leads less frequently to distinction than a natural and deliberate development, improved and protected in its regular advance by the advantages of education, and free from that destructive consciousness of self-superiority which a precocious genius is too prone to display, and which, causing the possessor to despise the instruction of others, leaves him at the age of manhood, far behind his less gifted, but more persevering and circumspect, competitors. But if a justifiable pride proved a source of self-satisfaction to Mr. Huntington, it was studiously concealed within the recesses of his own breast. He never evinced, either in his conduct or conversation, any exultation in regard to his political or professional prosperity, but uniformly maintained the mild and modest character for which he was distinguished at the commencement of his career." (p. 119—120.)

"In his person, Mr. Huntington was of the common stature; his complexion dark, and his eye bright and penetrating: his manners were somewhat formal, and he possessed a peculiar faculty of repressing impertinence, repelling unpleasant advances, and keeping aloof from the criticising observations of the multitude. But in the social circle of relatives and friends, he was a pleasing and entertaining companion. Without inflicting upon others the consciousness of inferiority, he never descended from the dignity of his station.

"Few men, possessing all the facilities of education, have attained a greater share of civil honours than the self-taught Huntington.

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Deserting the cultivation of the soil, in which he was not a speculative, but a practical labourer, he plunged guideless, but courageously, into the long labyrinth of the law. Threading its many mazes with circumspect and steady steps, he emerged triumphantly from its dark and devious course, into the plain and brilliant road which conducted him to honour and renown. Pursuing his legal career, his progress was only arrested by the attainment of the first judicial station in the state, and his political qualifications elevated him to the highest civil dignity which it was in the power of the people of the United States to confer, as the president of congress, and of the particular citizens of Connecticut, as their chief counsellor and magistrate. A firm republican in principle and practice, he never deviated nor hesitated in the course which it was his duty to pursue; having formed those principles after mature reflection, he persevered in a regular opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of the British government; but while he strenuously advocated a firm and deliberate resistance, and encouraged the incitement of popular feelings when restricted within proper bounds, he uniformly opposed and discountenanced all tumultuous meetings of the people; and the excesses that were committed at different periods by lawless and impetuous mobs, met with his decided disapprobation. He was distinguished less as an orator than a judge, and his distinguished characteristics, both in conversation and in epistolary correspondence, were brevity and caution." (p. 122—124.)

William Floyd, of New York, in which state he was born in 1734, died in 1816. He was a gentleman of large landed estate, and of a tolerable education. He was much in political life during and after the revolution. His character is thus summed up by his biographer:

"Philosophers, in analysing the human mind, have distributed men in two grand classes:—The one characterised particularly by practical and experimental skill, arising chiefly from a talent for minute, comprehensive, and rapid observation, a ready and retentive memory, and a presence of mind not to be disconcerted by extraordinary occurrences. The other comprehends what are called men of abstraction, or, in other words, philosophers. The latter unquestionably hold the highest rank in the scale of moral intelligence. The early education of general Floyd had not extended to the refinements of metaphysical science, and although his understanding was enriched with extensive reading, and stored with a great fund of useful knowledge, the early formation of his mind contributed to confirm the bent of his natural genius, which classed him unequivocally with the former. He was not of that number who astonish by the splendour of their conceptions, or amuse and interest us by the brilliancy of their fancy, and the ingenuity of their speculations. His thoughts were the representa-

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tions of real existences, and his plans were regulated by a full view of their practicability; his reasoning was the logic of nature, and his conclusions, the demonstrations of experience. Hence it arose, that in the accomplishment of his purposes, he seemed insensible to every difficulty: obstructions wasted away before his perseverance, and his resolution and firmness triumphed over every obstacle. He was remarkable for the justness of his observations, and the accuracy of his judgment, and many anecdotes are related of his coolness under sudden embarrassments. In his conduct, he was methodical, and particularly systematic in the observance of general principles, which seemed to be strongly defined in his mind; and every idea of transgressing them was banished from his thoughts.

"His person was of a middle stature, with nothing particularly striking. But there was a natural dignity in his deportment, which never failed to impress beholders. As a politician, his integrity was unblemished, nor is it known that, during the height of party animosity, his motives were ever impeached. He seldom participated in debate; his opinions were the result of his own reflections, and he left others to the same resource. He pursued his object openly and fearlessly, and disdained to resort to artifice to secure its accomplishment. His political course was uniform and independent, and marked with a candour and sincerity which attracted the approbation of those who differed from him in opinion. The most flattering commentary upon his public life will be found in the frequent and constant proofs of popular favour, which he received for more than fifty years.

"In private life he was fond of society, but always observed a measured decorum, which repressed familiarity, and chilled every approach at intimacy. He was highly respected in the society in which he lived, and left his descendents a name of which they will long be proud." (p. 147—148.)

The next life in this work is that of *George Walton*, a delegate from Georgia. He was born in Virginia in the year 1740, was self-educated, and chose the profession of the law, which he practised in Georgia. He died in 1804: having filled various eminent situations in the government of Georgia, and the Union. The annexed extract professes to sketch his character:

"One of the principal duties of the biographer is to convey an idea of the peculiar traits which mark the character of his subject. From an early period of his life to its close, Mr. Walton was as warm in his attachments as in his enmities: he possessed no mixture of that temporizing policy, so frequently successful in gaining the confidence of mankind. There was a dignified sternness in his manners, which evinced a contempt for the world in general; but towards talents and merit, he was scrupulously respectful and attentive. His temper would not permit him to brook, with im-

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punity, the slightest indignity offered to his official stations. Although not addicted to pedantry, he was accustomed to use a language in some degree varying from the common style of conversation, and was partial to short and comprehensive sentences. His talent for satire, either personal or political, particularly in the productions of his pen, was very great. Satire is a weapon which, in unskilful hands, is often more injurious to its possessor than to the objects of its attack: a personal application of it is seldom proper, and can never be made without creating enemies. But, when legitimately employed in lashing the vices, or exposing the follies of the age, it is a powerful auxiliary in the cause of virtue, and is often more successful in their correction, than the most convincing arguments drawn from reason and morality. The passions of Mr. Walton were easily excited, and, although it is apprehended that they sometimes led to the indulgence of his satirical propensity beyond the strict rules of propriety, his good sense prevented him from exercising it in such a manner as to create frequent offence.

"His habitual reserve in relation to the multitude and uniform disregard of public opinion, when that opionion appeared to be incorrect, is a strong proof of the extent of his talents, and of the confidence of his fellow citizens, which enabled him to overcome what would, in most cases, have been fatal obstacles to political elevation.

"Mr. Walton was not very abstemious in his manner of living, and his partiality for study imparted a sedentary habit at an early period of life; hence, before he attained its meridian, he was afflicted with the gout, which caused him much suffering during his declining years. When severely tormented with this painful disease, he found in his library a solace and enjoyment for his mind, which had a tendency to soften its acuteness; and he frequently remarked to his physicians, that "a book was the most effectual remedy." He was partial to the society of students, from whom, he observed, that he often obtained useful information. He delighted in opening the youthful mind, and contemplating the inchoation of genius;—to assist its incipient efforts, and (to use one of his own expressions,) 'put the young beagle upon the tract in the chase.'

"In the year 1777, he married Miss Dorothea Camber, who is now living, and who participated with him in the distressing effects produced by the revolutionary war. A single son only survives, who bears his father's name: he lately filled the office of secretary of state for west Florida, under the administration of governor Andrew Jackson, and is said to have discharged the duties of his station with honour to himself, and much to the satisfaction of the general government.

"Mr. Walton was not rich, but his means were sufficient to sup-

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port the dignity of his official stations, and to enable him to enjoy the comforts and conveniences of life; he lived upon the moderate proceeds of office, and the produce of a small farm. The accumulation of wealth occupied but a small portion of his attention; his mind was continually occupied in public affairs, and he never indicated a disposition to devote it to the improvement of his fortune.

"On the second of February, 1804, he closed his useful and laborious life in Augusta, leaving, in the memory of his actions and his accomplishments, a lasting monument of his worth, and a rich legacy to his country."

The view next given of *George Clymer*, of Pennsylvania is interesting and does justice to its subject. This gentleman was a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in 1739; he died in 1813. He received a good, though private education, and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He united to zeal and activity in public affairs, considerable literature and classical acquirements. It is recorded here of him that,

"Although the early loss of his parents, the circumstances of his education, and the profession of his uncle, led him to embark in the pursuits of commerce, he was uniformly and decidedly opposed to it: he disliked it from its peculiar precariousness, and the necessary dependence which the merchant must place in the honour and integrity of others, thereby removing, to a certain degree, the conduct of his affairs beyond his immediate control. Hence he successfully discouraged his children from entering into mercantile affairs. He maintained, that equal gain and loss might balance in the books but not in the mind, that gain imparted a sudden elevation to the spirits, which soon descended to their ordinary level, while loss depressed the spirits, which did not so easily rise again; that, therefore, these considerations furnished an argument against that business, or course of life, which subjected the individual to such a variety of fortune, because there was more to lose than to win in it."

The most trifling anecdote relating to Washington, invites selection:

"In the year 1765, when about twenty-seven years of age, Mr. C. married Miss Elizabeth Meredith, the eldest daughter of Reese Meredith, Esquire, one of the principal merchants of Philadelphia. He was an early emigrant from Bristol, in England, and possessed a generous and elevated mind. The following interesting anecdote affords a distinct view of his character and feelings: when general Washington was a very young man, and before he had attained any distinction, he visited Philadelphia, and made his appearance at the coffee house, where he had not a single acquaintance, and was, therefore, entirely unnoticed. Mr. Meredith coming in, and finding a stranger in this awkward situation,

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Dr. Findley, who, for reasons not related, induced him to attempt the profession of medicine. This resolution taken, he commenced his study in Philadelphia, under Dr. Redman, a physician of the first eminence, who not only superintended carefully his preparatory studies, but encouraged afterwards the first essays of his practice with a constant and generous patronage.

"On this, as on other occasions, he insured the particular attention of his teachers by his unexampled application to study. He relates himself, that during the whole of the six years of his pupilage under Dr. Redman, he could enumerate not more than two days of interruption from business; an example, which, to many who are now treading upon the footsteps of this illustrious model, may furnish a theme of salutary reflection. It is indeed but an additional illustration of a rule without exception, that no man can become wise and distinguished but by the combined influence of genius and industry. Many strange tales have indeed been told, to flatter pride or excuse indolence, of eminent and great men who have obtained their laurels without labour, and with the same probability we might add the history of others who have acquired agility of limbs without exercise, or muscular strength without nutriment.

"The books which he read with predilection during his preparatory studies were the writings of Hypocrates, Sydenham, and Boerhaave. In addition to his reading he attended a course of public lectures on Medicine by Dr. Shippen, the first that were delivered in the British colonies. He began about this time to accumulate such occurrences and observations as appeared to him worthy of being preserved, in a common-place book; a source from which he afterwards drew much useful information, in the course of his medical practice and lectures, and to which he referred, at the age of fifty years, as exhibiting the only record existing of the malignant fever of Philadelphia of 1762.

"In 1766, having passed through the elementary grades of medicine with such opportunities as his country afforded him, and aspiring to still greater advantages, he paid a visit to the medical college of Edinburgh, at that time the most noted school of all Europe, where after two years attendance upon the public lectures and hospitals, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine. On this occasion his Thesis, *de coctione ciborum*, according to the usage of the place, was presented and defended in the Latin language. Its stile of composition is said to be correct and elegant, and the reasonings which he employed in support of his theory, to display abilities which were rare amongst the pupils even of that celebrated school. From the latter part of this proposition there appears no cause of dissent. The experiments also which he made in proof of his arguments were extremely bold and adventurous; but the acquisition of an elegant and correct Latin style by a graduate of sixteen, pursuing afterwards the exclusive studies

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of his art, passes somewhat the bounds of credibility. These academical dignities are, indeed, in all countries to be admitted with distrust, and in distributing the merits to which such productions are entitled, we may affix, at least to three-fourths of them, this brief inscription from Ovid: *Quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.* p. 252—255.

"In exterior, Dr. Rush was favoured by nature with many advantages. He was above the middle size, of a slender but well proportioned figure, and his general deportment commanded respect and deference. Those who knew him well, and have described him with minute accuracy, tell us that the diameter of his head from back to front was uncommonly large, that he had a prominent forehead, aquiline nose, highly animated blue eyes, with a chin and mouth expressive and comely; his look was fixed, his aspect thoughtful, and the general traits of his physiognomy bespoke strength and activity of intellect.

"Throughout life he was ambitious of the affability and polite manners of a gentleman; and for his excellence in such accomplishments his friends have bestowed upon him no ordinary praises. To please in order to instruct was his favourite maxim, and even in old age he retained all the gayety and attic spirit of conversation which distinguished his early years.

"As a scholar, he was well versed in ancient and modern learning, and was fond of poetry and eloquence, with which he relieved the severity of his professional studies, and furnished abundance and ornament to his style of conversation and writing. For his reputation both literary and professional, he was little indebted to any adventitious benefits of fortune. He was endowed with good faculties, a penetrating mind, a ready apprehension, exuberant imagination, and extraordinary memory, and these qualities he improved by a long course of unwearied study and observation.

"As a physician he has left upon the age in which he lived the impress of his character and genius. In the minds of his own countrymen he holds an undisputed pre-eminence, and amongst foreign nations it is acknowledged that the fame of Sydenham has been rivelled by the glory of Dr. Rush." P. 285—286.

The most glaring defect in this work, and one which in various degrees pervades all the above mentioned lives, though as we have before stated, evidently the productions of different hands, is the indulgence in swoln and extravagant sentiment and language. This was to be expected, in draughts furnished in all probability by the pens of partial relatives: but it should be the task of the Editor to reduce this extravagance, and approach as near as possible to the chaste models of the great writers in this department. Sometimes this inflation is quite ludicrous. Thus in the biography of *Dr. Rush*, we are told, that, "the annunciation of his death threw a general gloom upon the community; *the whole city* followed him to his grave, with marks of profound grief and

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affection for his memory." p. 285. *Mr. Floyd*, we are informed, met death with a firmness characteristic of one who in his life had *shrunk at nothing*." p. 150. The viper, in p. 265, is said to "*sting* without provocation;" whereas the viper carries no sting, unless in poetical flights. At page 258, death is made a real personage, "not to be affrighted by ghostly counsels, or by an ominous and woeful physiognomy." In page 249, the township of *Byberry* in Philadelphia county is spelt *Berberry*; perhaps by a misprint.

We shall notice hereafter the other volumes of this work.

For the Port Folio.

MEMOIRS OF LA FAYETTE.*

This is a very hasty and unsatisfactory performance, which will scarcely survive the pageantry, to which it probably owes its birth. The author was reluctantly brought to the task, as he informs us, by "the urgent solicitations of the friends of La Fayette, who knew that he could furnish particulars, hitherto unknown," respecting this generous champion of American Independence. "But the time was short," he says, "and the general arrived." He was consequently obliged to abridge, and "pass over a great number of characteristic anecdotes, and many new and interesting details, in order to satisfy the impatience of the public"

The public would have much to answer for at the bar of criticism, if it were responsible for all the literary sins which have been imputed to it. But in justice to this much abused personage, we must be permitted to aver that as far as our experience extends, it has generally been acquitted of such charges. In the present instance, we are confident, that the public never heard of this book, until Mr. Ducoudray announced it, from his own quarters, in a proclamation something like that of the famous almanac-maker—"Ho! all alive, John Partridge."

We have found very little in this volume of any consequence, which had not become familiar to every one who has felt an interest in the glittering career of the extraordinary person to whom it professes to relate. Before he attained the age of manhood he fastened the eyes of nations and earned the gratitude of thousands, who were animated by his example and succoured by his beneficence.

The first part of the Memoirs is occupied by a very desultory and superficial history of the causes and events which led to our revolution, in which several ludicrous mistakes are committed:

* Memoirs of Gilbert Motier La Fayette. By Gen. H. L. Villaume Ducoudray Holstein, who contributed, under the fictitious name of Peter Feldman, to his liberation from the prisons of Olmutz. Translated from the French manuscript. New York. Wiley. 1824.

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but the greater proportion is devoted to some rather unintelligible details respecting the imprisonment of La Fayette and several of his friends in the castle of Olmutz, and their attempts to escape. From the ostentatious manner in which the author's name is introduced in the title page, we expected to find him playing an important part in the dungeons of tyranny; but his share in the efforts which were made to effect the liberation of Fayette, seems to have been of a very subordinate character. The attempts of Dr. Bollman and Mr. Huger, of which we gave an account in the Port Folio for August, 1816, will always remain a fine example of romantic and generous enterprize. It is not enumerated among the sources which this writer consulted for the purpose of framing his narrative; and therefore we presume he was not aware of its existence. It may not be improper to state, on the present occasion, that this paper was drawn up, at our instance, by Dr. Bollman, and is therefore entitled to great confidence. It differs, in some respects, from Mr. Holstein's and other relations to which we have recurred. The discrepancies are not very material, and are not greater than may frequently be found in the testimony of eye witnesses. All these attempts, it is well known failed, and it is worthy of remark that he who had signalized himself in the cause of freedom, was at last indebted for his liberty to the greatest despot of modern times. Bonaparte, then the commander in chief of the army of Italy, required, as a preliminary to his signing the treaty of Campo-Formio, the release of the prisoners of Olmutz.

Among other errors to be found in this little volume, we find it stated, that the city of Philadelphia was illuminated on the occasion of the general's visit in the year 1784. The gazettes of that period speak of no such superfluous and expensive exhibition. What the modesty and good sense of Washington refused, the wise men of that day would not grant to any individual. At the period referred to, La Fayette was met at some distance from town by the City Troop of horse, a number of militia, and a multitude of the inhabitants. "At the Coffee House," we learn from Claypoole's Pennsylvania Packet of 10th August, "a crowd of people waited for the pleasure of seeing him, and to pay a small tribute to his merits; this compliment was returned by the patriotic nobleman, who seemed highly pleased at once more receiving those affectionate marks of regard from those whose cause he had long since advocated, and by his exertions contributed not a little to the establishment of their liberties."

"The officers of the late Pennsylvania line (Arthur St. Clair, Anthony Wayne, and William Irvine) waited upon him with an address, in which the influence of the gallant young soldier in leading us to liberty and independence is acknowledged in terms highly honourable to both parties.

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"The general assembly, then sitting in Philadelphia, presented a formal address, which concluded with a wish that "his stay in America might be as agreeable to him as it was pleasing to a people who can never be unmindful of the many important services of the marquis de la Fayette."

"On the 6th March, previously the assembly had directed him to be informed that they had erected a part of this state into a county by the name of Fayette. On this occasion, Mr. Dickenson, the speaker, said very happily:—"you, sir, have fought successfully for our *liberty*. We have rejoiced to provide, that in our enjoyment of the blessing, your name shall be inscribed upon our pleas of *justice*, and in a perpetual alliance be united with the formation, as well as the administration of our *laws*."

The letter reached him when he was on the point of leaving France, and he availed himself of the opportunity which his present visit afforded of replying to it. He observed, that "from such a respectable body as the free and virtuous representatives of this commonwealth, any mark of notice could not fail to be extremely pleasing; but the honour they have done me, in calling a considerable part of the state after my name, is so flattering a distinction, that I want language to express my feelings."

We shall abstain from any further notice of this ephemeral performance, because the public will soon be in possession of a more valuable work from the pen of Mr. Waln; who has collected a mass of useful and authentic materials.

For the Port Folio.

DISSERTATION ON MUSICAL TASTE.*

This work enjoys a smaller share of popularity than its merit deserves. Aiming at utility more than scientific display, the author has adapted it to the understanding of every reader, and affords to all practical directions for the attainment of a just taste and good execution. As its principal object is "to contribute towards the revival of church music in our American congregations," we have thought proper to embrace, even at this late period, the opportunity it offers of presenting the important subject to our readers, and to recommend with all our energy, and with studied plainness, increased attention to the proper performance of church music; and we cannot better preface what we have to say on this subject than by quoting the following passage of the dissertation before us:

"But while we admit the divine origin of sacred music, do we

* Dissertation on musical taste; or general principles of Taste applied to the art of Music. By Thomas Hastings. Albany, 1822, pp. 228, 8vo.

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not practically say that it is a thing of very little consequence? Why else should the charms of poetry and of eloquence be so successful in their appeal to our feelings, while church music is in general listened to with comparative indifference?

"It will be said perhaps that church music should be moderate in its pretensions, because it is not the violent passions of the soul, but the milder exercises and purer sympathies that are here to be enlisted: but though we are ready to admit that there should be as real a difference of style between secular and sacred music, as there is between profane and sacred poetry, or oratory, and for similar reasons: yet it is evident that sacred music should not be entirely destitute of appropriate character. At least, the sincerity and the solemnity of public worship require that it be decent—that it should by no means descend so low in the scale of taste as inevitably to excite pain and impatience, instead of devotion. And more than this—the single circumstance that church music is a divine institution, must sufficiently prove that it is an important one: and it is equally evident that it was designed for the express purpose of assisting the devotions of the pious. But when frivolous trash or unmeaning jargon is substituted for church music, no such result can be rationally anticipated. The humble christian will indeed consent to listen; for he loves and reveres his master: but he must endure, as an affliction, that which can in no way contribute to his improvement or edification. Languid must be the devotions of him who is constantly annoyed by the vulgarity of that music which essays to enliven them: nor can the feelings of his soul be readily harmonized while he is listening to an unmeaning succession of discordant sounds." pp. 14, 15.

That the evil prevails to so great an extent as is here depicted, will be disbelieved, most probably, by many:—but let any one consider the act itself as the vehicle of petitions, thanksgivings and praises to JEHOVAH, and then ask himself whether the ordinary mode of offering it be not grossly inconsistent with the exalted aims and solemn purpose of (what Mr. Hastings justly calls) "one of the important, heavenly instituted rites of the church." "The object of music, as a part of religious worship," it has been elsewhere well said, "is to excite a peculiarity and uniformity of feeling among the audience—to bring their minds into a fit tone for the ready apprehension and reception of the ideas presented in the discourse or psalm—to abstract the mind of the hearer from the thousand fantasies that sometimes intrude themselves and call off the attention—to bring home from its wanderings, the mind unsettled and disturbed, and to prepare it, by its calming influence, to unite in the address to the throne of mercy. But of these important ends, a large part of our assemblies seem to have not the least notion. They consider the singing rather as a sort of *drop-scene* between the *acts* of worship, which has nothing to do with the general subject; but is presented barely for

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their amusement and relaxation till the other exercises can be resumed."

The truth is that the deficiency alluded to has so long and so extensively prevailed, that we are not aware of its magnitude and extent, and are very apt to be indifferent to the most strenuous appeals on the subject. We trust, however, that the time is at hand when its real importance will be seen and acknowledged; there seems to be some gradual attempts to improve, and we hope that the hints we may offer, will be accepted as the only effort we can contribute to this desirable reformation.

With respect to the mode of conducting psalmody, our opinion is decidedly in favour of the manner in which it is performed in the majority of Protestant churches, viz: *songs in rhyme sung by the whole congregation, unaided by instruments.* In two of these particulars we differ from Mr. Hastings. He strenuously advises the union of instrumental with vocal music, and wishes the singing to be confined to a choir and such of the congregation as can sing well; nay, if we do not misunderstand him, he would restrict it to connoisseurs. But the opinion that these circumstances are indispensable to the proper performance of congregational singing, is easily accounted for. In this country, so little attention, comparatively speaking, is paid to learning sacred tunes, that very few understand even those in constant use. Again, it is most generally the case, that the audible singing of the psalms in church is confined to about one-third of the people; the remainder being either voiceless, timid, or disinclined to join in the exercise. Hence, unless the tune be a very popular one, the singing from a full church cannot on ordinary occasions be heard many feet from the building; and within, it is often a dull, monotonous, and to some, apparently, even a painful act. And from the experience we have had in the matter we must totally dissent from our author in regard to the advantage of choirs. Where they are instituted, it is found that almost the whole of the singing is confined to them. The rest of the congregation seem to suppose that this part of the duties of the sanctuary have been transferred from them to the choir, and that *they* have as little to do with the singing as with the preaching. We have also found it to be frequently, we may say, generally, the case, that when choirs conduct the music, new and complicated tunes are introduced—tunes in which it is impossible for the congregation generally to unite. If, however, the whole assembly would unite loudly and as skilfully as possible with the disciplined choristers, we are strongly in their favour; but as this is scarcely ever accomplished, we think the hazard is hardly worth encountering. A slight alteration of a sentence from Mr. Hastings will express our opinion; "we are not saying that a congregation should never, under any circumstances, sing without" [*with*] "a choir; but we insist

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that where this is done, there is the greatest need of extensive individual cultivation," p. 31, and give our reasons also in his own words, "for people will certainly listen when they expect to be profited or gratified with hearing; and when attentively listening, they involuntarily become silent," p. 70. Choirs, in fact, make the singing a matter more of execution than devotion.

We are not well disposed towards the author's idea of depriving the unskilled of partaking vocally in this devotional exercise. Surely they are not so numerous in any church as to make the music discordant. We would not have those whose voices are *exceedingly* unmusical to sing to the full extent of their powers. They would disturb others; and unnecessarily, for they can be less noisy and equally devout. We do not relish, we cannot indeed comprehend, the notion of "a part only" singing "in public for the general edification." It should be remembered that this is the only portion of our worship in which all can literally join, and we hope this author's sentiments of *synecdochial* singing will never obtain. We all know that there is such a thing as good congregational singing when *all* join; the harmonious chords always get the mastery in large assemblies, the best singers sing loudest, and melody, such as our souls have often thrilled to hear, has risen from an untaught multitude when some good old tune has been raised.

To instrumental music in churches we are averse on several grounds. Like the choir, it monopolizes this act of worship; the business seems to have been intended for the instrument, and in most cases, instead of a full, bursting chorus from the whole people, we have to listen to a most unsociable duett by the clerk and organ. The voice, too, is much better adapted to the psalms in common use than the organ. In chaunts and other choiral performances, the organ is appropriate, and the words sound vague and the singing is spiritless, without it; but it rarely accords with songs in rhyme. We find also, that when once an organ is introduced into a church, our favourite tunes are superseded by intricate performances, whose appropriateness and beauty are not in all cases very manifest; the psalm must be introduced by a long symphony—pauses must intervene between the verses, and even lines, in order to give some additional trills on the instrument, which destroy all good effect and render the exercise nugatory. Let instruments do what they may—and we would be the last to speak ill of their influence—still we cannot but believe that the music which is the work solely of a worshipping congregation, let it accompany even a simple hymn, carries much more force, produces much better effect, and appears altogether more like the genuine and intended act of devotion, than the most skilful concert of instruments, although their subject may be the Creation, the Messiah, or any other magnificent oratorio: and we hope we say and think this from other feelings than prepossession or par-

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tiality. "We are seldom able," Mr. Hastings confesses, "to realize the good effects they seem capable of producing. Even in those places where considerable attention has been paid to the cultivation of psalmody, we often find the voices and instruments so much at variance, as to induce us to wish their connection dissolved." p. 62.

Good singing, according to the dissertation before us, requires attention to tone, intonation, time, articulation, accent, emphasis, expression, and the graces; the first six, however, are "sufficient of themselves to constitute *correct vocal execution*," and we could not, at present at least, aim higher than the attainment of this much.

The great part of the faults of singing, arise from inattention to some one of these six requisites. The author's remarks on tone and intonation, are worthy of attention, but we cannot quote them here. *Time* is generally well kept by a congregation accustomed to sing together; but we have sometimes noticed a strange diversity of keeping time in the same tunes in different churches, and more especially in different cities. Some have a wholly different style of performance, which creates confusion whenever another style of singers is mixed with them. If the notes were in every case strictly regarded—this confusion would be obviated. No variation should ever be attempted in a tune; uniformity in this case being far preferable to any supposed beauty. To *articulation*, very little regard is paid in public singing,* yet this most essential requisite is easily acquired. The rules laid down by our author for attaining this are very good in theory, and we would recommend, an attempt at least, to practice them, to singing schools; but we should think that a little practice would soon effect every thing necessary for common singing, without any other directions than such as would be easily supplied by a good ear. *Accent* and *emphasis*, can hardly be practised, when the same song is sung to so many and various tunes as it is necessary in the regulation of public worship, it should be. So far as they can be well introduced, propriety will suggest, better than rules can direct. In selecting tunes appropriate to the song, we may here remark, attention is not only required to adapt it to the

* The author, in his section on articulation, gives some instances of the actual sounds often emitted in singing, instead of those intended; the following specimen will well exemplify the importance of distinctness; 'the words are written precisely as they strike the ear in the common rapid method of singing.'

2 1 2 1 2 2 2 4
Weniwe- lese wud e sta
3 4 1 1 2 1
Nana my fra su va, &c. which very is often heard,

instead of 'When I with pleasing wonder stand
And all my frame survey,' &c. p. 37.

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subject as solemn or plaintive, or ordering or grateful, but also to the collocation of the sentences. Some forcible examples given by the author, when speaking of improper fugues, will serve to illustrate this completely. For instance in the repetitions so frequent in singing, how often is devotion spoiled by such as these which the measure requires;

This life a shad—	Fly like a tim—
To save the peo—	The larger cat—
As sheep for slaugh—	Like a tall bay—
The nobler ben—	Their lips are flat—
Nor speed nor cour—	Age of an horse. (pp. 109 and 110.)

It is on these and other grounds which we need not particularize, that a great number of tunes are not adapted for general use; the common tune of *Horsley* is of this number, and the female voices have often to dwell for several seconds on such half sentences as the above. We join the author in the following remarks:

"Compositions for the church, like every other species of vocal music, should be so constructed, that the words when properly sung, can receive their requisite character; and they should be sufficiently chaste and simple, to be, in some measure, adapted to the abilities of those who sing, and the taste and comprehension of those who hear. But this is far from being universally the case. Like secular compositions, they often exhibit a pedantic, and in some respects, a tasteful display of musical ability; while at the same time they are so ill adapted to words, as to preclude the possibility of appropriate expression, were the performance ever so skilful and judicious. Instead of preserving chasteness and simplicity too, we often observe them to either sink so low beneath the general taste, as to be equally uninteresting to performers and auditors; or, to rise so high, in the scale of refinement, as to render them too difficult for the execution of the one, and the taste and comprehension of the other. And if we were to examine on the preceding principles, the pieces that are now in general use in our worshipping assemblies, there is much reason to believe, that by far the greater portion of them would be found unfit for the genuine purposes of sacred song." pp. 21, 22.

The present low state of the art in our country is attributable, according to Mr. Hastings, to the 'almost universal deficiency in elementary instruction:' pupils being but partially instructed, and their voices 'as if rendered perfect by the hand of nature, left to the guidance of an undisciplined ear:' the first pieces they attempt are the most difficult, and they thus not only neglect the proper method of studying their music-books and their gamut, but are incapacitated for future improvement.

"It is evident then, that the first step towards the revival of the art in this country, would be the extensive circulation of such pieces as are sufficiently chaste and simple, to admit of their being understood by the generality of auditors. And having done

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this, it should be our next endeavour, to have them executed on suitable occasions, in the most appropriate manner." p. 143.

The establishment of singing societies—where good tunes are practised, and the members take an efficient part in the congregational singing—is desirable in every church; and if generally attended and properly regulated, they afford the best remedies for the deficiency we complain of. Scattered over the church and uniting with the assembly, the inconveniences of a choir are obviated whilst all its advantages are enjoyed. We are sorry that these associations are so rare. In many instances, they spend the whole of their time in singing anthems and tunes which are never introduced, or if introduced, not sanctioned by public taste. There is amongst choristers, a very mistaken admiration of difficult and unintelligible compositions. 'Trills, slides, turns, springs, flourishes, variations, ad libitums, cadenzas, and the whole class of the superficial embellishments of song,' impart nothing of the chasteness, grandeur and dignity, which a church requires. Such anthems as Dr. Arnold's Cheshunt, to give one instance, will always be acceptable. If the selections of anthems on suitable occasions be confined to such as that, they will be solemn, impressive, and pious, and will make happy substitutes for the rolls, and fugues and endless repetitions which torture all melody upon the subject, and only create disgust.

The first rule, however, in regard to any kind of singing, but especially in the ordinary sacred songs, is, that every individual should be impressed with the solemnity and importance of the act of worship. Ministers may greatly contribute to this effect, by distinctly and impressively reading the psalm or hymn to be sung; the clerk then, having had previous notice given him of the selection to be used, should in a proper manner, raise a suitable tune, adapted to general use, to the subject of the song, and to its phrases; as soon as the tune is distinguished, every individual should unite to the best of his abilities, regulating his voice to the tenor, and preserving the proper time; he may pay attention to these particulars, whilst at the same time, he may enjoy 'the melody of the heart.'

There are many topics in Mr. Hastings' dissertation, to which we could not do justice here, and have therefore not mentioned them. The main point we have in view, is the proper execution of ordinary psalm-singing. To speak individually, we are enthusiastically attached to the mode of praise peculiar in our church; we admire its simplicity, its harmony and usual effect, and cannot think *that* time mis-spent which is devoted to the suggestion or practice of the smallest improvements. To those who are desirous of bringing about a reformation in this matter, we recommend the perusal of the work before us; which will be found to be an interesting and able elucidation of the whole matter, containing principles and rules admirably calculated, on the whole, for universal improvement.

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For the Port Folio.

THE FETE AT CASTLE GARDEN.*

New York, October 3, 1824.

My Dear Sir,

After our return from Boston I had to work double tides, and time has since stolen by like a thief in the night watch. When I look back for unanswered letters and find yours of the 6th of September amongst them, I am dismayed. Why should time cheat me I say, since I rob myself of a correspondence as precious as any thing that time can take from me; and so, my dear sir, I have determined to make it up with an answer as long as a Monthly Magazine.

You say in your letter, that you arrived in good health but rather fatigued, and you find that at your age even pleasure may fatigue; therefore, you fear that the hero himself may sink under the shower of roses, that are heaping on his head: in other words, die of roses in aromatic pain.

Sweet as such a death might be I augur still better for him. I saw him frequently after his return, and you have had him with you, and I think your friendly solicitude must have somewhat abated. You have found that he bears his honours bravely, and that his physical constitution comports with the soundness of his moral frame. Great excitements are no novelties to him. In the season of keenest sensibility he felt the hopes and fears that hung upon the travail of our nascent freedom, and shared in the joy that attended its auspicious birth. In his native land he has experienced still greater vicissitudes, high presages, and bitter disappointments, but in prosperity or adversity, in freedom or captivity, he has still borne his fortunes with an equal mind.

How fortunate you were in those little contrarieties that deferred your eastern tour: a great lesson never to repine at petty inconveniences, which I shall take to myself. Happily, as you might have been amongst your Boston friends, still what an increase of pleasure was it for you to be of the first in this city to welcome this honoured friend of your youth, to be one of that veteran band who first received his embrace, after an absence as long as the ordinary span of human life: to be an actor in as delightful a scene as ever human speaker presented, where nature smiled, freedom rejoiced, and the population of a proud and prosperous city poured forth the willing and spontaneous tribute of gratitude and love.

And though at any time the meeting with your distinguished friends at Boston would not fail to repay you for the journey, yet to be there in time to celebrate the harvest home at Cambridge, when the arrival of such a guest drew forth every talent, every good feeling and generous emotion, rekindling in the old the

*For this article we are indebted to one of our friends, who permitted us to transcribe it from a letter addressed to him.

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fires of youth, and in the young the love of virtue and true glory, uniting two generations in the bond of love and joy;—this was your good fortune, and it was doubly mine to be there and to be there with you.

I had long desired to see that city, as an object of speculation. I entered it not altogether free from prejudices, but they hourly thawed away before the easy, cordial, hospitality, and attentions I experienced, so much beyond what in the boldest estimation of my own deserts I was entitled to.

I regretted the short time I had to enjoy the social and intellectual pleasures, which that peculiar and interesting community holds out to a stranger and observer. The empire of reason seems strongly seated there, and education lies at the root of all their institutions. Those *free schools* where the children of the rich and poor are taught together without difference or distinction denote a true republican spirit, and a civilization which no where else exists, or perhaps, in the present state of things, could elsewhere be practicable. Such institutions must make good citizens, and indeed it so appears. In all their collegiate exercises, in every effusion in prose or poetry, nothing was breathed but the true and enlightened sentiment of pure and patriotic feeling; long may it be so, and long may that fountain send forth its living waters.

Apropos, what a fine thought was that of Everett, and how nobly expressed, and what an awful challenge, "to fulfil the auspices of our country's destinies, and the ancient predictions of the favoured region beyond the ocean, that was to be the land of equal laws and happy men. The high and happy auspices which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. No more continents or worlds to be revealed. Atlantis is risen from the ocean, the farthest Thule is reached. No more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here then is a mighty work to be fulfilled or never by the race of of mortals." Judge Parker did me the honour to send me a copy of this fine discourse, and I have read it over and over with new delight, not merely for the style, but for the fine conceptions.

I will now give you some account of the *General's* second arrival in our city; for though I know that your taste is not for gaudy shows, yet wise men acknowledge that in point of moral effect such demonstrations of public feeling are worthy of attention. I shall only speak of the ball given in the castle-garden; a scene such as I never before witnessed in all my pilgrimages, and of which the best description I can give will fall far short. It was a fine developement of native taste and genius directed to an object worthy of it. It showed the difference between the vivid inspirations of patriotic feeling and the frigid ceremonial of ordained rejoicing; between the magnificence paid for by unwilling hands and the frank contributions of willing hearts; between the works of artists hired, salaried to flatter despots and the spontaneous impulse of free born genius.

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This garden, you may remember, is nothing but the inside of a huge round fortress, built for the reception of the enemy with red hot balls. The enemy having declined the invitation, the friend came, and the place surrendered at discretion. One *ball* was aimed at him and that only for the honour of the garrison: it is said it went very near to his heart, but happily it did not kill him. Whether the genius that planned this *lunar*, for it did not seem an earthly work, lay more for peace than war, or whether destiny that rules by second causes and baffles men's designs, had so ordained it from the first, I will not say, but so it was, that on a sudden this enchanted tower, erected for the rude purpose of thundering and destructive war, became a fairy zone, where the good genii of the middle air descending from their spheres mingled with the sons and daughters of the earth in the glad welcome of their beloved guest. Such, in plain truth, was the conception, and so fine the execution, that had any one been transported thither in his sleep and waked up in the midst of it, he must have believed, he could not but believe, that it was a visionary illusion, such as we read of in oriental tales.

A tent of near one thousand feet in circumference covered the vast area. This light roof was masked from sight by undulating drapery, formed of the flags of all nations interningling with our own; as who should say, enter all of you, enter here and rejoice with us. In war we are enemies, in peace friends.

The galleries that circled the upper space were filled with fair and happy faces, and the floor below with hundreds meandering through the mazes of the dance. Plumes waving, spangles glittering, ringlets playing and airy forms gracefully waving in cadence with the strains that gave one motion and one soul to all.

Luminous pillars of transparent gauze composed the colonnade that sustained the wide spread dome, and the spectator who beheld all this had but to turn his eye and see without the lofty sails, like whitening clouds filled with the breeze, pass almost within his touch, and the vessels that traced their noiseless liquid path in the still silence of the night.

The bridge which joined this fairy island to the main was tented over head and carpeted beneath, and decked on each side with living verdure. Under the green boughs the silvery waves appeared, rippling and dancing by the moon's soft light to the music of the summer air. To this fair alley and its pensive light resorted the sedater spirits, such as shun the glare and woo the elysian shades, some perhaps to interchange soft vows and mingle lovers' sighs with the murmuring of the waters and the whispers of the breeze.

Twice in the hour, exact as the sidereal time, a tinkling bell announced the arrival of one of those triumphs of American genius, those gilded gallies that move by the force of the unruly elements subdued by the mightier power of mind to the purposes of

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man's convenience. It had obediently ranged its side and now offered its spacious deck to court the footsteps of the votaries of pleasure.

I have sometimes witnessed the costly magnificence displayed in honour of crowned heads. Ornaments of wonderful price, jewels that might, perhaps, had bribed courtiers and purchased kingdoms, and delicacies for the palate that exquisitely mocked the misery of a starving population, and I have been a melancholy looker on; but not so here. Here the resources were from an exhaustless treasury, that encreases with use, the mine of *invention*, which resembles the waters beneath the earth, that lie hid till they are sought, but when invited pour forth their overflowing abundance in living rills. And to my taste, the star spangled banner, whether in graceful festoons or waving overhead, was worth damasked silk or tissue of gold, the eyes that outshone the light were worth diamonds of Golconda, and the modest attire of the fair daughters of Columbia worth jewelled crowns and royal robes.

But you will say, a truce with this description. How was the guest received? Then I will tell you. He was conducted through the admiring presence to a marquee or tented canopy opposite the entrance, and when he was there seated, underneath the orchestra opposite to his view was an allegorical painting contrived to catch his eye, and whilst he was trying to unriddle its story it suddenly disappeared, and in its place stood in transparency an antique castle flanked with turrets. It was the mansion of his fathers,—his chateau of La Grange, and under it were these two endearing words—HIS HOME.

And now again to the moral. If these demonstrations had the slightest tincture of undue adulation, or were at all of kin to the servile honours dedicated to usurping pride, I should condemn as much as I applaud them. But it is not so. They are the honest effusions of grateful attachment to one who did not hesitate in the hour of perilous adventure to embark his fortune in our cause; to risk his fame, to spend his patrimony and his youth, and to shed his blood for us. He was the friend of Washington, and is the friend of our country, of liberty, and of the human kind. And if despots lavish their favours on the betrayers of freedom, shall we not uphold those who toil and suffer and are persecuted for its sake? Should we be niggards of our love to him who was prodigal of his to us? and who has through all the storms that have shaken the fidelity of so many, continued with manly constancy in the path which the generous instinct of his youth marked out to him. It is not on such an occasion that mean scruples or jealousies should be allowed to damp the glowing ardour of our enthusiasm. It is an event, considered in all its bearings and associations, such as the world never saw before and may not ever see again, and feeling cannot go so fast but that reason will keep pace.

The blandishments which the mother pours into the ears of her

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child, are not more pure and innocent than the accents of affection breathed forth to La Fayette. We must continue wherever he goes to strew his way with roses, to make him happy, and be happy with him. The veterans have already wept for joy, and shall the young lock up the fountains of their hearts? In honouring him we honour all that stood by him in the long, perilous and protracted struggle, of which they bore the toil, we reap the fruits. It is not the triumph of an individual but of a nation, not of a man but of humanity. In honouring this good and virtuous patriot we do honour to ourselves and to our country.

But I will not call this holy jubilee a triumph. That inauspicious term brings with it too many associations of crime and cruelty and of the downfall of liberty and law. The costly pageants decreed by corrupted senates in the temple of Bellona, however dazzling and magnificent, however embellished by the richest trophies of the arts, were in their moral aspect odious and debasing. We owe little to the historians whose servile pens have handed them down to our blind admiration, and less to the unthinking pedantry that would perpetuate that blindness. It is time that historians of a truer stamp should arise amongst ourselves, who will strip guilty grandeur of the false glare which illustrious but venal talents have ever been too ready and too apt to throw around it.

The tear that trembled in the eye of the brave good man, when he embraced the time worn companions of his early glories, the sympathetic drops that stole down their cheeks as they fondly hung upon his neck, will be a subject for the historian's pen worth all the triumphs that swell the chronicles of other times. Let him who records this pure communion of the heart enter therein if he can, and describe the thrilling emotions of those honoured veterans at that rare and precious moment; when the vivid images of things long obscured by intervening years, crowded their memory and choked their utterance. But you, my dear sir, were an actor in this precious scene and one of those that felt what words cannot describe. Enough to say, that this transport of affection was the golden link that joined the present to the past. There were but few whom time and fate had spared of those who stood together in the dark hours of peril, few that could recal to mind that season with all its toils and dangers, few that had weathered the storm of those trying hours that had not since paid the great debt of nature: but there are millions upon millions that now reap the fruit of their generous toils and will never be ungraeful.

It was, then, when this honest champion of our cause lifted up his eyes and looked around him, and saw the rich wonders that freedom had wrought upon her favoured land, that his soul enjoyed the full measure of contentment when he could read in every eye the unequivocal expression of respect and love, when in the teeming population of a great city that poured forth to wel-

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come him, he saw nothing but joy and gratitude in every countenance, nothing of that ragged misery that the rabble populace of despotic countries every where presents. Amidst the loud burst of enthusiasm and the universal cheer, there was no rude disorder, no discordant sound or unseemly sight. He could see in this self-governed multitude, the solid, palpable, undeniable reality, of what the minions of tyranny still imprudently and pertinaciously deny, that people may be self-governed: that liberty while it expands the heart improves the reason. He could perceive in the very smiling face of nature the wonder-working charm, and feel the conscious delight that he had not been the dupe of illusive hopes, that his fond presages were realized, and that the glorious cause to which he had devoted his youth, his fortune, his person, and his all, was ratified by Heaven's high decree. He could see too that republics were not always ungrateful, for he had come to our shores without pomp, or retinue, or wealth, or power, and he received such honours as never monarch, or conqueror, or hero, had before experienced.

This has been called a triumph! I do not like that inauspicious term; for it brings with it associations of crime and cruelty, of pride and of debasement, and very ill defines this spontaneous effusion of a free people's love towards a brother and a dear friend. I will say in the eloquent words of Everett, "if we would touch the electric chord of sympathy let our expressions put on a vigor and directness adapted to the aspect of the times." Let no meagre imitations, no cold affectation, no foppery of any kind come between the genuine feelings of the people, and him they love to honour, let our American character be reflected in language suited to it. Since the most splendid arch of triumph was one built for Nero, should there be any thing in common between him and La Fayette?

If we would pursue the comparison, let us take the instance of that all accomplished hero, the first and greatest of the Cæsars; whose vices stand most redeemed by his great qualities, the fascinating charms of his manners, and the ascendancy of his bold and mighty genius. Yet what a tragedy lies concealed beneath the revels of successive days and nights! The crouching senate who decreed his triumphs in the temple of Bellona, and followed submissively, arrayed in their white robes, would, but that they dared not, have dragged him with as little pity as he did the victims at his chariot wheels. The organic laws of their republic had devoted as sacrilege and patricide whoever should cross the river Rubicon, even with a single cohort, and he had passed it with a mighty and conquering army; and raised the standard of bloody civil war. And what were his titles, to these triumphs? That he had devoted to destruction a million of enemies, (he might have added as many of his followers,) in the extending of an em-

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pire already too extended. Strange perversion of all moral justice! The Roman general who destroyed, whatever number of pirates or enemies of the human race, was entitled to the lesser triumph, the greater was for him who would swear before the quæstors that he had destroyed five thousand enemies, no matter how unjustly! Generous warriors whose only crime was to have defended their native fields, were led forth with their wives and children, bending beneath the weight of iron chains, that their tears and groans might heighten the exultation of the mighty robber. Mimics and buffoons were appointed by solemn ordinances to pipe and chant strains of ribaldry in their tortured ears, and insult their fallen fortunes. The brutal populace and their more brutal master glutted with this worse than cannibal vengeance, moved on to other pastimes, and the miserable victims were led back to their dungeons, that the assassin, more merciful than the hero, might put a period to their anguish. Gladiators, wretched slaves, purchased with the spoils of the enemy or the plunder of the citizens, were to be slain by each other or lacerated by wild beasts, for the sport, not merely of the rabble, but for the recreation of matrons of consular and senatorial dignity. By their number was the magnificence of the candidate for public favor rated, and his popularity secured; and by such largesses, were the people corrupted and debased. In the triumph of Cæsar over the Gauls, we read that Vercingetorix, the chief of their confederated states, their ill-starred Washington, was reserved six years a captive to grace his conqueror's triumph; and, that end answered, was consigned to cruel death. In that over Juba, if Appian be believed, portraits were borne along, of the distinguished citizens who perished in the civil wars, amongst whom was Metellus Scipio falling on his sword, and Cato tearing out his own bowels. And this was the Cæsar to whom they erected a temple of Clemency, and whom they were ready to enrol among their Gods, and in mockery of Heaven itself, to offer the incense that smoked upon their altars!

Let us then forbear to pollute with profane appellations, or ill-sorted emblems, this holy jubilee. Whoever addresses this friend of our country, let him remember that his tongue is but the public organ and his words the will of a people whose dignity he must maintain, and that his discourse is directed to one who well knows the value of a free people's love, and will doubly feel the glowing welcome, when uttered in the genuine dictates of nature.

When this voice shall be echoed through every state, and in all he shall be assured of a welcome and a home; when all shall have done honor to themselves, and to those with whom he was united in the great achievements of our independence; let provision then be made to repay the debts we owe him, so that his declining years may pass free from all anxious cares, and that the evening

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of his well-spent life may close in tranquil glory, and as the star of day, when lost to sight, sends back a tender and a soothing light, so may his memory, and his bright example, dwell amongst us.

Yours, my dear sir, with sincere
and constant attachment, W. S.

For the Port Folio.

THE VISIT OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

—— Who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
This cull'd and choice-drawn cavalier from France?
King Henry V.

It was our intention to give a full account of Lafayette's progress through the United States, in order that these pages might be referred to, in future times, for an ample memorial of this remarkable event. But our limits are too narrow to embrace all the wide-stretched honours, with which gratitude and enthusiasm have welcomed our early and steadfast champion. Praise and glory have been poured on his head, with such a prodigality that some of our addressers seem to have entirely lost sight of the advice of Pistol, in the play:—"Be merciful, to men of mould: abate thy rage: use lenity, sweet chuck!" Too many, on this occasion, have *covered their discretion with a coat of folly*, and it fits us now to forget what was fantastical in the exuberance of our hearty feelings. Where there is great cause for thankfulness the heart does not enter into computations of weight and worthiness; and if we did commit some extravagancies while our spirits were unchained, we may safely console ourselves in the excellence of our purpose. But while we are in the giving mood, let us bestow something more substantial* than pageantry and '*blanc-mange*;†

* In the conclusion of the life of Timoleon, with whom we have elsewhere compared this soldier of liberty, Plutarch, says—"He never returned home,—but he remained in Sicily, enjoying the blessings he had established; and of which the greatest of all was to see so many cities and so many thousands of people happy through his means."—"Fortune happily placed him at a distance from the calamities in which his own country was involved, and kept his hands unstained with its blood."

† See the account of the Cincinnati-dinner at Baltimore, where the General was feasted on blanc-mange. "It was really, says, the American Farmer, "the most delicate and beautiful exhibition of this elegant art (i. e. cooking!) that has ever been seen in this country—worthy," [hear him ye Gods!] worthy, in a word in its way, of the occasion!" Then follows a recipe for making the article, taken, we suppose, from Mrs. Glass, as the writer confesses that it is not that which was used in the manufacure of "this sweet offering prepared and *deposited* by the hands of female patriotism on the shrine of gratitude!"

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and remember that there are many others who have not yet tasted any reward for their good deserts.

We now proceed to glean from the gazettes a brief account of the reception of Lafayette in our principal cities; referring those who wish for more particular details, to a work which we understand, will be compiled by a gentleman at Washington.

In our last, we mentioned his arrival at New York.

> Now bear the king
> Toward *Boston:* grant him there—

His reception, we are told, by the chroniclers of that good old town, was a triumph and a jubilee.

The various bodies designated to compose the procession assembled at an early hour.

The Cavalcade, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel Amory, was formed in Common street at nine o'clock, and proceeded to the residence of Governor Eustis. It comprised nearly seven hundred. The part composed of Carters, Woodwharfingers, &c. dressed in white frocks, was near 200 in number, and made a fine appearance.

The city authorities preceded by the assistant city marshal, proceeded from the hall at nine o'clock. They met the General at the Roxbury border, when Mr. Quincy, mayor of the city, gave the welcome and congratulations of the city.

The General then passed through the common, on which were placed, extending the whole length of it, in two lines, the pupils of the public schools, the misses principally dressed in white, and the lads in blue coats and white underclothes, each bearing a portrait of Fayette on their breasts, stamped on ribbons. They exceeded twenty-five hundred in number.

The streets, avenues, houses to the roofs, balconies, temporary stages, fences, trees, all were filled with expecting eyes, and cheerful looks; and the general's carriage scarcely moved a rod without loud cheering from the citizens, and the continued waving of the white handkerchiefs of our fair countrywomen at the windows and balconies. The bells rang merry peals, and salutes were fired in various directions. It was calculated that the spectators exceeded 70,000. The route of the procession was nearly two miles.

At the senate chamber he was introduced by the mayor to the governor, who communicated to him the felicitations and welcome of the state.

Numerous introductions took place consisting of officers of the United States and state governments, the society of Cincinnati; commodore Bainbridge, and officers of the navy; colonel House, and many officers of the army; strangers of distinction, &c.

At four o'clock, he was conducted to the Exchange coffee-house,

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where he partook of an excellent dinner. The mayor presided, assisted by the committee of arrangements. Besides the general and his family, were the city council, governor Eustis, and suite, governor Brooks, commodore Bainbridge, general Morton, and the deputation from the corporation of New York, Messrs. Otis, Gray, Lloyd, Webster, the chief marshal and assistants.

Two civic arches were thrown across Washington-street beautifully decorated with flags, and bearing the following mottos:

Welcome Lafayette.

The fathers in glory shall sleep,
That gather'd with thee to the fight,
But the sons will eternally keep
The tablets of Gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck,
And we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette,
We surrender to thee.

1776.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

WELCOME LAFAYETTE.

A REPUBLIC NOT UNGRATEFUL.

And all the streets through which the procession passed were dressed with the national flags of the United States and France. On one of the flags in Broad street, was the following:

WELCOME ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF.
Receive the pledges of thy children, to sustain
with fidelity the principles that first
associated LAFAYETTE with
the destinies of America.
NATURAL RIGHTS.
YORKTOWN AND MONMOUTH.

General Lafayette's toast, at the dinner by the corporation of Boston:

THE CITY OF BOSTON; *the Cradle of Liberty.*—May Faneuil hall ever stand a monument to teach the world that resistance to oppression is a *duty*, and will, under true republican institutions, become a *blessing*.

On the last day of August, the General visited Salem, where he was welcomed in an eloquent address from judge Story. "During a long life in the most trying scenes," said this gentleman, to the illustrious visiter, "During a long life in the most trying scenes you have done no act for which virtue need blush or humanity weep. Your private character has not cast a shade on your public honours. In the palaces of Paris and the dungeons of Ol-

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mutz, in the splendor of power, and the gloom of banishment, you have been the friend of justice and the assertor of the rights of man. Under every misfortune you have never deserted your principles. What earthly prize can afford consolations like this? The favor of princes and the applause of senates sink into absolute nothingness in comparison with the approving conscience of a life devoted to the good of mankind. At this very moment you are realizing the brightest visions of your youth in the spectacle of ten millions of people prosperous and happy under a free government, whose moral strength consists in the courage and intelligence of its citizens. These millions welcome you to the shores of the west with spontaneous unanimity; and the voice which now addresses you, feeble as it is, repeats but the thoughts that are ready to burst from the lips of every American."

At the public dinner, the General gave the following toast:

The town of Salem—let her citizens accept the wish of a grateful heart that her increasing prosperity may more and more evince the blessings of popular institutions founded on the sacred basis of natural and social rights.

The following is characteristic of the stern and honest veteran from whom it proceeded:

By Colonel Pickering. *The daring and generous adventurers in a righteous cause*—Whatever be the result the consciousness of upright views will sustain them.

The General afterwards visited several of the neighbouring towns; and was received with every manifestation of joy.

He returned to New York on the 6th of September, where fresh honours awaited him. The dinner given to him by the French citizens is represented as having been magnificent beyond description. One of the most interesting devices and ornaments, was a miniature representation of the Grand Canal, seventy feet in length, and running through the middle of the table, which had been made of double the usual width for that purpose. At one end was to be seen Lake Erie, in the centre Lake Ontario, and at the other end Lake Champlain. On the water, which pursued its winding course within its banks, were to be seen passage boats with passengers and baggage, and at a distance, various kinds of water-fowl sailing gracefully to and fro. The banks of the canal were formed of beautiful green sward, two feet wide, cut and fitted with the utmost exactness, and ornamented with groves of trees, variegated with flower gardens, and occasional tufts of wild blossoms, &c. &c. Looking at this representation from the head of the table, the effect was indescribably fine. You saw, as it were, a long line of canal, running through green pastures and meadows, now winding its way through ledges of rocks, (placed there for the purpose,) and now running at the foot of a gentle hill—now passing under a bridge and now lost in the midst of a little forest, or

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behind a miniature mountain.—This representation of one of the great sources of wealth, and prosperity, and enterprize of the state, was much admired, and it is said was got up under the direction of a person formerly in the employment of the king of Naples.

On the 16th of September, the General departed from New York, and proceeded up the Hudson river to visit Albany, and the intermediate towns.

While passing the scene of Arnold's treason, general *Lafayette* related, very minutely, all the circumstances connected with that affair. Washington, with many other officers arrived at Arnold's house, on the day of his escape. Intelligence of the arrest of Andre and the treason of Arnold, was communicated to Washington a few minutes before dinner. He mentioned it to Lafayette, Hamilton, and Knox only. At dinner it was observed that general and Mrs. Arnold were both absent. After dinner the intelligence spread rapidly and a council of the general officers was called, at which general Knox, the junior brigadier, was first asked by Washington what ought to be done. General Knox, with great gravity, replied "*that something should be done to prevent the desertion of major generals!*

A few miles below Newburgh, the general recognized his quarters in the winter of 1781, and called major Cooper, who was there with him, to talk over the incidents of that winter—"Do you recollect," said he to major Cooper, when major ** ***, who used to slide down that hill with the girls, came near being drowned by falling through the ice? He was an eccentric, but an excellent man."

At Albany, he observed, in reply to the address of the mayor, —"The enjoyments of my visit to the beautiful and happy shores of the North River, cannot but be highly enhanced by the affectionate reception, the civic testimonies of esteem, which are conferred upon me in this city, and by the manner in which you are pleased to express sentiments so gratifying to my heart. Not half a century has elapsed, since this place, ancient, but small, was my head-quarters, on the frontiers of an extensive wilderness; since as commander in the northern department, I had to receive the oath of renunciation to a royal distant government, of allegiance to the more legitimate sovereignty of the people of the United States. Now, sir, Albany, become a considerable city, is the central seat of the authorities of New York. Those wildernesses rank among the most populous, and best cultivated parts of the union. This rising generation, has, in two glorious wars, and still more so in her admirable institutions, asserted an indisputable superiority over the proud pretenders to a control upon her."

On his second return to New York he dined with the Masons. The following song was sung on that occasion:

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TUNE—"*Anacreon in Heaven.*"

The hero hath come in the eve of his day,
To the land where he planted the tree of his glory,
And warmly that land doth her gratitude pay,
And long shall she cherish his name in her story;
Each heart springs to meet him—
In triumph he moves
Midst the men who adore him,
The men whom he loves—
And the stars of our banner in darkness shall set,
Ere oblivion gather the wreath of FAYETTE.

He hath come to us now in his fulness of fame,
And proudly we claim him our friend and our brother,
For he guarded the altar of Freedom, whose flame,
Oppression's fierce minions all vainly would smother;
He bled in our cause
With our fathers of old,
When their flag of defiance
They sternly unrolled—
And ne'er shall the sons of *such* heroes forget
The friend of their fathers, the gallant Fayette.

The *fete* at Castle Garden has already been described in this work.

On the 23d of September, the General commenced his tour to the south. His progress through the state of New Jersey was attended by the civil and military authorities and thousands of persons with glowing bosoms and sparkling eyes. "What a triumph is this day," exclaimed Mr. Frelinghuysen, the orator at Newark, "What a triumph is this day for rational freedom! what are the heartless pageantry, and pomp, and grandeur of titled potentates, to the grateful throbs of ten millions of hearts? May that benignant being who sent you to our aid, in the darkest period of our struggles, still watch over you; may he shed upon the evening of your life his richest blessings, and make its close be as serene as the morning has been bright, and the day illustrious!"

The General in his reply spoke particularly of the citizens of Jersey, and of their services and sufferings during the revolutionary war; and of the great confidence which he reposed in the Jersey militia. There was a number of revolutionary soldiers present. One who was introduced to the general, was more than one hundred years old. An old lady also pressed forward, whose husband had served with Lafayette, and would not be restrained from shaking hands with him.

On Monday, the 27th, he crossed the Delaware, and was welcomed to the state of Pennsylvania, by governor Shulze, and an escort of 250 cavalry under the command of major Smith.

Before he entered the city, on Tuesday morning, he reviewed a large body of militia, and then proceeded to Philadelphia, escorted by a committee from the city councils and an innumerable train of citizens and soldiers, arranged in the following order:

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1st. A cavalcade of one hundred citizens mounted.
2d. One hundred field and staff officers, mounted.
3d. Sixty cavalry, in the form of a hollow square.
4th. A band of musicians, mounted.
5th. A corps of one hundred and sixty cavalry.
6th. A detachment of artillery, with four pieces of ordnance.
7th. A brigade of infantry, of near 2000 men, including one or two companies of riflemen, all in uniform.
8th. The committee of arrangements, in carriages.
9th. General Lafayette, accompanied hy his honor judge Peters, in a barouche, with six cream-coloured horses, out-riders in livery, mounted on horses of the same colour.
10th. Governor Shulze and suite, in a barouche and four brown horses.
11th. Governor Williamson and suite, of New Jersey, in a like carriage and brown horses.
12th. Two other barouches, with distinguished individuals.
13th. One hundred and fifty revolutionary heroes, drawn in three cars of great magnitude, with four horses each, trimmed with white and red, and the cars decorated with evergreens, flags, and emblematical descriptions. Each soldier wore the revolutionary cockade. On one side of the first car, in large gold letters, were the words, "Defenders of our Country;" on the other, "The Survivors of 1776;" in front, "Washington;" in the rear, "Lafayette."
14th. A large car, containing a body of printers, and also the various articles belonging to a printing office. The compositors and pressmen were at work, and the latter distributed from the press an ode, prepared for the occasion, by alderman Barker. The members of the Typographical Society followed, preceded by a banner, inscribed—"Lafayette, the Friend of Universal Liberty and the Rights of the Press."
15th. A body of four hundred young men, of the city and county of Philadelphia.
16th. Two hundred Cordwainers, with banners, badges, and other emblems.
17th. Three hundred weavers.
18th. One hundred and fifty ropemakers.
19th. One hundred and fifty lads.
20th. One hundred shipbuilders.
21st. Seven hundred mechanics of different branches.
22d. One hundred and fifty coopers, preceded by a car containing a cooper's shop, with workmen fitting staves, driving hoops, &c.
23d. One hundred and fifty butchers, well mounted, and handsomely dressed and ornamented.
24th. Two or three hundred cartmen, with aprons trimmed with blue, and mounted.

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25th. A body of two hundred riflemen, dressed with frocks—plaid—leopard skin—and yellow, suitably trimmed.

26th. A company of Artillery, with two field pieces.

27th. A brigade of infantry, in uniform, of about 1500.

28th. The New Jersey cavalry, before mentioned.

29th. A body of about three hundred farmers, from the neighbouring country.

The number of persons in the street, has been variously conjectured from 100,000 to 200,000; but it is quite impossible to say, with any degree of accuracy,

> How many did the peaceful city quit
> To welcome him.

The procession moved down Fourth to Arch street—up Arch to Eleventh street—down Eleventh to Chestnut street—down Chestnut to Eighth street—down Eighth to Spruce street—down Spruce to Second street—up Second to Chestnut street—and up Chestnut to a Grand Civic Arch in front of the old State house, which contains the hall in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, and in which the Common Council were to receive the General.

> The mayor, and all his brethren in best sort,—
> Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
> With the plebeians swarming at their heels!—

This arch displayed great taste and judgment in the design, and skill in the execution. It was constructed of frame work, covered with canvass, admirably painted in imitation of stone. The plan was derived from the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. Its dimensions were forty-five feet front, by twelve in depth—embracing a basement story of the Doric order, from which the principal arch springs to the height of twenty-four feet above the pavement. The spandriels, or abutments on each front were decorated with figures of Fame, painted in basso relievo, having their arms extended, and mutually holding a civic wreath over the key-stone of the arch. The wings on each side of the centre, were of the Ionic order, being decorated with niches and statues representing liberty, victory, independence, and plenty—each having appropriate mottos, inscribed in corresponding pannels. The whole of the building was surmounted by an entablature, thirty-eight feet from the pavement and supporting a flight of steps in the centre, upon which were placed the arms of the city, executed in a masterly manner by Sully. On each side of the arms were placed the statues of Justice and Wisdom, with their appropriate emblems, sculptured by Mr. Rush, in a very superior style. They had all the beauty and lightness of drapery, of the Grecian school; and so excellent was the workmanship, that it was not until after positive assurances, that a

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spectator would give up the belief that they were executed in marble. The arch was designed by Mr. Strickland, and executed under the direction of Messrs. Warren, Darley, and Jefferson, scene painters of the new Theatre. The superficial surface of painted canvass amounted to upwards of three thousand square feet.

From the address of the mayor, our limits will only permit us to transcribe a single passage, in which a happy designation is given to the apartment assigned to our guest as a levee-room.

"Forty-eight years ago, in this city and in this hallowed hall, which may emphatically be called the *birth place of independence*, a convention of men such as the world has rarely seen, preeminent for talents and patriotism, solemnly declared their determination to assume for themselves the right of self-government, and that they and their posterity should thenceforth assert their just rank among the nations of the earth. A small, but cherished band of those who breasted the storm and sustained the principles thus promulgated to the world still remains—in the front rank of these worthies, history will find, and we now delight to honour, general Lafayette, whose whole life has been devoted to the cause of freedom and to the support of the inalienable rights of man."

The General made an appropriate answer and then proceeded to the lodgings prepared for him at the Mansion House, where he dined with a party of about seventy.

Every position from which the procession could be seen was crowded with well dressed people. The array of beauty, decorated so as to produce the most picturesque and vivid effect, has never been surpassed in the United States. The utmost harmony and cheerfulness pervaded all ranks.

Better order than was universally preserved might be deemed impossible. Every one seemed to know and keep his place without anxiety or inconvenience. A printing press threw off, from the ranks of the gentlemen of the type, countless copies of the fine ode written for them by James N. Barker esq. The victuallers made a fine display with their accoutrements and horses.

The most dazzling and elaborate part of the gala jubilee remains to be mentioned—we mean the general illumination which began about a quarter past six in the evening and was nearly complete by seven. It drew into the streets a large part of the population male and female, who, as they poured themselves along, behaved towards each other like the most courteous guests in a drawing room. The numerous arches shone with small lamps; the public edifices,—the University, the Masonic Hall, Theatre, Custom-House, Coffee House, &c.—were adorned with elegant transparencies. The most chaste illumination, was exhibited at the Bank of the United States, which was lighted by lamps concealed behind the columns. The reflection thrown on the front of the edifice, reminded the beholder of those alabaster

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palaces which are described in fairy tales. Transparencies abounded at private windows also, and the burden of them was generally the Nation's Guest, and his adopted father, the father of the nation. Most families used their fancy-lamps, besides the common tapers; and flowers, natural and artificial, either arranged in alabaster urns, or suspended in chaplets and festoons, bore testimony to the zeal and taste of the ladies of a great many mansions.

The week was occupied in receiving addresses from various public bodies, visiting learned and other institutions, feasting, &c. Bishop White congratulated him on behalf of the clergy; Mr. Duponcean performed the same agreeable duty for the Philosophical Society, the gentlemen of the Bar and the French citizens. The veterans of the Revolution bowed their aged heads to him, while thousands of children chaunted hymns of gratitude.

The Grand Ball given at the New Theatre, exceeded, in all respects, any entertainment of the kind before known in Philadelphia. We can furnish but an inadequate idea of the splendour of the decorations, and the animation and vividness of the scene. The lobby of the Theatre was converted into a magnificent saloon, adorned with beautiful rose, orange, and lemon trees in full bearing, and a profusion of shrubbery; pictures, busts, banners, with classical inscriptions, &c. all illuminated with a multitude of lamps. For the dancers, there were two compartments, the house and the stage; the upper part of the former was hung with scarlet drapery, studded with golden stars; while the great chandelier, with two additional ones, and a row of wax tapers arranged over the canopy, shed over a blaze of light.—The first and second tiers of boxes were crowded with ladies in the richest apparel, as spectators of the dazzling array on every side. Passing the proscenium, the other division wore the appearance of an eastern pavilion in a garden terminating with a view of an extended sea and landscape, irradiated by the setting sun, and meant to typify the western world. A great number of brilliant chandeliers rendered this scarcely less effulgent than the other part of the house. In front were three latin inscriptions—*Advenit Heros—Olim meminisse juvabit—Hic domus; hæc patria.*

The two retiring rooms connected with the pavilion, were fitted up with a degree of elegance and taste which drew expressions of admiration from every one that entered. Those who came to the house early were at once struck with the floor, which was brilliantly painted for the occasion, from designs furnished by Mr. Strickland.

The company consisted of two thousand or more persons, of whom six or seven hundred were invited strangers.—Twenty two hundred tickets had been issued. No disorder occurred in the streets with the arrival or departure of the carriages, which formed a line along the adjoining squares. General Lafayette appeared at 9 o'clock.

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He was conducted the whole length of the apartments, through an avenue formed by the ladies, to the bottom of the stage, where Mrs. Morris, governor Shulze, and the Mayor, waited to greet him in form; the full band playing an appropriate air during his progress. As soon as he was seated, the dancers were called, and at least four hundred were immediately on the floor. The dancing did not cease until near five o'clock, though the company began to retire about three.

Next to this, *perhaps*, in splendour, may be mentioned the dinner at the Masonic Lodge. When we say that the decorations and arrangements of the table were prepared by Mr. Haviland, it need not be added that every thing was done in good taste. Before the General entered, the Gas Lamps were so arranged as to shed a pale and mild lustre, like that of soft moon-light. When he entered, the vessels being instantly filled, a splendid blaze of light burst forth over the room, discovering all the hidden beauties of the decorations, and producing upon every beholder the effect of a flash of lightning. The spirits of the company rose with the enhanced brilliancy.

The signal being given, the company, to the number of four hundred, took their seats, and partook of a rich and delightful feast.

We have employed the word *perhaps*, in relation to this banquet, not because we entertain any doubt that it was plentiful, and sumptuous, and given with all that hilarity and good will which distinguish the worshipful fraternity of Masons, but simply because as we are not one of the initiated we had not an opportunity of speaking of it from actual observation, but must draw upon the stores of imagination. In our mind's eye we can fancy the whole scene. The "brothers" as they

> Sit patiently,* and inly ruminate
> The dinner's luxury: invited gentlemen
> Banner-invested men,† and grave judges,
> Present them to the gazing company
> So many honoured guests; and now behold
> The *General* entering with the *Aldermen*;
> From side to side he greets them all in turn,
> Bids them fair welcome with a gracious smile,
> And calls them brothers, friends, and citizens.
> Upon his placid face there is no note
> How the day's honour hath fatigued him,
> But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
> With cheerful semblance, and sweet courtesy

* The General found the assemblage at the Navy Yard, in the morning, so fascinating that the Masonic dinner was protracted to a late hour.

† The Marshals who conducted the procession through the streets when the General entered the city, preserved their badges several days after "Othello's occupation" had ceased.

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And every guest, *beholding dinner served up*,
Plucks comfort from the noble, sumptuous banquet,
A largess universal!—
Now last behold
A little touch of revels in the night,
And so our scene must to the ball-room fly;
Where (*O for a ticket!*) look to behold
"*Earth-treading stars*," "*lights that mislead the morn*,'
Right well disposed in dance harmonious,
To close the honours of this happy day.

Nothing yielded us so much satisfaction as the entertainment at the Navy Yard, because we recognized in the presiding officer a gallant gentleman, who has long been the victim of cruel neglect and merciless persecution. The address of commodore Barron is among the best which this event has produced. We extract a few passages:

"You, sir, whose whole life has been devoted to the extension of civil liberty, must at this period be enriched by feelings, which rarely fall to the lot of man.

Turning from the old world, whose excesses have been almost fatal to the cause of liberty, to the new, where that cause has been prospered to an unexampled degree, you see a proof, that political liberty is not visionary.

The soldier will here behold the nation for which he has fought, not exhausted by his triumphs, not sacrificed to idle ambition, but raised by his valour to liberty and independence, and while enjoying these blessings themselves, securing them for the remotest posterity.

The Patriot will here see a people, not distracted by faction, nor yet regardless of their political rights, making the most rapid strides to true greatness, and displaying in their happiness and security the wisdom and power of institutions engraved on their hearts."

The French gentlemen of this city, gave two dinners to their honoured countryman. Mr. Duponceau very happily represented the feelings of this class of our citizens in his address.—The following is a translation of its initial passage:

"The Frenchmen, and descendants of Frenchmen residing at Philadelphia, are gathered around you, to express the delight they feel, in beholding you amongst them in that land, which was the theatre of your first labours in the sacred cause of liberty. They participate in the enthusiasm of their fellow citizens, and burn with the desire of depositing in your bosom, the sentiments that animate them. Born on the same soil with yourself, they cannot without a noble pride, view the testimonials of love and gratitude lavished upon a Frenchman, by an entire nation;—by that great and illustrious nation, in the midst of whom so many Frenchmen have found a new country, no less dear to them than that which gave them birth."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our friends, the Germans, continue to pay the most marked attention to American literature. It is now upwards of ten years, since a number of literary gentlemen in the principal cities of this Union aware of the intrinsic and growing merit of American productions, and indignant at the unmerited neglect of our literature throughout Europe; devised a plan to raise its character, and combined to carry it into execution. Well convinced that the prejudices of the British critics were too strong to be conquered by any direct attempt, they determined to leave the island of Great Britain to itself, and turned their attention to the other nations of Europe, particularly Germany and France. They justly thought that when once our books should be known and appreciated by the learned men of the European continent, those of Great Britain would not stand single but would follow their example. In execution of this plan, a literary journal was established at New York, under the title of the *German Correspondent*, which was edited by the Rev. F. C. Schæffer, and had for its object to make our fellow citizens acquainted with the more recent productions of German literature, while at the same time a similar journal, in the German idiom, entitled *Amerikanische Aurichten* or *American Views*, was published in this city, by the late learned and Rev. Dr. Plitt, which was intended to make American works known in Germany. At the same time an extensive correspondence was carried on by the confederates from Salem to Baltimore, with learned men in that country, the best among the American productions were sent to them as fast as they appeared, and they soon had the satisfaction to see their advances returned in the most frank and cordial manner. American books now began to be translated into the German language, and the literary journals from the Rhine to the Danube were filled with candid and often with flattering reviews of the works of American authors, while similar means were taken here through our newspapers and reviews to make our fellow citizens acquainted with the progress of German literature and science. In return for these efforts, a journal exclusively devoted to America, was published in Leipzick, by the enterprising bookseller Gœschen, entitled *Amerika dargestellt durch sich selbst*, or *America represented by herself*.

Having thus fully succeeded in Germany, our patriotic citizens turned their views towards France, where they found powerful cooperators in *David B. Warden*, Esq. late consul general of the United States at Paris, and his worthy successor *Isaac C. Barnet*, Esq. Here they were met again more than half way, as every one may convince himself who will turn over the pages of that excellent journal, *La Revue Encyclopedique*, edited monthly by the joint labours of the first literary characters in that kingdom

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Here they will find that not only there is hardly a Number that does not contain a review or notice of one or more American works, but that in the account which it gives of the various productions of foreign literature, the *United States of America* are invariably placed at the head. American works are treated throughout with the utmost candour and respect, and the French as well as the German reviewers never disgrace themselves by those flippant and vulgar sarcasms which so often fall from the pen of the critics of G. Britain.

If the British critics should continue to abuse our productions or our writers, we have nothing to do but to oppose to them the opinions of the other nations of Europe who do not yield to them in talent, taste, genius or science. But there will be no need of having recourse even to this. The impulse is given; our authors, stimulated and encouraged by the notice of their continental friends, have increased their efforts to deserve the praise which they received, and placed themselves, at last, upon such high grounds, as to command that respect from the British nation, which the rest of Europe had long paid to them.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of three Numbers of the Medico-Chirurgical Journal, (*Medicinisch Chirurgische Zeitung,*) formerly published at Saltzburg, and now at Inspruck, under the direction of the learned Dr. J. N. Ehrhart. These three numbers, each of sixteen pages, are almost entirely filled with the analysis and review of a work lately published by Dr. John Eberle, of this city, entitled "*A treatise on Materia Medica and Therapeutics,*" in two volumes octavo. The analysis is full and complete, and appears to have been done with the intention of inciting some one to undertake a translation of the book into the German language. The review is honourable to the author as well as to the reviewer, the latter of whom is contented to deal out just praise without impertinent sarcasm or fulsome flattery. We have only room to translate the final judgment which he passes upon the work:

"In conclusion we will content ourselves with the general observation, that the second volume evinces the same care and diligence as the first. This work of Dr. Eberle has a great practical value, and will continue to have it, as the author has kept himself free from every hypothesis, and has only advanced such propositions as are demonstrated by experience. It is rich in knowledge and interesting to physicians of all nations, as by means of the author's vast erudition, it contains not only the results of the experience of English and American medical men, but also sets forth in the most correct manner, the doctrines and observations of the German, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Italian physicians. May the pen of the learned author soon present us with another work, which like this may deserve for its learning and the information that it contains, to be placed on the same shelf with the best works of modern times."

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The editor of this journal, as a further evidence of his respect for Dr. Eberle, has dedicated his last volume to him. The review which we have above noticed was published in February.

While we are on the subject of the respect paid by the literati of continental Europe to American authors, we advert, with pleasure, to a highly flattering review of the discourse delivered by Charles J. Ingersoll, Esq. before the American Philosophical Society last October, the first part of which is contained in the *Revue Encyclopedique* for June last, and the conclusion of which was to appear in a subsequent Number, which has not yet been received in this country. This review is from the pen of the celebrated Count *Lanjuinais*, one of the Peers of France, and a firm supporter of liberal principles in literature as well as in politics. The noble author has subscribed his name to it at full length, thus giving the sanction of his well established character to the praise that he bestows on our country, our improvements, our literature, and to the author whose performance he undertook to review. When we receive the conclusion of this review, we shall make it more particularly known to our readers.

We ought to add, that through the zeal and kind attention of M. Deabbate, consul general of his Sardinian Majesty, residing in this city, a channel of literary communication has been opened between this country and Italy, which promises the happiest results. It is in literary as in every other warfare; if we wish to conquer the pride or jealousy of the British writers, and make ourselves independent of them in science, as we have done in government, it is only by means of *continental alliances*, that we can expect to succeed. The time will come afterwards, and perhaps it is not far distant, when we shall be able to maintain *a single handed contest.*

We understand that William Shaler, Esq. one of the consuls of the United States, is employing his leisure hours in learned and interesting researches concerning the history, manners, customs, and languages, of the inhabitants of the part of Africa at which he is an accredited agent. He has already transmitted to this country vocabularies of the language of the Kabyles, a people who inhabit the chain of mountains which lies parallel to the coast of Barbary, and whom he supposes to be the remains of the ancient Numidians. These we are informed will be published in the next volume of the transactions of the American Philosophical Society. He is also engaged in writing "historical sketches of Algiers," which, it is said, will be printed at Boston, under the direction of the Rev. Jared Sparks.

Mr. Skottowe has added his name to a long list of commentators and editors by a *Life of Shakspere;* with inquiries into the originality of his dramatic plots and characters, and essays on ancient theatres and theatrical usages. The biography is an accurate digest of what has long been known, and which therefore did

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not require repetition. It is in his inquiries that Mr. Skottowe has contrived to fasten the attention of the reader. Shakspere, it is well known, did not hesitate to glean in the territories of others, not, however, like the midnight poacher, but with the air of one who possessed sovereign authority to bend every thing to his own purposes. Under his hand the dry pages of the chronicles were made to beam with fertility and beauty; and his magical wand summoned once more into existence the faries and apparitions of the north of Europe. To follow the poet into these mines, to observe him while he selects the richest ore, and contemplate the process by which it is refined in the crucible of his imagination, is an employment for which the present writer shows himself better qualified than any of his predecessors, by the judicious and elegant observations contained in those volumes. In proof of this we may cite his account of the madness of Hamlet, in which he has put to rest the often mooted question respecting the character of that prince. The story of that play is derived from a black letter "historie," where the mental imbecility was feigned, on account of the danger which was apprehended from the uncle.

The reality of his malady being suspected,

"They" (the king and queen, says the old historie) "counselled to try and know, if possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better or more fit invention to entrap him, than to set some fair and beautiful woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches, and all the craftiest moods she could, should purposely seek to allure his mind. To this end certain courtiers were appointed to lead Hamblet to a solitary place within the woods, where they brought the woman. And surely the poor prince at this assault had been in great danger, if a gentleman that in Howendille's time had been nourished with him, had not shown himself more affection to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, than desirous to please the tyrant.

This gentleman bore the courtiers company, making full account that the least show of perfect sense and wisdom that Hamblet should make, would be sufficient to cause him to lose his life; and therefore by certain signs he gave Hamblet intelligence into what danger he was likely to fall, if by any means he seemed to obey, or once like the wanton toys and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent thither by his uncle: which much abashed the prince, as then being wholly in affection to the lady."

Mr. Skottowe delivers his opinion in the following terms:

It admits not a doubt that Hamlet's attachment to Ophelia is ardent and sincere; but it is left a problem why he treats a woman of honour and delicacy, whom he loves, with a severity and violence from which her sex should have protected even an unworthy object. A satisfactory solution of the difficulty is derived from the history; whence it is learnt, what is not to be learnt from the play, that Hamlet was aware that Ophelia was purposely thrown in his way; that spies were about them; and that it was necessary for the preservation of his life, to assume a conduct which he thought could be attributed to madness only."

Lady Morgan, one of the silliest writers of the present period,

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has favoured the reading public with a *Life of Salvator Rosa*. It abounds with disgusting indecency, affectation, pedantry, and radicalism. Her head has been turned by the flattery of some persons as silly as herself, and she thinks that any pertness or nonsense from her pen will be perused with avidity. There is nothing in her book concerning the immortal painter, poet, and musician, which cannot be found in the Vita di S. Rosa, and in the ordinary English compilations; yet this writer makes a prodigious display of the names of titled friends, from whom she professes to have received important original matter for her ridiculous work. What sort of persons these distinguished friends were, may be conjectured from the following passage: "Many have been condemned to death!"—(in the neighbourhood of Dublin, we presume) "the greatest number have saved life by perilous evasion and indigent exile; and some, at the moment I write, uncertain of their fate, are wearing out their prime of existence in solitary confinement." Really it must be no enviable honour to be ranked in the list of her ladyship's friends, if this is the best account that can be given of them.

The first volume of Godwin's *History of the commonwealth of England, from its commencement to the restoration of Charles the Second*, has just appeared. Rapin, a model of impartiality, had a very just idea of this task, when he said, "He that undertakes to write the history of Charles I., must endeavour to discover the truth in even the most partial historians, and be extremely careful to avoid the continual snares they lay for their readers for the sake of the cause they maintain. One must know what was their aim in writing, what system they followed, and the artifices they made use of to engage in their own principles the unreflecting reader." Of the writers who have treated this subject, Lord Clarendon is a staunch supporter of church and monarchy. Hume cared nothing for the former of these, though his beautiful but deceitful pages, show that he is devoted to the king. The cause of the parliament is espoused by Rushworth and Whitelock. Rapin, honest old Rapin, is the only one who has written without any bias, but he is unsupportably heavy and provokingly meagre. There was therefore room for an historian of deliberate judgment, whose only object was the discovery of truth, and who could pursue this purpose without prepossession or prejudice. Mr. Godwin makes great pretensions to impartiality, but we do not think he has redeemed his pledge. His style is in general a fine specimen of manly and vigorous English, but he displays the partizan in the very threshhold of the edifice. In his introductory chapter, like an advocate who strives to win a cause, he affirms that Charles "as will more fully appear in the sequel, never made a concession to the popular cause, but with a reserve in his own mind, the secret imputation of some defect in the mode in which the proceeding originated, in consequence of which the conces-

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sion was in its own nature null, and at a convenient season might be so declared." How uncandid it is thus to prejudge the great question, will at once be perceived; and how inconsistent it is with Mr. Godwin's own notions and declarations, may be shown by another extract from his work. "Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice, is a text that shall be forever before his eyes. Neither royalist nor republican, shall be described by him as pure or corrupt, TILL his character and his actions shall have been carefully scrutinized." Lord Clarendon wrote as the avowed apologist of the royal party; we were therefore prepared to see some injustice done to the motives of many excellent men, who contended against unlawful encroachments, and thus entitled themselves to the admiration and gratitude of every friend to public liberty. If Mr. Godwin had come forward with an open determination to vindicate the parliament, we should have been willing to extend the same indulgence to him which is accorded to Clarendon. But when a man boasts of his "honest and undebauched sense of moral right," that he is "as sober, deliberate, and just in his decisions as if the events of which he treats had preceded the universal deluge, or passed in the remotest island of the South Sea," we have a right to expect a work very different from the tissue of idle speculation, uncandid and sometimes malignant aspersion, and unfounded statements, which Mr. Godwin has produced. As a specimen of his sense of moral right we may advert to his justification of the murder of the Earl of Strafford. It is expressly admitted by him that this unfortunate nobleman "certainly proved beyond confutation that he had done nothing which, in strict construction, fell within the provisions of the statute of treasons of Edward the Third." And yet the Earl was to be executed, not because he had violated any law, but because "there are cases of an extraordinary nature, which reinvest the community in the entire rights they possessed before particular laws were established!" So much for Mr. Godwin's political justice, who would seize the bludgeon when the law fails. He presumes to sneer at the learned and virtuous Selden, who has been extolled by all parties, for his vote against the bill of attainder,—with a "such after all is the best of lawyers." Men of loose principles have a sort of antipathy to this profession, which often manifests itself in a curious manner.

For the Port Folio.

SERENADE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I inclose some attempts at the composition of Melodies, freely confessing the gratification I should feel in hearing them breathed from ruby lips, should they hapily attract the attention of any of our "sweet-singers." Two of them have been set to appropriate airs appended to

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them. Will not some fair songstress select some appropriate air for the third? or what would be still more gratifying, have we no indigenous composers who would be induced to compose original airs for them?

Screened by the secret, friendly, veil of night,
While nature sleeps as beauty wrapt in death,
Save the soft sighing of bland zephyrs' flight,
That waft to thee my strains on balmy breath,
With beating heart, I seek thy sacred bower
Love's own asylum, hope's fond cherish'd gaol,
Invoking aid of musick's magic power,
To pour the fervent passion of my soul;
Night silent reigns—no orb its light betrays,
Save the mild beams of love's own emblem star,
That like blest hope emits its gladd'ning rays,
And through night's shadows sheds its beams afar;
Thou, lov'd one! art that blessed star to me,
Whose beams alone yield joy, and life, and light,
Before thy smile dark glooms of sorrow flee;
As that bright star, dispel the shades of night.

SYDNEY.

For the Port Folio.

SERENADE.

Air—"Fly to the desert."

Wake, dearest, wake! sweet music's strains,
Steal on the listening ear of night,
The moon her bright meridian gains,
And blandly sheds her magic light,
In fair enchantment on thy bower,
And hill, and grove, and verdant vale,
While softly breathing, every flower,
In od'rous sweets perfume the gale.

Wake! dearest, wake! a fairy scene
Enchanting smiles on hill and dale,
As thy mild beaming smile serene,
And strains melodious swell the gale;
But ah! without thee vain the spell,
And vain the strains of minstrelsy—
Their charms alone with thee can dwell,
Thy voice the dearest melody.

Wake! dearest, wake! and list the tale
That fond affection would impart,
And may persuasive love prevail,
In gentlest influence o'er thy heart

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Yet if one dear, fond thought of me,
Steals on thy slumbers, gentle maid!
May balmy sleep still dwell with thee,
And loves fond visions be my aid.

SYDNEY.

For the Port Folio.

MELODY.

Arranged for "Rousseau's Dream."

Turn to me, love, that radiant smile,
That like a sun-beam lights thine eye,
Oh let its magic spell beguile
Cares that all other charms defy:
Not to the trav'ler lost in night,
More brightly beams the dawning light.

Oh turn to me that angel smile
That beam'd on me when first we met—
That look confiding—void of guile—
That smile my heart can ne'er forget:
Oh no! while memory holds its sway,
Its spell can never fade away.

Yes! in that smile blest hope resides,
That like the *first* fair Iris given,
Beams o'er life's dreary waste, and guides
My pilgrim heart to joyous heaven:
Whate'er of bliss this life can give,
Alone in thy dear smiles can live.

SYDNEY.

For the Port Folio.

On a Sleeping Infant.

Rest, lovely cherub, sweetly rest,
Thy cheek's vermillion glow,
Is like the rose bud's op'ning crest,
Soft pillow'd on the snow.

And shall that face, that seem'st the mien
Of some Angelic form,
That soul so pure, that look serene,
Rude passions e'er deform!

Ah! little deem'st thou, beauteous thing,
Now lull'd in Heavenly rest,
What cares thy future years may bring
To lacerate thy breast.

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Yet rest!—thy Heavenly Father wills,
To make thy burthen light,
To veil the page of future ills,
In mercy from thy sight.

Then rest, and may the Infant's God,*
When on his judgment throne,
Twine love and mercy with the rod,
Still claim thee as his own.

SYDNEY.

* Alluding to Christ's rebuke to his Apostles: "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not—for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

For the Port Folio.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Owing to the unexpected length of some of the articles in this Number we are compelled to defer the publication of several communications with which we have been favoured.

The four pages prefixed to our last Number under the title "La Fayette," are to be cancelled; and the embellishments of that and the present Number are to be transposed.

We have scarcely room for any notice of the shallow simpletons who divide their one idea between the United States' Gazette and the Aurora. Each of them has copied from our last Number the few lines of sarcasm which their impertinence and dishonesty drew from us, and has added a whole column of vulgar invective by way of proving that he is not at all in a passion; that the editor of this Miscellany is "a harmless opponent;" and that his pages are so stupid that neither of these SERVILE STIPENDIARIES, who are hired to the daily drudgery of defamation, was ever *convicted of the meanness of poaching from them*, for the entertainment of his readers. The assertion in the U. S. G. that an anonymous note from us was clandestinely placed in his letter-box is untrue; the note in question was delivered to one of the proprietors of that journal, by a messenger well known to him to be in our service, and who had been employed in the same manner, almost daily, during a period of several months, in which the editor of this Magazine was a contributor to the U. S. G. All the other statements in this last mentioned journal, having relation to the editor of the Port Folio, are equally destitute of truth.

The miserable wight of the Aurora office has lately converted his moiety of the idea into *clay*. What was

The BRIBE
Of him whose chattering shames the monkey tribe,

has not been openly stated. It has occasioned a temporary interruption of the harmony which erstwhile reigned between the two gentlemen. But the political campaign will soon terminate, and then we may be again regaled with the *blatteration* of these blockheads:

Swell high each note; let *ass* intone to *ass!*
Harmonious twang! of leather, horn, and brass!

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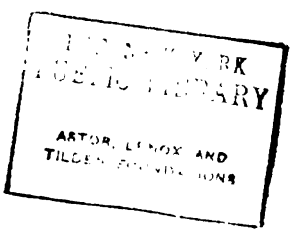

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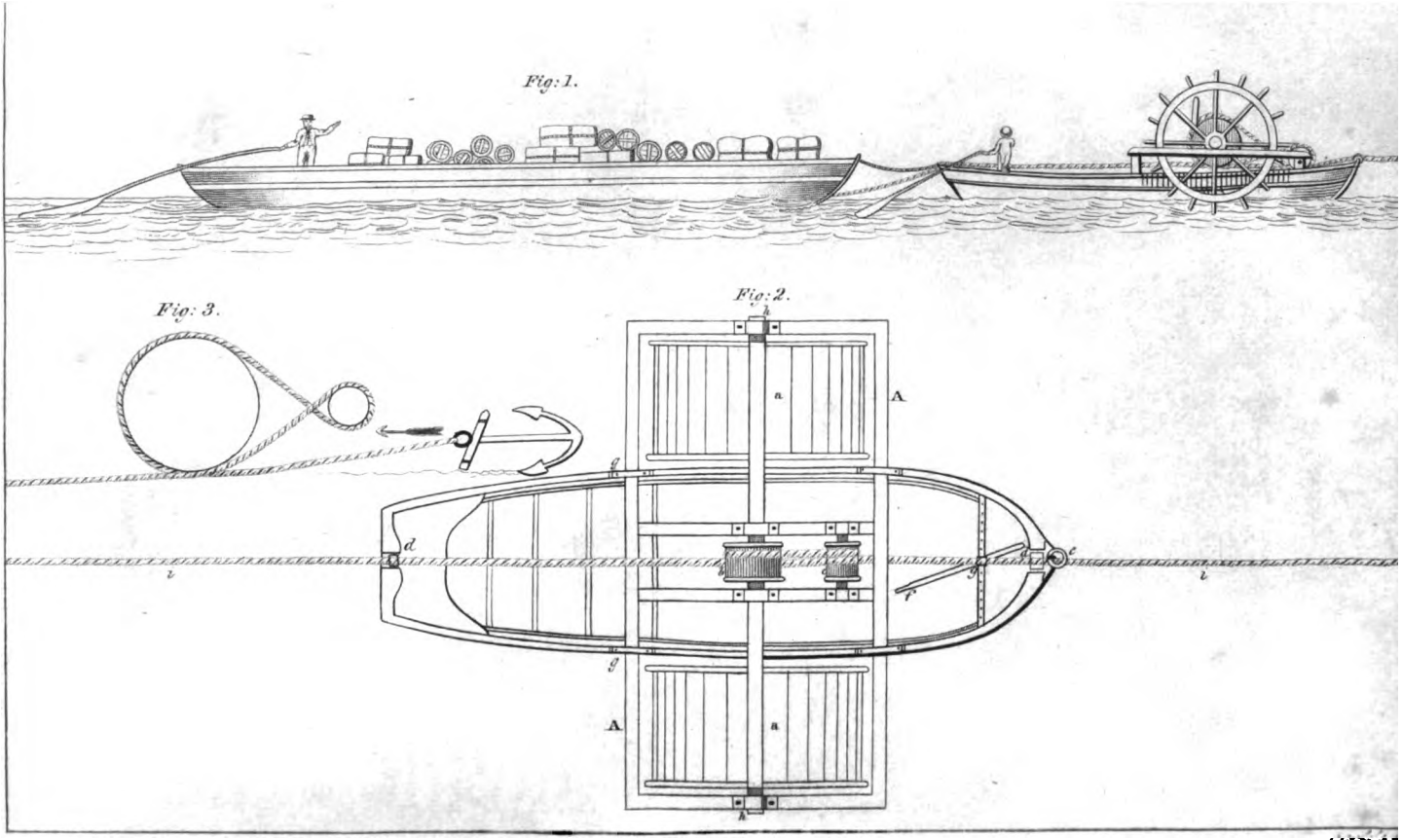

E. Clark's Plan for Navigating the Rapids of Rivers.

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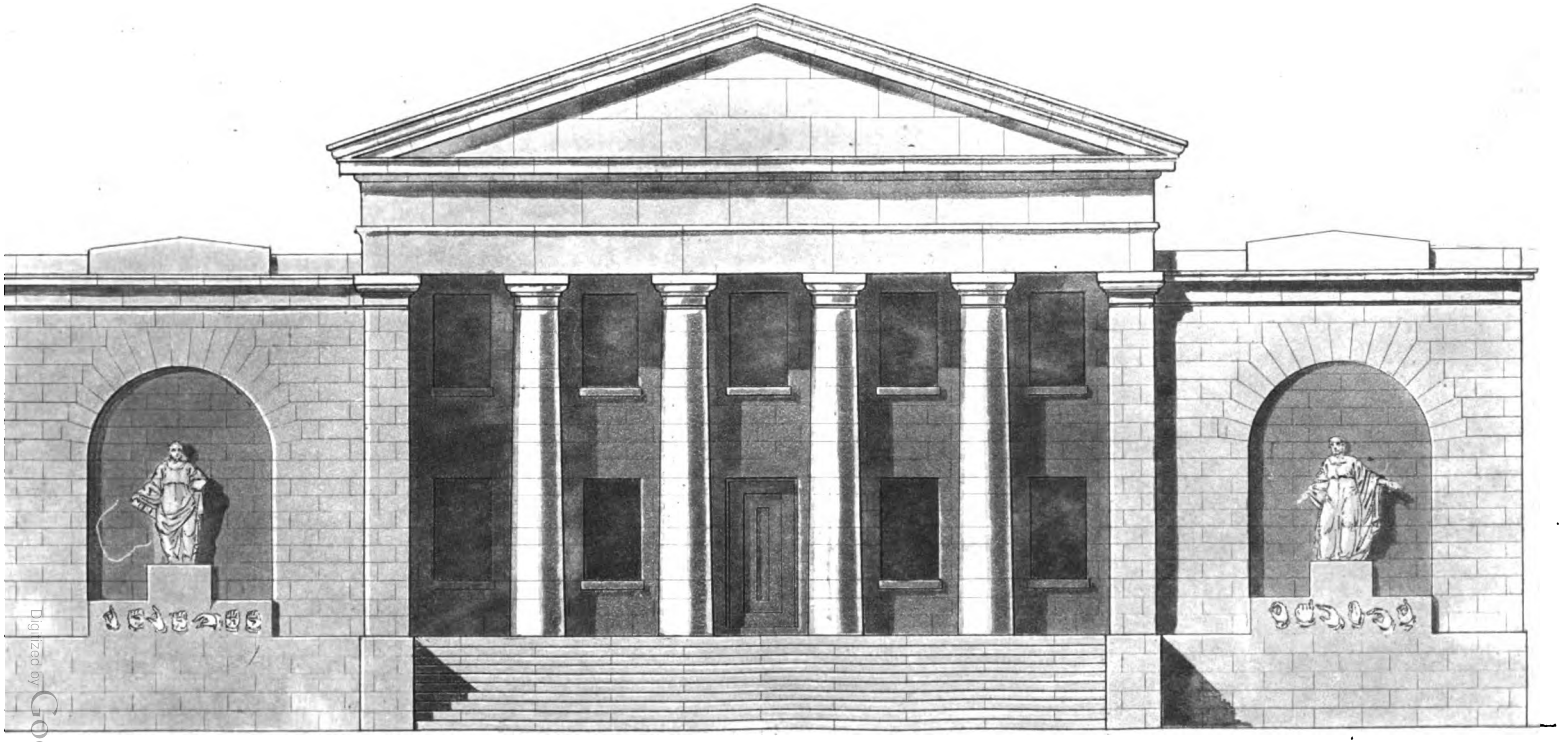

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

John Haviland Arch.t

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

PLAN FOR NAVIGATING THE RAPIDS OF RIVERS.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

The character of the Port Folio is, and always has been, essentially literary, and it is our intention that it shall so continue. With this design, we spare no pains, nor any expense which our limited means will afford, to enrich its pages with such original or selected matter as seems to us calculated to convey instruction, or afford to our readers innocent recreation. Hitherto, our labours have been rewarded with so liberal a measure of approbation, that we have far outstripped all our competitors; and we feel no little satisfaction in reflecting that we have never designedly admitted into this miscellany any thing that could justly give offence.

It is not, however, inconsistent with the main object of the work, to admit, occasionally, brief notices of useful projects, or of enterprises, which seem to promise great public advantage. Under this impression, we lately published an account of the Schuylkill Navigation, an undertaking which has been silently advancing to maturity, and which bids fair, when finished, to be of incalculable value.

The public mind is now strongly directed to what are commonly called "improvements," and every man who has a real love of his country must hail the growth of this spirit with unaffected delight. The greatness of a nation may or may not be dependent upon its peaceful industry. Of that, we will not now undertake to speak. But we are entirely convinced, that the happiness and well-being of a nation, its order, tranquillity, and morals, are indissolubly connected with the general employment of the people in industrious and useful occupations. And this again depends upon the facility of intercourse and communication. We might

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enlarge upon this subject by stating, that we have never been of the same mind with those economists who resolve every thing into a question of what will increase the public wealth. Tracing society to its elements in the domestic circle, we have supposed that, as in a paternal government it is always an object of rational solicitude that every member of the family should have some occupation, so in the larger sphere of a political community it is desirable that none should be left in a state of idleness; and especially of indigent idleness, which is the fruitful parent of vice and crime. Activity is indispensable to health both of body and mind.

But we must not pursue this subject further. Our purpose at present is to make our readers acquainted with a very ingenious contrivance of Col. Clark for overcoming the difficulties presented by rapids in our rivers, and thus supplying the great desideratum of an ascending navigation at points where it has hitherto been deemed impracticable. Of the value of such an invention, no one can entertain a doubt, and its particular value as respects the navigation of the Delaware above the tide, is especially obvious and important. We will proceed therefore at once to give an explanation of this invention, which is now soliciting support to a very moderate extent from the public patronage.

The principle of the invention may be stated to consist in employing and applying the power of the current to propel a boat against the current itself. This at first view seems rather paradoxical, and yet the evidence furnished by Col. Clark of his having actually produced the result, is, we have no hesitation in saying, highly respectable and credible, and such as fairly to entitle him to as much confidence at least as will enable him to make a more extended and perfect experiment.

The power is gained by means of paddle wheels attached to the sides of a boat, as exhibited in the subjoined plate, and the paddles are made so large as to expose a greater surface to the action of the current than that exposed to it by the transverse section of the boat or boats. The following is Col. Clark's own account of the matter, extracted from a pamphlet* published by him in 1823.

"The boat was thirty feet in length from *stem* to *stern;* five feet ten inches *breadth of beam;* about two and a half feet in depth; and constructed of very light materials.

A frame-work, as represented by A. A. Figure 2, in the annexed plate, resting on blocks attached to the gunwales, was placed transversely on the boat, and secured with hinges at g. g. and al-

* Description of a plan for navigating the rapids in rivers, with an account of some experiments, instituted to establish its practicability. By Edward Clark, A. M. Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

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so with parallel uprights on the opposite side, so as to guide it steadily in the movements required to be made for the progress or safety of the vessel.

A shaft supporting the paddle wheels a. a. and windlass b., and furnished with a pivot at each end, was secured to the frame-work by the pivot boxes h. h.; it was also secured by two rests, supported by the frame work above the gunwales of the boat, in such a manner as to form intermediate pivot-boxes. The paddle-wheels a. a. were each seven feet ten inches in diameter, and contained respectively twelve floats or paddles, which were three feet six inches long, and twelve inches broad.

The windlass b. was of two different diameters. The largest was two feet four inches; and the smallest was fourteen inches.

The drum c. was not used in this experiment, but it would prove beneficial to prevent the chain or rope i. i. from folding on itself in its passage round the windlass. d. d. are friction rollers to facilitate the passage of the chain or rope to and from the boat. e. represents a ring to direct the accession of the chain or rope.

Fig 1. Represents the *Tow-boat* with another boat *in tow;* and f., in the same figure, the lever and other appendages used for elevating the paddle-wheels above water, whenever circumstances require the *tow-boat* to be anchored, or in other words, for governing the progress of the boat.

Fig. 3. Represents the manner in which the chain or rope should be passed round the windlass and drum.

RECAPITULATION OF REFERENCES.

Fig. 2. A bird's-eye view of a tow-boat with her appendages.

A. A. Represents the frame-work for supporting the shaft and paddle-wheels.

a. a. The paddle-wheels.

b. The windlass, c. the drum.

d. d. The friction rollers.

e. A guide ring for receiving the chain or rope, at the bow of the tow-boat.

f. Fig. 1. Lever for the government of the paddle-wheels.

g. g. Hinges, on which the frame-work partially turns, whenever the paddle-wheels are required to be elevated or depressed.

h. h. Pivot-boxes, and pivots of the paddle-wheel shaft.

i. i. Rope or chain extended for the whole length of the rapids.

Fig. 3. The manner of passing the rope or chain, perhaps the most advantageously round the windlass and drum.

Fig. 1. Represents a tow-boat passing another boat, freighted with merchandize, against rapids.

The boat, equipped in very nearly the same manner as before described, proved to be top-heavy; and the introduction of about a half ton weight of stones became necessary to ballast it.

In this situation, with four persons in her, the boat was anchored at the end of a line twelve hundred feet long, in the rapids

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of the Susquehannah opposite to the flour mill of Jacob Strickler, Esqr. just below the village of Columbia. The current ran at the rate of from eight to ten miles per hour; and on lowering the paddle-wheels into it, they were made to revolve so as, by means of the rope passed round the windlass, to propel the boat against the rapids at the computed rate of two and a half or three miles per hour. Within the distance of my experiments the current ran at different rates of velocity; but, in proportion as it increased, was the *headway* of the boat expedited. The rope passed through the ring e. at the bow of the boat, round the windlass b. and then, instead of passing overboard as is represented in the plate, was received and coiled away in the bottom of the boat by persons stationed for the purpose. Having indisputably established the practicability of navigating boats by the application of paddle-wheels, against rapids where, under some circumstances, they could not otherwise be made to pass, it became desirable to ascertain the quantity of power that might, in this way, be conveniently obtained. For this purpose I attached the stern of the tow-boat, a river boat of the Durham structure which was seventy feet long, and nine or ten feet broad, and, to the stern of the latter, a canoe almost as large as the former. Thus arranged, and while the boats contained the ballast before noticed, several hogsheads of water loose in their bottoms, a quantity of lumber, a heavy ox cart, and fourteen men, the wheels were again lowered into the water, and appeared to propel the whole of this additional incumbrance against the current with the same facility as they operated on the former occasions."

Of the practicability of this plan we do not profess to be able to judge. But as we have already stated, the evidence is highly respectable, as any one may satisfy himself who will refer to the pamphlet already mentioned, or to the report of a committee of gentlemen who have lately had the subject under consideration, both of which well deserve and will fully repay an attentive perusal.

Of its merit, if practicable, and of the claim which the ingenious inventor has to the public thanks and support, for the persevering exertion with which, unaided and without encouragement, he has laboured to establish its practicability and usefulness, we entertain no doubt whatever, and we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that he will receive the countenance and assistance which he so well deserves.

Several gentlemen of the city of Philadelphia, aware of the importance of Col. Clark's plan, are endeavouring to raise a sum of money to defray the expense of making surveys on the river Delaware and subjecting the tow-boat to further experiments. The committee who recommended this measure—Messrs M. Carey, Chandler Price, Isaiah Lukens and Benj. Tilghman, were appointed last August; but we are not able to state what progress they

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have made in this patriotic undertaking. The following observations, which are extracted from their address to the public, claim the serious attention of every individual who feels an interest in the honour and welfare of "the peaceful city."

"The river Delaware from its magnitude, extent, and ramifications, and from the fertility and prosperous state of the country, intersected by it and its tributary streams, clearly claims a rank among the most important of the secondary class of American rivers. From the facilities which its navigation affords, as high as tide water, Philadelphia derives its chief prosperity and greatness. But from the termination of tide water upwards, the benefits to our city, of the intercourse with the circumjacent country, at present are exceedingly limited and unimportant. Timothy Matlack, Reading Howell, and William Dean, Esqrs. commissioners appointed by Governor Mifflin, in 1789, to survey the river, stated that the impediments are comparatively few, and by no means difficult to be surmounted.

"The trade of that district of country is at present very considerable, and is rapidly increasing. It now centers almost exclusively in the city of New York. Some idea of its great extent may be formed from the fact, that the produce conveyed to that city from the county of Sussex, in New Jersey, situated on the Delaware, amounted in the year 1823, to 6,500 tons. To facilitate the trade of this section of country to New York, numerous turnpike roads have been cut between the Delaware and the Hudson, and plans of canals for the same purpose have been projected, and are now in serious contemplation. Such are the advantages afforded to New York by those roads, that even the returns of the small portion of the produce of the country beyond Trenton, which are wafted to our city, by the occasional floods in the river Delaware, generally pass to that city.

"Should the navigation of this river be improved, the Musconecoung, Pawling's Kill, Navesink, and several other streams extending into important districts of country, some abounding in rich mineral ores, and others in the most valuable agricultural productions, would soon be rendered navigable, and contribute very large supplies of raw materials for our manufactories, as well as important additions of our staples to the exports of the city of Philadelphia. Acts of the legislatures of New York and New Jersey have been passed for removing the obstructions to the navigation of some of those streams, in connexion with the contemplated canals: and no doubt similar acts will be passed for clearing the others, as soon as the citizens located adjacent to them, can avail themselves fully of the navigation of the river Delaware, into which they debouch."

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For the Port Folio.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY A VILLAGE BEAU.

One of the greatest embarrassments to which the beau monde of a village is subject is that of being always out of fashion. The mutations of the great world are so rapid that we are utterly incapable of keeping pace with its vicissitudes; tossed upon a sea of uncertainty, we are continually baffled by opposing currents, and our happiest efforts to be genteel are crowned with disappointment. The earliest navigators who were continually surprised by newly discovered realms, or alarmed by mysterious phenomena, were not more bewildered when they ventured beyond the view of their ancient landmarks, than we are when we attempt to penetrate the arcana of fashion, or explore the vast ocean of novelty which the creative genius of the age has opened to our admiring eyes. Though we resort to those charts which are said to be the "latest and the best," we are continually chagrined by the discovery that there is still a newer and more copious edition, with notes, corrections, and additions. The theory of genteel life, like the science of chemistry, seems to be yet in its infancy; vast fields lie hidden from the ken of the enterprising explorer, and every new adventurer builds his system upon the ruins of his predecessor. A mountebank exhibition of cups and balls detects the inaccuracies of Lavoisier, while a French dancing master exposes the absurdities of Chesterfield. To watch these changes, to discharge an antiquated coat, or an exploded theory, to keep pace with the creative genius of a Watson, or a Davy, and to change opinions with the passing hour, is the business of the student and the gentleman; and that man is most learned or most polite who consults with the greatest accuracy the barometer of public sentiment.

But what is to become of us who are banished from the theatre of action so far as to know of its commotions only by their distant echo? Are we not to be commiserated who are in the daily practise of doing and saying the most awkward things in the world, from pure ignorance of what the world is saying and doing? Imagine the consternation of a tip-top village gallant, who has expended the earnings of half a year upon a complete suit of new habiliments, alleged upon excellent authority to be of the very last Philadelphia fashion, when a dashing traveller of paramount credibility informs him that these vestments are of a cut as ancient as the revolution, that they are as awkward as the fig-leaf, as barbarous as the "blanket tied with yellow strings." Fancy the confusion of the luckless wight, who has just mounted a *bang up* waistcoat, spotted like Othello's handkerchief, and bordered with gorgeous flowers of green and scarlet, which he is told

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is *all the go*, at New York,—when the next passer-by remarks that he is reminded of his grandmother's calico curtains, and declares that only footmen and apprentices wear such flummery. So rude a criticism might in some communities form the basis of a challenge,—but here again we are at a loss, for while one travelling gentleman assures us that he has killed many a man for a less thing than that, another affirms that duelling is out of vogue, and that gentlemen may now pocket any affront whatever.

A difficulty of this description has lately produced a serious schism among us. A young lady whose father had indulged her in a trip to Philadelphia, returned with a bonnet whose ample circumference covered both her shoulders, and performed the office while it presented the appearance of a parasol. The ladies, who at first could conceive no possible plan by which their own diminutive leghorns could be distended into the size and shape presented by the new comer, with one accord condemned it, and inveighed bitterly against the absurdity of following such monstrous fashions. It was not to be expected, however, that such fair and gentle creatures would long continue in rank rebellion against the dictates of omnipotent fashion. By degrees some of them began to relent—and with a noble benevolence, a christian forgiveness of temper, condescended to make terms with the object of their resentment—and by dint of strenuous exertion, by ripping up the old to mend the new, by clipping off a little here and chipping off a little there, they so successfully robbed Peter to pay Paul, that on the following Sabbath no less than six broad-rimmed bonnets appeared in our little congregation. In the mean while another of our belles received as a present from a friend in New Orleans, a high crowned hat, of the same material, but differing in shape as widely as possible, from the aforesaid bonnet. Hostilities commenced immediately. It was impossible that two fashions so dissimilar could exist contemporaneously, and the Broad-brims and High-crowns insisted upon the legitimacy of their respective leghorns. The question was not whose bonnet was prettiest or most becoming, but simply which was *the fashion;* yet the belligerents would sometimes digress from the point in issue into topics of animadversion which were not so relevant. Miss Flirt insinuated that the broad-brims were very convenient for ladies who had bad necks, and my old acquaintance, Miss Scruple, hinted that those girls who *thought themselves handsome* did well to prefer the high crowns. I do not know how far the matter might have been carried, if my friend Squaretoes had not discovered that what was in fashion at New-Orleans might not be so in Philadelphia, and both bonnets might be at the very top of the mode. This has caused a cessation of hostilities, but I fear that it will be long before entire cordiality is restored at the tea-tables.

A few years ago we were thrown into confusion by allusions in the newspapers to the kaleidescope, and the velocipede. "What

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is a kaleidescope?" said one. "What is a vellowsepidee?" (for so we called it,) said another. "They are a species of the sea-serpent," said Absalom Squaretoes—"They are new novels by the author of Waverley," said lawyer Smoothtongue. All was conjecture, no one knew what to think, when an eastern gentleman who was passing through our town condescended to inform us that the one was a timber riding horse, and the other a show-box for children. This account was so incredible that we one and all set it down for an impertinent hoax. "A show-box, indeed!" said Miss Tabitha Scruple, "a pretty affair truly for editors and philosophers to spend their time upon." "It would be well," said I, "if they never spent it worse." "A wooden riding horse," cried Smoothtongue, "has never been heard of since the siege of Troy, and without some further evidence either positive or presumptive, I must take the liberty of doubting the gentleman's word." It turned out however that for once a traveller had spoken truth, and Mr. Smoothtongue became a warm advocate for the velocipede, and actually ordered one from Philadelphia. "It will be the finest thing imaginable," said he, "to ride the circuit upon, for several reasons—first, it requires no food; there's an immense saving:—secondly, a lawyer's horse seldom gets fed, because in this country a man must feed his own beast or let him starve:—now a lawyer cannot have his hands in his client's pockets and in the landlord's corncrib at the same time, therefore the lawyer's horse must starve;—the rule *qui facit per alium facit per se*, will not apply here, for he who feeds his horse *per alium* will never have him fed at all:—a rule, well enough for the landlord but bad for the horse. A good rule should work both ways; but a wooden horse has no appetite, no digestion; requires no corn; and starves not—and lastly; in fly-time, when a common *crittur* would be devoured by the prairie flies, the velocipede can set them at defiance."

The dandy puzzled us greatly. We could discern from the newspapers that it was a sort of natural curiosity, but of what description we could form no idea. Mr. Squaretoes thought that "it must be some sort of a *wild varment*—something perhaps in the *natur* of a *painter*" (*Anglice* panther). Miss Scruple thought the dandies were a new religious sect—the *stays* which neither torture nor ridicule could induce them to forsake, were faith and hope, the petticoats which they were said to wear, were doubtless similar to those of the Roman priests, and though one of them was described as dancing, did not the Shakers do the same? Smoothtongue imagined it was the same creature which the Spectator calls *a blood*, but the majority believed there was neither flesh nor blood about it. At length a specimen was presented to our admiring eyes in the person of a *Philadelphia dun*, (so called,) one of those counterskipping gentry who are annually despatched from the Atlantic cities to drain the west of its circulating medium. But this gentleman by no means came up to the descrip-

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tion which I had received from a private and authentic source, and I was convinced that he was greatly degenerated. I have since learned that a genuine and unadulterated dandy never reaches the shores of the Ohio. Many of them leave the metropolis full fledged, or to speak in literary phrase, neatly bound and gilt, and bear the motion of the stage coach for a day with great heroism, but a short time is sure to loosen the strings of the corset. In a little while the vulgar admiration of the country boors, the tittering of the village misses, the frequent query, "What is that?" and the often recurrence of the pronoun *it*, which seems to evince a doubt of the sex of the stranger, induces another relaxation of the ligatures; for although while lounging about the city he might glory in such notoriety, it becomes now, when his mind is oppressed with the cares of travelling, too burthensome to be supported. Convenience and comfort, which are never allowed to enter the counsels of a consummate dandy, now resume their empire over the broken spirit and contrite heart of the apostate, and by daily innovations break down the barriers which separate this remarkable non-descript from the human species; and although he still retains many of his distinctive characteristics, there is a vast alteration in the outward man, as quadrupeds are said to change their colour with the vicissitudes of the climate.

We were long puzzled whether we ought to say *Iv*-an-hoe, or *I*-van-hoe, or I-*van*-hoe, until a New York gentleman kindly instructed us to articulate E-van-whee; and we continued to Evanwhee it until somebody laughed at us, and in despair of ever finding out the polite emphasis, we suffered nature and our own understandings to teach us to pronounce an old English name.

Another cause of perplexity is found in the phraseology of fashionable writers. The fickle goddess finds her way to the closet as well as to the toilet, and we display the same affectation in dressing our thoughts, as in decorating our persons. Literary dandies abound, and it has become as necessary to clothe certain ideas in particular phrases, as it is to adorn a given limb with an identical garment. The English dandy for instance wears French clothes, and the English essayist in imitation interlards his composition with French words, but whether to show his learning or his politeness I know not—for if the former, he had better give us Hebrew at once, and if the latter, it would be best shown by adopting the language of his readers. But the most beautiful fashion is that which is so universally adopted, of comparing every thing animate and inanimate, but particularly books, to pictures. This gives our rural readers great trouble. When we are told by the critics that a book is in excellent *keeping*, we are at a loss to discover what extraordinary means have been used for its preservation. That there is something shrewdly significant in the phrase we are convinced from its frequent recurrence, and from its being adopted by all sorts and sizes of critics, in rela-

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tion to all kinds and qualities of books. Every new book seems to be in good or bad keeping, or in no keeping at all. Miss Scruple recites the maxim of Pope, "keep your piece nine years," and insists that this is the keeping alluded to—but my neighbour Goosey says that as the binding keeps the book from moth, and mildew, and greasy fingers, so that volume is in the best keeping which is most securely invested with pasteboard and calf-skin. Mr. Squaretoes declines giving a positive opinion upon the subject, "this is a kind of *plunder* he never deals in; he has no *idee* what the fellows mean *no how*—but," continues he, "I call a horse in good keeping when he is fat, and a coat when it is not rusty, nor out at the elbows; when I lend a book to a young lady, it generally comes back with the *kivers* tore off, and the leaves full of dog-ears—now I take it, that this review is in the *natur* of an advertisement, just to say that the book's *bran new*, has never been lent out, nor abused, and can be had in good order and well conditioned at *sich* a price." "Books which pass through the hands of the critics are generally abused;" said I, "nor in their hands can they be said to be in *good keeping*." "You will pardon me," cried the lawyer, "if I differ from you all. You are all aware that there are certain antiseptics, such as vinegar, salt and sugar, which in those operations of the culinary art termed pickling and conserving, are used to preserve animal and vegetable substances from corruption or decomposition. Now, I take it, that if a work does not possess either the salt of wit, the vinegar of satire, or the syrup of sentiment, it will not keep—it is not in good keeping—it will corrupt: the moth, to wit, the critic, will devour it, and the composition being decomposed will be a composition no longer." "But pray, sir," said Fanny Flirt, "what keeps your law books from decay, which are neither pickled, nor salted, nor preserved with any of those good things you speak of?" The lawyer hesitated,—"they are kiln-dried, I *reckon*," says Squaretoes.

On being at last appealed to, I suggested that the phrase was borrowed from the painters. "Painters! what, ring-tailed panthers?" "No"—"Oh! sign-painters?" "Not exactly sign-painters either—I mean the painters of pictures; a set of men who without having done any thing to enlarge the knowledge or increase the happiness of the human race, have been permitted to reap the highest honours of genius. It can scarcely be credited, that a man by fiddling, singing songs, or drawing pictures, may attain rewards after which a Milton or a Shakspere might sigh in vain. I dare say that Madame Catalini made more noise in England than the Duke of Wellington, and more money than the great Unknown; and we are told that Rossini "did more to agitate, than all the allied sovereigns to tranquilize, all Europe!" Ye powers! that a man should *sing all Europe* into agitation! that a human being should fiddle himself into renown! It is impossible to point out any benefit which the world has ever derived from painters

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or musicians; and yet more money has been expended upon them than has ever been appropriated to the support of learning or the extension of christianity. But what astonishes me is, not that the mass of mankind are silly enough to gape at that which tickles the fancy, which delights the ear, and eye, but that authors will condescend to place themselves on a level with the painters of pictures, and scrapers of violins, nay, even yield them the precedence. What is so noble as literature? who so exalted as the writer, who, while he exhibits the human genius in the most brilliant displays, and erects the most durable monuments which the invention of man has ever created, enlarges the sphere of intellectual enjoyment, refines the passions and affections of men, and practices the most enlarged philanthropy! Yet literature condescends to borrow her images from a sister art, and to deck herself in the gaudy hues plucked from the meretricious plumage of a rival. Many of the periodical essays and reviews of the present day, seem to have emanated from the paint-shop, to have been daubed out with the brush, and to have been intended rather to captivate the senses than win the heart or convince the understanding. A book is described as if it were a picture; the colouring is said to bend; the light and shade not sufficiently contrasted; the back ground too prominent, and the whole out of keeping. I am the more displeased with this fashion, because of all writings those of painters and amateurs are the most laboured, artificial and unnatural; and in borrowing from them we are not only guilty of the meanness of plagiarism, but of bad taste in following such wretched models. We should write with the pen, not sketch with the pencil; use words and ideas, not colours, dots and flourishes; and draw our images from nature, not from nature's copyists. The best writers have been those who have written with most simplicity. They wrote for the world, not for a little set of the initiated; and they therefore employed, not the jargon of amateurs, but the language of nature and of feeling; that language which flows spontaneously, and which all can feel and understand. They wrote, not merely for the present, but for all time; and therefore used not the slang of fashion, not the idiom of the day, but the classical purity of expression which always endures, and is always elegant. Fashion exists only in the absence of intellect, and when the votaries of science deign to assume her trammels, they remove the only barriers which separate them from worldlings, fops, and dancing masters."

While I pronounced this harangue, which was perhaps rather too long for the occasion, I was gazed at by part of the audience with that look of astonishment which seemed to evince an admiration of the boldness or a doubt of the sanity of the speaker. The discourse seemed hardly relevant to the matter in question; and a wanton attack upon the great Gogs and Magogs of literature, displayed a quixotism at which the implicit believers in the Edin-

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burgh, and the "constant readers" of the Port Folio and the New Monthly shook their heads. But Miss Scruple, who is the very quintessence of decorum, ventured to take my part. She confessed that she had long been under the impression that these *trashy* magazines were under the guidance of fiddlers, French tutors, and dancing-masters, and that the world was reduced to a sad pass by the enormous spread of such frivolities. She now first understood however from her valuable friend Mr. Drywit, that it was not those idle persons, but their imitators and toad eaters, who had the presumption to assume the character of wits. It was not to be borne; and unless men of religion and parts, like good old Parson Wakefield, and Mr. William Honeycomb, would undertake to write in the newspapers and magazines, respectable and pious people ought not to read them: That she had always supposed that the author of the New Monthly, for instance, employed French words to cover some of his vulgar jokes, which he was ashamed to write in plain English: but it would be well if that was the worst of it—we could not tell what rank infidelities might be brought into our houses in disguise, and swallowed by careless christians under the belief that they were taking innocent wit. The French, she concluded, were infidels and worse than Turks, and them that wore their clothes and used their language were no better.

For the Port Folio.

THE OLD MAID'S GOSSIP,—NO. III.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A few evenings ago, as our domestic circle had gathered round an early autumnal fireside, with its usual ample number increased by the presence of an old friend, Mr. Roscourt, of Maryland and his daughter, with whom he had been travelling in the state of New York, the conversation turned, as was natural, upon the wonders the travellers had witnessed, and the adventures which they had encountered. The children had all clustered around Miss Fanny Roscourt, a sprightly girl of nineteen, and were assailing her with a variety of questions, which she answered with the utmost sweetness and good humour. Nor were the elder ones deficient in this national style of conversation, for Ned was fast forgetting his shyness toward the beautiful stranger in his curiosity to hear of the marvels of his native land; and his prettiest sister, Eliza, whose time has always been too fully occupied either in embroidering muslin for the decoration of her person, or in studying novels and transcribing scraps of poetry for the improvement of her mind, to acquaint herself with the commonplace occurrences and probabilities of real life, was puzzling her visiter and displaying the completeness of her own peculiar style

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of education by sundry wise exclamations and profound interrogations.

"What grand things you must have seen at Niagara! such fine sights! such beautiful rainbows!" exclaimed one of the children.

"Did you see eagles,—and tall trees,—and Indians?" demanded another.

"You passed the celebrated Ridge-road."—said Ned with a hesitating accent, something between the modesty of an observation and the freedom of a question.

"Were you not terrified to death for fear of highwaymen?" lisped Eliza.

"Highwaymen!" ejaculated Ned in a somewhat bolder tone of contempt.

"Yes,—I can relate one adventure of a highwayman" replied the visiter, in a demure voice, accompanied with a glance of her merry eyes to her father, which he answered with a corresponding smile, that prepared us for some tale of at least bloodless peril. Then drawing herself up with a pretty air of importance, as that of one who has something to tell, she changed her colloquial phraseology for a more dignified manner, and commenced her relation. "To prepare you for the event I am about to recount, and to answer in some degree the inquiries of my younger auditors, I must take up my narrative with the earlier occurrences of that day, and describe to you how my reasoning faculties were overwhelmed and absorbed by the profound emotions that crowded on me, while my excited imagination was still revelling in the splendours of the scene I had just viewed for the last time;—for the last time, I had stood before Nature's sublimest spectacle! for the last time, had felt all that glory of refracted light, and everlasting sound, and infinity of motion, to which the whole world can scarcely afford a parallel! But I will forbear, and merely observe that we left Whitney's, on the American side of the Niagara, at an early hour to commence our homeward journey. Our view of the river was at first entirely obstructed by trees; but after driving some little distance, on looking back through a vista which suddenly presented itself, we had a last glimpse of the fall which was of matchless beauty. We saw only a vapoury curtain of resplendent brightness, for its termination at either shore was veiled by the intervening masses of heavy and luxuriant foliage. The effect of the scene was astonishingly heightened by this partial concealment, as it furnished by this incertitude a wider scope for the reveries of imagination."

"Enchanting!" exclaimed Eliza with a flourish of her hands, and a sentimental roll of her eyes toward the ceiling of the room. Miss Roscourt, not heeding this interruption, continued her narration.

"About four miles from the Fall the road suddenly approaches

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near the river cliffs, and a view of its windings through the perpendicular and gigantic rocks is opened to the eye. Here we alighted from the carriage, and crossing a fence at the roadside, we stood upon a broad level platform of rock which crowns the battlements that frown in terrifick majesty over a chasm bearing the name of 'The Devil's Den.' This chasm is open to the torrent that sweeps by, on one side; the rocks, which tower three hundred feet above it, enclose it on every other. A traditionary legend adds to the wild horror of this spot—for here, as the story runs, during the old French war, a party of traders, who were travelling with their loaded ox-wagons along the ancient portage around the Fall, were captured by a band of savages, and Frenchmen more savage than they; and the poor wretches were driven by this ruffian gang headlong down this tremendous abyss—teams, and all!"

"What! all?" demanded the children, pale with horror.

"Yes, all were dashed to pieces, save one man —who was providentially rescued by falling amidst the branches of a tree which grew near the summit of the crags; he lived, to tell the story to the British commander at Fort Niagara, and ample vengeance was inflicted on the perpetrators of the murder!—a vengeance as shocking to humanity as the deed it was intended to punish:—a party of the British was despatched against the unsuspecting enemy, and coming upon them by surprise, massacred the band, amounting to about seventy Frenchmen and Indians. For a short distance, the road we were pursuing continued to present a view of the pent up flood, which seemed to roll its huge weight in toilsome agony between the rocky cliffs that rose to a great height. Lewiston, which we reached soon after, is situated just at the base of that vast terrace which terminates the upper platform, or summit land; below is the lower plateau, which is a broad belt of *alluvial* formation" (here the young lady archly glanced toward Ned, who, she had already discovered, affected such recondite words,) "over which once flowed the waters of Lake Ontario. From the verge of this terrace, which is every where very steep and upward of two hundred feet in height, the view is very fine. The 'boundless continuity' of forest that covers the *alluvion*," (another significant glance at Ned) "is broken by the splendid progress of the Niagara; which is here visible until its course is lost in the wide spread waters of the distant lake, together with the villages and forts on either shore, and the fertile farms which surrounded them. At Lewiston we commenced a course along the great natural turnpike, or Ridge-road:—we were now to leave the storied shores of the magnificent Niagara, and I cannot describe to you the depression that stole over me as this reflection presented itself to my mind; silently we pursued our course along this Ridge, which lies on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, but about eight or ten miles from it, and extends

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for seventy-eight miles from the Niagara to the Genessee rivers, along the line of an abrupt limestone ledge which is generally about two or three miles south of the road."—

"What appearance does this ridge present?" demanded my brother, who, together with the other seniors of the circle had now become an attentive auditor.

"It is," she replied, "composed of beach, sand, and pebbles, intermixed with small shells; its width varies from about four to eight rods; it is elevated from six to ten feet above the low swampy grounds on either side; and is finished along its centre with a crowning arch (similar to the mode pursued in making turnpike roads,) perfectly level and with all the accuracy of an artificial work. There is every reason to suppose that the waters of the Ontario Lake once washed the base of that limestone ledge, which bounds the alluvial strip of land now lying between it and the lake; if so, this ridge may have been a bar formed by the reaction, or *undertow* of the waves, which is, I believe, a common marine phenomenon. For some distance after we left Lewiston, this rich bottom land is partially cleared, and a succession of fine farms occur, like smiling Oases in the bosom of the forest: but soon the appearance of cultivation became more rare; and a vast wood presented itself, composed of trees of a stupendous growth, clustering so thickly upon the ground, that when felled, and lying on the earth, it seemed impossible for a person to make his way through the enormous piles of timber with which the land was encumbered. Large portions of land were under the operation of clearing as we passed; the wood is burned on the soil, and the smoke of these fires was seen curling in every direction, and sometimes the heavy thundering crash of some gigantic denizen of the soil, denoted that the axe-man was then busy at his sylvan warfare. At a small settlement called Cambria we were delayed for some time endeavoring to procure a conveyance by which the gentlemen of our party might be enabled to visit Lockport where the 'grand canal' ascends the limestone ledge, for the stage-proprietors will not permit their carriages to encounter the terrible road that leads to that spot.—After overcoming many difficulties, and expending much precious time, they succeeded in procuring a stout farm-wagon for the purpose. We then proceeded onward through the vast forest until we reached a log cabin, where, at my father's request, I was to remain and await the return of my fellow travellers; for, in tenderness to me, he would not permit me to accompany them in their fatiguing and perilous expedition. There then I stayed, contentedly employing myself, as I was accustomed to do in such intervals, in writing to my dear mother a minute detail of the daily occurrences of our journey. After I had completed my task, I strolled around and collected curious pebbles for my brothers, and wild flowers to press between the leaves of a book for my sisters; until the slanting sunbeams re-

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minded me of the lateness of the hour, and I reflected with some dismay that we had yet to traverse a considerable portion of the 'eleven-mile-wood' before we reached Hartland where we were to pass the night. As the sun sank yet lower and lower in the sky, I gazed with apprehension and listened with feverish eagerneos for the sound of our returning travellers' wheels. At first I made all reasonable allowance for their slow progress over the huge logs that formed their road through the swamp, and for the time which they might consume in examining the stupendous work they had gone to visit."

"Were you not afraid to be all alone in that desolate place?" interrupted one of her auditors.

"Not in the least for myself" she answered, "but when I heard the distant sound of those incessant explosions occasioned by the blasting of rocks, which the workmen were then excavating, I trembled for my father's safety, nor did the relation of the dreadful accidents which were daily occurring among the workmen, by which the good woman of the house attempted to amuse me, tend to tranquilize my nerves—indeed, by the time that the travellers had returned, I was in a fit state to believe that the visit had proved fatal to the whole party. The long level sunbeams were still playing over the forest verge, but we had scarcely resumed our journey, ere they sloped yet farther and farther upward as the burning orb dropped slowly behind its woodland boundary; and the dusky hues of twilight gathered around our pathway—but of this twilight, we inhabitants of the south can form no idea, so long protracted! so dewy, cool, and fresh!—this long delicious twilight was at that time, however, wrapt in gloom by the deep umbrageous forest which almost shut us in from the fair empyrean;—slowly, and as if struggling with the dying day-beams, the stars one by one gleamed out above our narrow leafy opening, and presently we saw the young moon sailing her silver barque athwart the deep blue heaven, and our whole party relapsed into silence, as if we had felt ourselves intruders in mute Nature's magnificent sanctuary.—I was on the back seat of the carriage beside my father; for, as *the lady*, I had always the place of honour in the ponderous post-coach. The leathern curtain of my corner of the carriage rendering the air confined; without communicating my wishes on the subject, I was quietly busied in disengaging the buttons at the back, when I felt my hand seized roughly from without—and at that moment there was a shout of 'stop the coach' 'stop the coach' quickly and loudly vociferated, one of the front passengers being at the same time extended for nearly half his length from the carriage window on my side,—I had suddenly wrenched my hand from the grasp of the unknown assailant, and was now crouching in speechless terror close to my father, whilst the hue and cry of 'stop thief, stop thief, a highwayman!" was vociferated on all sides. The tumult was universal.—One saw the

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aggressor flying in one direction, but it was only a flickering moon-beam playing over the morass: Another percived him standing partly concealed within the forest, but that proved to be a scathed and mossy stump. At length, when we had ascertained that the man had really escaped, and the tumult had somewhat subsided, we began to question the person who had raised the alarm. He had seen, he said, the fellow's arm just behind 'the lady's seat in the very act of unbuckling the baggage, when he darted out upon him and caught his arm, but the villain was too powerful for him and had escaped his grasp.—I now rallied my affrighted wits and spoke. 'Perhaps sir, it was my arm you seized; for as the alarm began, I felt my hand suddenly grasped, as I thought, by the highwayman, but I plucked it away in a moment.' The wide forest echoed with the laugh that now ensued, and the valiant thief-taker hung his 'diminished head' in silent shame at this ludicrous denouement.'

"Then there was no robber after all!" exclaimed the children in voices of disappointment, as our laughter at this unexpected conclusion had somewhat subsided, "and you reached the end of of your day's journey in safety!"

"Yes; inglorious as the confession is, we reached our place of destination in safety. And in all

"My wanderings round this world of care'

this was the most banditti-like adventure I have ever met with."

R. E.

KIDDYWINKLE HISTORY.—NO. II.

"We must ascertain what has become of our poor friend," said Mr. Smallglebe to his companions, as they passed the threshold of the Nag's Head. The proposal was cordially assented to, and they directed their steps towards Mr. Slenderstave's domicile. "I fear his loss is very great," said Mr. Littlesight. "Perhaps his half year's interest," grumbled Dr. Manydraught. "His money is in the funds," observed Mr. Ailoften, "and it will be well if the wench have not got his securities." "Hope the best, hope the best," said Mr. Smallglebe, somewhat testily; the allusion to the theft was almost more than he could bear.

After solemnly splashing through the mire of Catwallop Lane, the party reached the door of Mrs. Judy Mugg, dealer in straw bonnets, in whose dwelling the poet occupied apartments. Mr. Slenderstave had gone to bed dreadfully ill—in agonies; Mrs. Mugg said this, and her countenance amply confirmed it. "Perhaps he needs spiritual consolation," said Mr. Smallglebe. "He undoubtedly wants medical assistance," said Dr. Manydraught. "I am sure he must," replied Mrs. Mugg; "I will ask him." She

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flew up stairs, and then flew down again with the information, that Mr. Slenderstave was somewhat more composed, but could not be seen or spoken to on any consideration. The gentlemen then separated in sadness, and each sought his own pillow.

The particulars of Mr. Slenderstave's loss must now be detailed. It may be easily supposed that such a man, a poet, a novelist, and a person of fashion, was a worshipper of the fair sex; that he could not exist in this miserable world without having a goddess to adore, and a furious passion to struggle with. The first thing that Mr. Slenderstave thought of, after getting his shop fairly opened, was to find out some delicious creature to make love to. He was by no means irresistible to the fair of Kiddywinkle. He ogled here, and sighed there, and sent a tender billet to this place, and made an oral declaration in that place, and was rejected and scorned everywhere. If his various fallings in love had been matters of reality instead of imagination; if he could possibly have loved anything but his own self, Mr. Slenderstave's heart would have been broken at least a dozen times in the single year in which he carried on business. But although he fancied his love to be boundless, and the tortures which its want of success inflicted to be such as no mortal had endured before him, it was mere selfishness throughout, and he ate heartily, slept soundly, and enjoyed his usual health, amidst his manifold rejections. He speedily ran round the narrow circle of the beauties of Kiddywinkle and then he was in despair; he next formed for himself an ideal Laura, and contented himself with worshipping her in the newspapers under the signature of Petrarch, and with gallanting, and making indirect, but, alas! unsuccessful advances, to the obdurate fair ones who had already refused him. Report stated that he occasionally flirted, and with much success, with Mrs. Mugg, but it can scarcely be credited. That he was duly qualified for making an easy conquest of her cannot be doubted; but then she was seven years older than himself—she was somewhat lame, and marvellously ill shapen—she was horribly pitted with the small-pox, had lost an eye from the same disorder, and would have been exceedingly ugly if the small-pox had never touched her; and she was moreover the relict of a shoemaker. Mr. Slenderstave had taste and gentility, and therefore it cannot be believed that he would look at Mrs. Mugg. What will not slander say, particularly in small societies!

Mr. Slenderstave went on in this way for five years, and then Mr. Littlesight came to reside in Kiddywinkle. Of the latter gentleman's five children, all were settled in the world except Miss Margaret, his eldest daughter. It was an unfortunate matter for this fair creature, that she was the first-born. Mr. and Mrs. Littlesight, for many years after they were married, in truth, until they got the world fairly under their feet, were remarkably plain, thrifty, plodding people. The husband rose with his ser-

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vants, frequently worked as laboriously as any of them, and expended nothing that necessity did not wring from him. The wife closely copied his example. Miss Peggy, or Peg, as she was then called, in consequence, after picking up a smattering of knitting, sewing, reading, and writing, was put to all the drudgery which a farm-house provides in such profusion. She washed tables and floors, stood at the wash-tub, milked the cows, foddered them in winter when the boys were at plough, made hay in hay-time, assisted the reapers in harvest, and, in fact, toiled at everything that falls to the lot of the female servants of farmers. This continued until she was sixteen years of age. Her parents then, upon examining their affairs, found that, independently of an excellent stock and crop, and a farm that enabled them to save three hundred per annum, they had three thousand pounds out at interest, and, in consequence, they determined to adopt a new system. They first forsook the kitchen-table and fire-side, and betook themselves to the parlour; then Mrs. Littlesight ventured upon a straw bonnet and a sarsenet gown; then she hired two maids instead of one, ceased to labour in the kitchen without her gown, and, in fact, to labour in it at all, save to weigh her butter, count her eggs, inspect her infant poultry, and scold the girls for about three hours per day; then Mr. Littlesight found that work did not agree with him, abandoned it, bought a superfine coat, exchanged his wool hat for a beaver one, sported a white neck-cloth on Sundays, and mounted a half-bred ride-horse, decorated with a new saddle and bridle; and then it was determined that Miss Peggy should go for twelve months to a boarding-school. Miss Peggy's toil had agreed excessively well with her health, but it had contributed in no degree to fit her for the place to which she was now destined. She was tall; her mien and frame displayed the spirit and strength of the amazon, and she was vulgar, uncouth, awkward, slow and stupid, as any female, old or young, in the county. To the boarding-school she went, where she gave to the governess immense trouble, excited prodigious merriment among the other pupils, whom she moved amidst like a giantess among pigmies, and learned to read novels, sigh for sweethearts, lisp after the fashion of Cockaigne, shudder at the horrid vulgarity of country people, and fall passionately in love with all kinds of extravagant finery. Beyond this, she profited but little. After leaving the boarding-school she had a few offers, but they were from homely, vulgar farmers, therefore they would not do. Miss Littlesight could think of nothing but a gentleman, and no gentleman could be brought to think of Miss Littlesight. Her gentility sat upon her, exactly as a West-end barber's costume and "head of hair" would sit upon a brawny Irish labourer, and even the "profane vulgar" saw that it was a *misfit* altogether. Her two sisters were luckily mere children when the parents changed their system; they escaped toil, were sent to the board-

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ing-school at an early age, continued there long enough to become, in some measure, fine ladies in reality, captivated two drapers' shopmen before they left it, and married as soon as they were marriageable; but poor Miss Peggy remained a spinster.

When Mr. Littlesight removed to Kiddywinkle his daughter was about thirty-two. The change, from severe labour to none at all, had blown her out wonderfully in thickness, and her girt, in certain parts, would not have been very much less than her altitude. Her face was, however, what the ploughmen call "a pretty an;" it was circular, the features were good, the expression was sweet, the cheeks were immoderately puffed up, and their colour was the deepest that ever ravished on the cheeks of milkmaid. Then her dress—heavens! what silks and laces—what bonnets and polisses—what exquisite shapes and dazzling colours! It was an ecstatic sight to see her sailing, as majestically as her heavy gait would permit, to church on the Sabbath. The arrival of a *new* young lady at Kiddywinkle was a matter of intense interest to Mr. Slenderstave. He ogled, and she ogled again; he heard that she had been inquiring who the "fine young gentleman" was who sat in a certain pew, and he was in raptures. He got introduced, Miss Littlesight was all kindness, and he felt assured that he had made a conquest. The moment for making a declaration arrived, and this, past experience told him, was an awful affair. Mr. Slenderstave, however, hit upon a happy expedient; he took an opportunity, when they were alone, to draw the County Herald from his pocket, put it into Miss Littlesight's hands, and directed her attention to certain verses which graced the first column of the last page. She examined them with great attention, and behold! they were addressed to Miss M—— L—— of K——. They told Miss M—— L—— that she was a seraph who had set the world on fire, and that the writer was smit, wounded, chained, heart-broken, actually dying for her; and they bore the signature of Petrarch. Here was a discovery! The elegant and refined Mr. Slenderstave—the fashionable and learned Mr. Slenderstave—the fine author—the actual Petrarch of Kiddywinkle was in love, and with her, Miss Littlesight! It was almost too much for nature. Her face burned, her heart beat and rose to her mouth, she gasped, and really feared she should choke. At length, after reading the verses eight times, she ventured to glance at the silent Mr. Slenderstave, and lo! he was supporting himself against the wall, shaking like a man in the ague, and exhibiting a face almost terrifying. She smiled tenderly;—he strode majestically across the room, dropped, in the most dignified manner, on his knees at her feet, seized her hand, and then—the pen of an angel could scarcely describe what followed! The attitudes—the novel and sublime language—the rhapsodies—the ecstasies—ye powers! they surpassed all attempt at description. Suffice it to say, that Miss Littlesight and Mr. Slenderstave, without loss of time, swore, by every thing above and below, to adore each other to eternity.

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This may all appear very ridiculous. Of the few everlasting topics of laughter which this world of tears contains, the passion, and adventures, and sufferings, and joys of lovers, form almost the most prominent one. As soon as men and women escape from the raptures of successful, and the agonies of despairing, love, their first care is to make a jest of those who are enthralled by either. The youth whose peace is blasted and whose reason totters—the fair one whose heart is cleft, and who is sinking into an untimely grave—from attachment that may not hope, are perhaps regarded with compassion; but still the compassion is profusely tempered with ridicule. This might be overlooked in the animal portion of mankind, which, I regret to say, seems to be greatly on the increase, but, when it extends farther, it is not to be endured. I should be loth to place at my table the person who could turn into mockery one of the most striking distinctions between man and brute—the chief source of human happiness—the passion which shuns the worst hearts, and blazes the most intensely in the best—and the leading instrument of civilization and bond of union of society. I say this to shield my lovers from derision. If, after all, it should be thought that Mr. Slenderstave and Miss Littlesight ought to be excepted—that their loves form fair objects of joke and merriment—I cannot help it: the blame will not burthen my shoulders—I have entered my protest—I have done my duty.

The love-matters of these refined persons took the usual course. The parents, on being consulted, protested that they should not marry or love each other on any consideration whatever. Mr. Littlesight in a mighty rage declared, that if his daughter had fallen in love with a plough-lad, without even a copper in his pocket, he might have yielded—there would have been some dignity, something English about such a lover;—but such an outlandish jackanapes as Mr. Slenderstave; who was a Jacobin rascal into the bargain—such a man should never have a child of his, while he had breath to prevent it. Mrs. Littlesight, who was a masculine, fiery person,—a woman of vulgar ideas and language, and who had an immense experience in vituperation—vowed she would break the spindle shanks of Mr. Slenderstave, if she ever caught him with her daughter. This, of course, rendered the attachment unconquerable. Miss Peggy bribed the servant, and, by her instrumentality, smuggled the poet about three times a-week into the kitchen, where she had transient tastes of his bewitching society. This did not last long. On a certain evening Mrs. Littlesight suddenly remarked that her daughter was absent; she made the house ring with the cry of "Peggy," but nothing answered; she searched all the upper stories, but no one could be found, save the servant in the garret, who declared, that she could give no account of Miss Littlseight, and she then descended into the kitchen. No one could be seen, and she was on the point of returning, when she

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thought she heard a noise in the coal-hole. She listened, and presently a suppressed cough was clearly distinguishable. Mercy on us! thought Mrs. Littlesight,—here are thieves in the house! and seizing the besom, she boldly advanced to the place that emitted the fatal noise. On opening the coal-hole's door, and gazing round with all due caution, what, alas! should she discover, but Mr. Slenderstave and Miss Littlesight huddled up in the farthest corner? If I had not pledged myself to speak the truth, no consideration upon earth should induce me to reveal what followed. To cry "Ye villain ye!" place the candle upon the floor, and grasp the besom with both hands, was, with Mrs. Littlesight, the work of a moment. Mr. Slenderstave made a nimble dart, with the view of flying past her, he received a furious blow on the ribs and darted back again. Five times did he repeat this manœuvre, and as often was he thumped back by the merciless blows of his enraged enemy. Had he been assaulted in the midst of the kitchen, escape would have been easy; but to be pent up in a confined coal-hole, whose only point of egress was commanded by an irresistible foe—it was horrible. His ribs began to suffer dreadfully from the application of the besom—the ill-starred weapon had once come chuck in his face, and, besides endangering his eyes had damaged his cheeks, and made his cravat the colour of the coal-heap—he saw that it was impossible for him to cut a passage through the enemy, therefore he contented himself with taking up a defensive position against the farthest wall, and fighting the besom with his legs, though with poor success—and had it not been for the impetuosity of Mrs. Littlesight, there is no knowing how many hours, or even days, he might have been kept in this perilous situation. When he would no longer come forward to receive the blows, his foe rushed into the coal-hole to reach him. This was the critical moment. He flew like lightning through the door, then flew like lightning through the kitchen door, and then was seen no more by Mrs. Littlesight. The besom was next applied with great success to the back of Miss Peggy, as she scampered up stairs to lock herself up in her chamber.

As a faithful historian, it is my duty to say, that Mrs. Littlesight positively declared to her neighbours, that he cried out murder! and wept like a child all the time she was threshing him. It is incredible and must be regarded by every one as a malicious falsehood; the more especially, as Mr. Slenderstave denied it *in toto*, and moreover protested, that if she had been a man, he would have knocked her down in a twinkling; and in addition, would have "called her out," to the almost certain outlet of her brains.

This was Mr. Slenderstave's last visit to the kitchen, and of course to the coal-hole. Miss Peggy and the servant spread before him innumerable temptations to attract him thither once more, and declared it to be impossible for the same visitation to befall

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him again, but it was unavailing. If his oath was to be believed, he loved Miss Littlesight, but loved himself likewise, and therefore he could not think of rushing, even for her, into the jaws of destruction. Mr. Slenderstave was for some time, as well he might be, grievously enraged. Independently of the bruises and the jeopardy, there was the disgrace; and it was no small matter to be grinned at by every man, woman, and child, in Kiddywinkle, until he scarcely dared to put his head out of doors. At first he determined to bring his action of assault and battery, to teach the woman that the limbs and lives of the king's subjects were of somewhat more value than she chose to rate them at, but this determination evaporated in a most awful and pathetic elegy. He, however, to the last day of his existence, marvelled how he escaped being destroyed; and the remembrance of that awful hour never visited him without throwing him into a cold sweat, and causing his teeth to chatter.

As Mr. Slenderstave would not be so fool-hardy as to venture again within the precincts of Mrs. Littlesight's dwelling, he saw Miss Peggy but seldom. They were however most heroically dying for each other. She gave him her miniature, a lock of her hair, a silken purse, worked with her own fair hands, and passionate epistles without number. These he had spread before him on that day which the robbery was committed at the Nag's Head, that the sight of them might assist him in the composition of his novel. He hastily crammed the miniature and the lock of hair into the purse, and then crammed the purse and its contents into his waistcoat pocket, as he departed for the little parlour; and these precious pledges—more precious to their owner than any thing that the world contained, save and except the lovely person of Miss Littlesight—which he had again and again sworn never to part with, except with life—these precious pledges were abstracted by the soft hand of the bewitching beggar girl, together with three shillings and sixpence in sterling money! It was a loss sufficient to drive any lover to distraction, but more especially such a lover as Mr. Slenderstave.

On the morning after the robbery, all Kiddywinkle was in commotion. At first, it was merely said that Mr. Slenderstave had been plundered of five, and Mr. Smallglebe of fifteen, pounds—then the loss of the former was raised to forty, and that of the latter to one hundred and fifty—then, no doubt from some misapprehension touching the misfortune that befell the poet's legs, it was asserted that these legs had been broken by the beggar man, who had moreover given to Mr. Ailoften a brace of black eyes—then it was stated that the parson, shame to him! had got drunk, lost his money at cards, attempted in revenge to take liberties with the robber's wife, and had three ribs broken by the husband in consequence—and then it was bandied about as the naked truth, that Mr. Slenderstave, having got somewhat mellow and frisky,

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had tempted the woman into the Inn's yard, and had been followed by the man, who from jealousy had put a knife into him without the least compunction, and that he was then in the last agony, Mr. Smallglebe having been praying with, and Dr. Manydraught having been physicking him, for the whole night.

Let me not be suspected of exaggeration, if I make no asseveration touching the truth of what I am now relating; I should, in sooth, regard it as a huge compliment, to be told, that I could equal slander in invention; and that I could rival report in imagining the outrageous and the incredible.

Mr. Slenderstave, of course, was invisible. His four friends had an early meeting to decide on the steps that were to be taken, and the heavy loss of the vicar—his purse contained twenty-five pounds—rendered it necessary that these steps should be serious ones. Dr. Manydraught opened the discussion: "We must lose no time," said he, "we must have no half measures—the villain must be pursued—seized—hanged—gibbeted!—Curse it! sir, if we let things like this pass, we shall not be able to sleep on our pillows without having our throats cut!"

"It is very just," said Mr. Littlesight; "things have come to a pretty pitch, when one cannot give away a shilling in charity, but one's purse must be taken from one into the bargain!"

Mr. Smallglebe was in a quandary. He was mightily afflicted and irritated by the loss, for, look at it as he would, he could discover no justification for the beggars. If they had stood before him I firmly believe, in the heat of the moment, he could have felt in his heart to give the man a gentle horse-whipping, and the maiden a biting reprimand; but the thought of prosecuting—whipping—transporting!—he knew not how to bear it. The words of the Doctor made him tremble. He threw a look at Mr. Ailoften, which seemed to say your—opinion? but Mr. Ailoften was silent, and he was compelled to speak himself. He, however, resolved to keep at a distance from the main point as long as possible. "It is," said he, "an astonishing affair—it seems like a dream—like magic—like a thing out of the course of nature. The man seemed to be so mild, and civil, and harmless, and well-instructed: then the maiden—I protest from her meekness and winning behaviour, I could have loved her as a daughter. It appears even yet almost impossible that such people could do such an act. We should be thankful, my dear friends, that we are placed above temptation. What have they not perhaps suffered from want—the unkindness of friends—the——"

Dr. Manydraught lost all patience.—"My good sir," he exclaimed, "do not be reading us a sermon, when you ought to be giving up the criminals to the instruction of justice. There is nothing at all remarkable in a pick-pocket's having a smooth tongue, and meek, sanctified manners. You must to the Justice, and take out a warrant immediately."

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"Prosecuting," said Mr. Smallglebe, in some confusion, "is a hard thing—scarcely a just thing in a member of my profession. We should forgive rather than punish." This lucky thought renerved the Vicar.—"Yes, we should set an example of christian forgiveness.—Really one could not have expected it from people of such an exceedingly innocent aspect—from such a young and prepossessing female in particular.—I never witnessed, and suspect the world never witnessed, such a thing before."—

"Upon my conscience," cried the Doctor, "the man has lost his senses with his purse! Does the Church teach you to disobey the direct injunction of the laws—to break down the safeguards of society—and to give impunity to the criminal, that he may persevere in crime, and be placed beyond the reach of reformation?"

"The Vicar certainly," observed Mr. Littlesight, with some sternness, "speaks more like an old wife than a scholar: however, books will not teach people every thing."

Mr. Smallglebe's countenance fell.—"If I must prosecute," he stammered, "I must; but what says Mr. Ailoften?"

"I have been marvelling," said Mr. Ailoften, with a sarcastic smile, "how it can be possible for philanthropists and liberals to speak of instituting prosecutions."

Dr. Manydraught's choler rose ten degrees higher: he, however, kept it silent by taking a huge pinch of snuff, although his nose, in sucking up the dust, made the room echo.

"I think I had better not prosecute, after all," said Mr. Smallglebe.

"I," continued Mr. Ailoften, "could prosecute in consistency, and would prosecute as a duty; but the case is different with those who groan over the sorrows of prisoners, and rail against magistrates, jailors, and jails; and it is more especially different with those who defend and eulogize what are called liberal opinions. To teach a man to scorn the commands of his God, and to despise the laws, and then to punish him for practising the instruction;—to become the patrons of thieves and murderers, to call them *unfortunates*, to fight their battles, to deplore their privations, to admire their obduracy, to trumpet forth their complaints as the marrow of truth, and to defame and labour to excite public hatred against those whose legal duty it is to keep them in durance and punish them;—to do this, and, by doing it, to lead the ignorant to believe, that, if there be danger, there is nothing wrong in imitating them, and then prosecute them for felony! It is abominable! Whatever it may be in law or worldly opinion, it is, in unsophisticated truth, as heinous a crime as human means could compass. No, no; philanthropists and liberals cannot in conscience prosecute."

Dr. Manydraught could almost willingly have made a felon of himself by shooting Mr. Ailoften; he, however, restrained his wrath as far as possible.—"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "it drives

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one mad to hear you sir,—a man of the world, a man of sense and information—speak in this manner."

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Ailoften, with remarkable composure, "my words sting—I wish them to do it.—I would, if I could, fill the speck that I occupy in my country with pure English feeling. I would strike not merely the instrument, but the hand that fashions it—not only the actor but the prompter. I have lived to see a most deplorable change take place in the feelings of the uninstructed part of my countrymen. I have lived to see the death of their enthusiastic loyalty, their horror of guilt, and their pride in virtuous and honourable conduct; and what is worse, I have lived to see them disaffected, irreligious, scoffing at moral restraints, and boasting of their profligacy. I am not fool enough to think that this change has been produced by chance, and I am not blind enough to be ignorant of what has produced it. It would be indeed miraculous if the press should preach vice and guilt, and yet make no proselytes—if members of Parliament should attack christianity and loyalty, and yet not be followed by the multitude—if a party, comprehending a large portion of the nation, should unfurl the banners of jacobinism, and yet have no success—if the philanthropists should whine and cant over criminals, and yet not lead the ignorant to believe that crime is little less than praiseworthy. I know that men will learn profligacy very rapidly without instruction, and, therefore, I must know that their proficiency will be wonderful under first-rate teachers."

"It is useless replying, it is useless replying," said the Doctor, biting his thumbs.

"I will NOT prosecute!!" said Mr. Smallglebe, with great vehemence; "my conscience tells me that my words and actions have not tended to lead men to sin; but still it tells me to pardon my ignorant fellow-creatures, who are rendered sinners by the snares of the great and the knowing. Perhaps these poor beings have been led to rob me by being taught to despise the precepts of religion and virtue by writers of great talent—Noblemen and legislators!"

"It is but too probable," replied Mr. Ailoften; "and still you *must* prosecute. It is your duty as a man and a clergyman. What the bible prescribes may be safely performed. If the trebly guilty teachers cannot be reached, you still must not spare the pupils. There will be nothing very painful in the matter; there will be no blood shed, and no tortures inflicted. If they be sent to prison, they will obtain such exalted and powerful friends, as no degree of purity could have obtained them out of it; and, if they do not fare better than they have ever previously done, they will at least fare better than half the innocent labourers in the country. Then, as to the punishment—transportation—gratuitous conveyance to join a tribe of gentlemen and ladies!"—

Mr. Smallglebe groaned deeply.—"You must then, he responded, in a tone which could scarcely be heard, "accompany me to

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the Justice." He sat a few moments absorbed in thought, then suddenly exclaimed; "But our friend Slenderstave was robbed likewise—if he refuse to prosecute, if he will forgive the wrong, I can do no less. He shall not outdo me in christian charity; and, therefore, I will not stir a step until I know his determination." The recollection of this matter, this discovery of a chance for escape, quite delighted the worthy Vicar.

Dr. Manydraught departed forthwith, to make himself acquainted with Mr. Slenderstave's intention. Although the pastor's heart was all kindness and benevolence, it is by no means certain that he did not secretly wish that the man of verse might be confined to his bed by illness for at least three days, in order that the robbers might be enabled to elude pursuit. Mr. Slenderstave was a liberal—a person who sneered prodigiously at religion, and parsons, and laws, and restraints—a gentleman who saw merit, rather than evil, in vice and licentiousness; and who, moreover, grieved lustily over the miseries of prison inmates, and the barbarity of their tyrants; yet Mr. Slenderstave actually swore to Dr. Manydraught, that he would flay, rack, and hang, if possible the wretches, by whom he had been robbed. He sprung out of bed and dressed himself with alacrity truly wonderful in a person labouring under so much anguish, and, in a few moments, stood at the side of Mr. Smallglebe in readiness to proceed to a magistrate, to the infinite consternation and sorrow of the Vicar. Mr. Smallglebe was now left without excuse, and the party proceeded to a Justice of the Peace, obtained a warrant, and put it into the hands of Tommy Temple, tailor and constable of the parish, with the promise of a reward of five guineas, if he succeeded in capturing the offenders.

Notwithstanding the name of Tommy Temple, there was nothing very magnificent in his person. He was tall, slender, and ill-looking; he was never suspected being over-courageous: and he was wholly inexperienced in those conflicts which usually attend the caption of desperate reprobates. Occasionally, there was a fray between drunken men at some alehouse or other, which he was called upon to appease—or two labourers' wives quarreled, fought, and then got warrants against each other, which he had to execute; but these constituted the most dangerous of his duties. In truth, he was so seldom employed in his public capacity, that his post was well nigh a sinecure. Tommy perceived that the business which was now put into his hands was perfectly different from any that he had ever previously been called upon to execute, and that it involved much peril; he therefore called upon the deputy-constable, Neddy Blossom, wheelwright, joiner, and cabinet-maker, a square-built, downright kind of person, to accompany him. Tommy would willingly have taken four or five men more, but the gentlemen ridiculed the idea, that two men would not be an overmatch for a man and a woman; and he bethought himself,

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that if the five guineas were divided among more than two persons, the shares would scarcely be worth taking, He therefore rapidly slipped on his Sabbath habiliments,—his best great-coat, his new jockey-boots, his white neckcloth, with a chocolate one neatly tied over it; while Neddy merely drew on a pair of huge jack-boots: and they departed in the stage-coach, in the direction which it was supposed the robbers had taken, Tommy displaying the symbol of office in his hand—a staff about four feet in length, and an inch and half in diameter, having sundry golden letters at its upper end, indicative of its exalted uses, and the name of the venerable place to which it belonged. Neddy was only armed with a huge oaken towel, which bore no tokens of official dignity.

After the coach had travelled about twelve miles, it stopped at a small public-house to change horses. Tommy, bearing the staff before him, and duly followed by Neddy, stalked into the parlour, called for a tankard of ale, and interrogated the landlord touching the people who had called at his house in the preceding twelve hours.

"Haa!—What!"* said mine host, winking, "you're efther summat!—Weel, hang all rogues, say I.—An audish fellow an' a young lass called us up at twelve yesterneet. They gat thersens middlin drunk, an' they at it aghene this mornin. They've nobbat just left us I changed this faave pound bill for 'em."

Tommy received the note with due dignity, examined it, and behold it displayed certain marks which proved it to be one of those that had been stolen from Mr. Smallglebe. "Gad rot ye!" he exclaimed, "you lanlauds arn't a haupenny betther than thieves. Why didn't ye stop 'em? A jackass wud ha' knawn 'at they hadn't getten the money honestly.—I've a right goad maand to tak ye up."

Tommy flourished his staff, and seemed highly vexed; Neddy bristled up to his back, and looked savage; and the landlord stepped backward a couple of paces, and was quite chop-fallen.

The constable relented, extended the tankard to the staring host, and, in a milder tone, desired him to say what route the robbers had taken. The latter, after taking a long draught, replied, "They're gheane forward, nut faave minuets sen. They were hauf drunk; an', if ye run, you're seer to owertak 'em."

Tommy whipped off the tankard, paid the value, and set off on foot at full speed; Neddy running after him with all his might at the distance of five yards, which, from the weight of the jack-boots, was speedily increased to fifty.

After passing with incredible swiftness over several hundred

* My readers will here recognize the Yorkshire dialect. I fear that they will scarcely get the true sound of the words, notwithstanding the pains that I have taken in spelling them: the Cockney pronunciation is so horrible, and its ravages have been spread so widely.

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yards of the road, the wind of the constable in chief began to fail; and upon glancing over his shoulder, he perceived that he was in imminent danger of losing sight of his deputy. He moreover bethought himself, that if they came up with the pickpockets, a battle would be inevitable, and that therefore it was necessary to arrange a scheme of operations. Moved by these things he made a dead stop until Neddy reached him, and then they proceeded at a more reasonable pace.

"Ye're heavy heeled te-day, Neddy," said the constable with much importance, "but it's nobbat some odd ans 'at can touch me at runnin' when I lig mysen out.—We're sumbody te-day,—we're e grand saavice,—we're likenesses of his Majesty."

"Laud bliss me!" exclaimed the astonished Neddy, who could not conceive how this could be.

"Yis, yis," responded Tommy, in the same pompous tone, "it's true eneauf. That is, Ise the King's rippyhentive: this means, Neddy, 'at Ise in a way King George. Noo, you're maa deppaty,—maa aavant;—Seah, you're his Majesty saavant."

"It's varra clear," replied Neddy, tossing up his head, and stalking through the mud with as much mock dignity as the tragedy king displays in his march across the stage of the theatre.

"Noo, Neddy," continued the constable in a more winning tone, "we'd bether cum to a sattlin about this faave guineas. Noo, Ise king—you're saavant. I pay all damages; if parish pay me again weel—if nut I lose it. It'll nobbat be fair, an' I seer sic a reasonable man as yoursen, Neddy, 'ill awn it, 'at I sud ha' fower guineas, an' you yan."

"Then Ise back agheane," said Neddy; and he wheeled about to verify his answer.

"Hang ye, ye greedy taistril!" replied Tommy, in deep vexation, "then I'll gie ye thotty shillings."

"Oaf, oaf," answered the obstinate deputy: "I'll be dashed if I gan another step for less 'an oaf. If ony beanes be broken, ony een be knocked out, I runs seame risk as yoursen, an' I'll have seame pay."

The mortified chief was compelled to consent; after a few moments of sullen silence, he proceeded—"Tawkin o' brokken beanes an' that, we're efther a parlous bizness. I've read id papers 'at those pickpockits are terrable dags; they stab cunstubbles—shut them—rip em open. It'll be weel, Nddey, if we get yam ony mair alaave."

"Dang ye," said Neddy, "you desaave your hean thumpin, for nut tellin me this afore we staatit. If I'd knawn, I wadn't ha' storr'd a feate frea Kiddywinkle. However, Ise ne wase yit; an' I'll yam agheane."

"You may be ashamm'd o' yoursen te speake it," answered the constable in great choler.

"Why noo," rejoined the deputy, "suppose this greate fella

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'at we're seekin sud paal hoot a pistil an' shut ye, or sud ram a knife inte your guts, or sud splet your skull wiv a waakin stick, or sud toss ye intiv a dike an' drownd ye, or"——

"Hod your noise!" cried the constable, who was shivering from head to foot. He had dilated on the danger of Neddy, more to deliver himself of a boast, than from thinking seriously of its existence; or, at any rate, he did not then dream of any one suffering but his deputy; but when the latter not only actually assumed it to be possible for him to be slain, but enumerated the various modes in which he might be put to death, it was more than the courage of man could bear, "I think as you say," he proceeded, after an inordinately long fit of silent trembling, "it's best te ton back—there'll be lattle sense e been sent tid worms afore yan's taame for fifty shillins."

"You tawk like a waase man," responded Neddy. The constable and his deputy turned fairly round, and directed their steps towards Kiddywinkle.

After proceeding about fifty yards, Tommy Temple again broke silence. "We're tossin," said he, with a groan, "faave guineas awa as if it was muck."—"It's varra true," solemnly responded Neddy Blossom.—"An' mebbe," continued Tommy, "thas pickpockits wad ha' gien thersens up at seet of us."—"It's varra possable," replied Neddy.—"An' if nut," proceeded the former, "what's an awd fellow an' a young haram-scaram lass? if we couldn't maister 'em, we owt te be skinn'd wick."—"It wad be a bonnin sham," answered the latter, "if yan on us wasn't ower monny for 'em."—"then let's efther them agheane," said the constable triumphantly.—"Ise willin, as you seame te wish it," rejoined the deputy with much animation.

The two peace officers suddenly whisked round, and once more swiftly travelled in pursuit of the robbers. The road was full of turns, so that they could seldom command a view of more of it than a few hundred yards. They paced along for half an hour, and still the pickpockets were not overtaken; this seemed to increase their courage marvellously, and Neddy even volunteered a song respecting the capture of a highwayman, and got through it very creditably. At length, upon turning one of the angles of the road, they discovered a man and a woman not a hundred yards before them. Both suddenly and involuntarily halted. Neddy's legs rebelliously carried him five steps backward before he could assume sufficient self-command to render himself motionless. Tommy looked at Neddy, and perceived that his face was white as a sheet;—Neddy looked at Tommy, and saw that his visage resembled in colour the inside of an old-milk cheese.

"We'll keep gangin, however," said Tommy Temple, "if we deant like their looks, we weant meddle wiv 'em—they can't tell 'at we're canstubbles, if we keep wer awn seacrit."—"Yis," answered Neddy Blossom, "bud they wud want to rob us for all

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that." The constable thought this hint deserving of some deliberation; however, it was finally determined; that they should proceed—that Tommy should conceal his staff, and that if upon coming up with the couple, there should be any thing awful in their appearance or demeanour, they should not be molested on any consideration.

The travellers were soon reached, and they proved to be a decrepit old village labourer and his wife. Our officers threw the salutation—"A nice motherate day, gude foaks," passed them, and then their courage not only returned, but seemed to blaze more fiercely than ever. After walking at a great rate for half an hour longer, they found their strength begin to flag, and the calls of hunger to be somewhat pressing. "I've some keak an' bacon e me pocket," said Tommy, "let's gan aback o' that haystack, an' hev a laatle rist." The haystack stood just behind a towering thorn hedge, which ran along the side of the road, and a large gate offered an easy passage to it. The gate was opened, our officers approached the haystack, and lo! under its side, lay a man fast asleep, and, under its end, lay a young woman fast asleep likewise. The constable in chief silently slipped on his spectacles —drew forth his written description—examined the slumberers most attentively—was overwhelmed with proofs—and whispered to the deputy with a look of horror, "It's them!"

The officers retreated about twenty yards to hold a council of war, taking care, however, in the meantime, to retain the command of the gate. On examining the landscape to see if help could be had should it be needed, five or six men and boys were perceived plowing in a field almost within call. This was a most inspiriting circumstance. "If we could get weel astraade on 'em afore they wakken," said Tommy, "we could knock their brains out if they meade owt to deah."—"If they were o' their legs," replied Neddy, "I wadn't meddle wiv 'em for a thoosan pund, frae fear o' pistils; but as it is, we can't weel be owerset." —"Then we'll at 'em," said Tommy fiercely.—"Varra weel," answered Neddy, with much firmness.—"You tak t' man, an' I tak t' woman," said the former—"I'll be shot fost," rejoined the latter, "Ise nobbat t' saavant, and I'll o'ercome t' woman."—"I auther ye, ye stupid leatherheade!" said the constable, holding the staff of office across his eyes,—"d'ye knaw whea's maisther?"— "Say ne mair," answered the deputy, "if it mun be seah, it mun." They placed themselves in due order, and marched to the attack; the commander taking the direction of the end of the stack, and his assistant that of its side.

The frequent visits of carts to take away portions of the hay, had converted the turf for many yards round the stack, into mire six inches deep. Our officers waded through this mire as silently as possible, but nevertheless they made sufficient noise to awaken their prey, when they were within a few paces of it. The man

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and woman suddenly sprung upon their feet, and were amazed to behold two men approaching them with staves upraised as if to beat out their brains. Their rising greatly deranged the plan of operations of their foes, who halted and stood for a moment on the defensive. "I auther ye," cried Tommy, flourishing his staff, and using the most terrifying tone possible, "I auther ye, in king neame, te souenther—to gie yoursens up tiv us, twea of his majesty's cunstubbles, for thievin, ye beggally villans!—If ye deant sit doon this minnit, for us to tie your hans behint ye, and tak ye tiv a justice 'at ye may be hang'd, we'll brek all the beanes e your skin!" —"Go to hell," replied the fellow with a grin, "if you dare to touch either of us, I'll knock out your top lights!" He threw his arms across and shewed fight, while the girl made a similar speech, and imitated his motions.

Notwithstanding what Neddy Blossom had said he was not at heart a coward. He thought nothing of a battle with a countryman like himself; but he had never seen a pickpocket by profession, and from the tales that he had heard, he believed such a thing to be a monster, armed with all kinds of deadly weapons, and invincible. He saw that the fellow was but a man, his careful glances could discover nothing like a pistol or any other weapon, and he plucked up his courage. "Nay then," he spoke, "if ye be in fo' 't, here's at ye;—dang me, if I can't be ower monny fo' sike a taler lewkin beggar as you!"—This speech greatly comforted the heart of the constable, who thought that, if relieved from the hostilities of the man, he could not fail of an easy victory over the girl. Neddy reared his towel and boldly advanced, while the man stood motionless in an attitude of defence; but lo! just as he was going to strike, the fellow darted upon him like lightning gave him such a blow between the eyes, as made him for some moments uncertain whether they were in or out, and disarmed him. Neddy, however, was not yet conquered. He rushed at his foe, who in his turn was giving motion to the towel, dealt him such a stroke on the body as made his whole bowels cry out for mercy, and then brought him to the ground by a huge hit on the right eye. Neddy got astride of his prostrate enemy, shook his fists in his face, and was told that the fellow would have "no more."

During this terrible conflict the constable and the girl were not idle; they in fact commenced operations, precisely when the deputy and the pickpocket commenced them. Tommy Temple was a person of some sagacity—a man fond of a whole and an unbruised skin—and he at first had recourse to stratagem. "Cum —cum, maa hunny," said he, with a seductive smile, "let's ha, ne nonsense—thou's se pratty it wad gan te my heart te deah th' a mischief:—Be a good lass an' gan' wie me quietly, an' upon wod of a cunstubble thou sall be ne wanse fo' 't.—I'll be bun te say 'at Justice 'll set th' free an' mebbe tak a fancy te th' into

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bargain."—"Hold your b—gab, ye old ugly jackanapes!" replied the girl, shaking her little clenched fist at him,—"touch me if you dare!—If ye do—if ye do—I'll give your old bread-basket what will serve it instead of provisions for a fortnight!"—The constable was foiled in his tactics, called nicknames, and braved, all in the same breath, and this completely overpowered both his temper and his fears. He started forward in a grievous fury to knock her down. There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in his thin white face when he was in a rage, that the girl burst into loud laughter as he approached her; Tommy could not for his life conceive what she was laughing at, but he was nevertheless assured that it was not from fear, and it rendered him still more furious. She set off at full speed round the haystack, and he set off at full speed after her. After encircling it four times, she suddenly stopped behind one of the corners, and as Tommy came flying round with all sail set, expecting that she was at least ten yards before him on the other side, she gave him such a terrible smack on the eye, as made him cry out "Oh!" as loudly as if he had been shot. The female sprung forward again, with the intention of making a few more circuits round the stack, but hearing him groan bitterly, and seeing him stand with his hands clapped upon his eye, she flew at him again, seized the end of his staff with one hand, and now pommelled him on the ribs, and then scratched his face with the other. The constable finding himself thus savagely dealt with, began to kick her with all his might, whereupon she caught one of his legs, gave it a jerk up, and then!—Gracious powers! there was then seen Tommy Temple the tailor, habited in his Sabbath garments, his new great-coat, beaver little the worse for wear. and white neckcloth, with a chocolate handkerchief over it, laid on his back and half buried in mud!—There was then seen Tommy Temple, the valorous constable in chief of Kiddywinkle, laid prostrate under, and wholly at the mercy of a female pickpocket!

It therefore happened that much at the same moment, Neddy Blossom was triumphantly bestriding the prostrate man, and the female was triumphantly bestriding the prostrate Tommy Temple. This was the most awkward and embarrassing state of things. It neutralized the success of both parties, and seemed to say that they should remain in their present position forever. "Neddy hunny, come an' seave my life!" groaned Tommy;—"Gad bon your soft head!" responded the deputy in deep vexation, "I cud cloot you mysen for lettin sic a creature as that ton you up." Neddy looked wistfully to see if he could serve his leader, this threw him off his guard, and the robber took advantage of it. The latter, instructed perhaps by the example of the girl, seized the leg of his conqueror; and raised himself up with such force, that he fairly threw the deputy on his head in the mud; he then ran off and the girl ran after him.

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"Dabbish my buttons!" ejaculated Neddy, as he gathered himself up again and scraped the mud off his eyes, "but I'll hei my peennaths hoot of 'em for this." He then forgetting to pick up his hat pursued them at full speed, and the constable was impelled by shame to rise and follow him. The ploughmen who commanded a full view of them, had stopped their horses to gaze at the beginning of the fray, although they could not tell for their lives what to make of the matter. When, however they saw, first the pickpocket, then the girl, next Neddy without his hat, and then the constable, all flying after each other with the utmost swiftness, they were assured that all was not right; and they sallied forth in a body to intercept the runners. "A wager!" cried the man, "make way! a wager!" "It weant deah," replied the first ploughman, as he seized him by the collar; the girl was next stopped, then the officers came up, and finally Tommy Temple's official character was made known—his warrant was exhibited—his tale was told—a cart was procured from a neighbouring village, into which the pickpockets were put, with their hands tied behind them —five shillings were given to the ploughmen to drink—and the constable and his deputy drove off with their prisoners in triumph to Kiddywinkle, at which ancient place they arrived in perfect safety.

Thus ended this most eventful, perilous, triumphant, and memorable expedition of Tommy Temple and Neddy Blossom. Neither of them ever saw a day like that, either before or after it. Their wives ever afterwards esteemed them to be quite the equals of Wellington in military genius and bravery, and even glory. The wife of Tommy Temple was often heard to say that "her husban wad ha' been meade a barronite for what he then did in king sarvice, if greate foaks had had ony decency aboot 'em." Never did the heroes afterwards enter company, without giving an exceedingly long and luminous history of the exploit. They did not give it exactly as I have given it, but this may be easily accounted for. They were interested—I am disinterested—and this makes a mighty difference. Had I been one of them; I should not have written as I have written. They bolstered, veiled, added, suppressed, embellished, and magnified, until they at last produced a story which actually made one's flesh creep on one's back, it was so full of daring, and horrors and wonders.

The man and woman were taken before the magistrate—the whole of Mr. Smallglebe's money, save about a guinea, was found upon them—the evidence of the vicar, the poet, and the publican, to whom they paid the note, was duly taken, and they were committed for trial. I may, perhaps, give some account of the trial in a future page of this history. I record with unfeigned sorrow, that, after the most minute search, no trace of Mr. Slenderstave's lost treasures could be discovered; and the girl, upon being interrogated, actually confessed that she had thrown the whole of these

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treasures—these invaluable treasures save the three and sixpence, into a ditch, as things of no worth! This naturally rendered the poet inconsolable; and, alas! miseries thickened upon him. The rumours to which I have alluded in another place were duly conveyed to Miss Peggy Littlesight, who forthwith privately sent her servant to Mr. Slenderstave's lodgings to make inquiries touching their truth. The girl ascertained that the poet's legs had not been broken—that no knife had been put into him—that no personal injury had befallen him—and Mr. Slenderstave swore upon his honour that he was neither mellow nor frisky, and that he did not tempt the young beggar into the inn's yard. He, however, thoughtlessly dropped a boast, that he perhaps could have done it, had he been so inclined; and he was constrained to admit, that the female had abstracted all Miss Peggy's pledges from his waistcoat pocket. Miss Littlesight ruminated deeply upon this. She could not conceive how Mr. Slenderstave could know that he could have tempted the girl into the yard, except from experiment; and she could not conceive how it could be possible for the girl to empty his waistcoat-pocket, if he had kept at a decorous distance from her, and had not violated his solemn vows of eternal constancy. The servant, upon being called upon for her opinion, and upon hearing the fears of her young mistress, declared that it clearly amounted to positive proof, that Mr. Slenderstave had been acting most faithlessly and wickedly. Miss Peggy, without losing a moment, went into hysterics; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to guide a pen, she forwarded a note to the poet, which informed him, that he was a brute—a villain—a monster;—that he might revel with beggar girls as he pleased;—that he should have no more of her precious gifts, wherewith to purchase their smiles;—that she discarded him, and would never see him more;—and that she was on the point of leaving the world forever! Mr. Slenderstave received the note—read it—and took to his bed immediately.

Thus ends the second part of Kiddywinkle History.

For the Port Folio.

SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Pyroxylic and Pyroacetic Spirits.—MM. Macaire and Marcet have given a particular account of these substances, in a paper, read before the society of Physics and Natural History of Geneva. They have several analogies with alcohol, more especially that of forming peculiar ethers by the action of acids. The first is obtained during the rectification of pyrolignous acid. The latter was made known many years ago, by Mr. Chenevix, as a product of the distillation of certain acetates.

Pyroxylic Spirit is a colourless and transparent liquid of a

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strong, pungent and etherial smell, and strong, hot, and slightly pungent taste, leaving a flavour like that of oil of peppermint. Sp. gr. 0.828. Boiling point 150°. Insoluble in oil of turpentine. It burns with a blue flame without residue. It forms peculiar ethers with nitric acid and with chlorine. Its constituents are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen.

Pyroacetic Spirit is quite distinct in its properties, from the spirit just described. Its sp. gr. is less, being only 0.786. It is completely soluble in oil of turpentine, and burns with an intense white flame. It consists of the same ultimate constituents as the pyroxylic spirit, but contains more carbon and less oxygen.

Deoxidizing Property of the Vapour of Water.—Hermbstadt, having observed that the vapour proceeding from boiling sea-water had the power of colouring red, a solution of nitrate of silver, was induced to suppose that this liquid contained naturally a colouring principle. M. Pfaff, upon investigating the cause of this phenomenon, has lately ascertained, that a power of colouring the same solution is possessed by the vapour of pure water itself. The effect depends upon the deoxidizement of a part of the oxide of silver, caused by the hydrogen of the aqueous vapour, which is decomposed, oxygen being at the same time disengaged. When, however, the discolouration is produced by boiling sea-water, muriatic acid conduces, with the vapour of water in effecting the change of colour; chloride of silver being formed, which, mixing with the reduced silver in varying proportions, creates the various shades of colour produced.

New Analysis of Red Silver Ore.—M. Bonsdorff, of Sweden, has made a new analysis of this mineral, and finds it to contain no oxide of antimony, as heretofore supposed from the analyses of Klaproth and Vauquelin; it being solely a compound of sulphuret of silver, with sulphuret of antimony.

The method of analysis adopted, was to pass a stream of dry hydrogen over a portion of the mineral in fine powder. No water was produced, but the whole of the sulphur was converted into sulphuretted hydrogen, which being received into a solution of sulphate of copper, produced a precipitate of sulphuret of copper, from which the quantity of sulphur was calculated. What remained of the mineral, was an alloy of silver and antimony, from which the silver was obtained by cupellation. The experimental results accord with

1 Proportional sulphuret of silver,	126
1 ——— sulphuret of antimony,	60
or,	186
1 Proportional silver,	110
1 ——— antimony,	44
2 ——— sulphur, 16 × 2 =	32
	186

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Boracic Acid in Tourmaline.—M. Gmelin, in his analytic researches on the different varieties of tourmaline, has invariably found from two to six per cent. of boracic acid, which he considers to be an essential constituent. Mr. Henry Seybert of this city has analyzed several American tourmalines, and likewise finds boracic acid to be a constant ingredient. It is not, however, known, whether the American mineral occasionally contains lithia, as, according to Gmelin, is the case with some European specimens.

Nature of the free Acid ejected from the Human Stomach in Dyspepsia.—The observation of Dr. Prout, in his paper read before the Royal Society, that this acid is the muriatic, is fully confirmed by some decisive experiments recently instituted by Mr. Children.

Antiseptic powers of Chloride of Lime, or Bleaching Salt.—According to M. Labarraque, chloride of lime possesses great antiseptic powers, and may be used with advantage for preserving bodies, destined for dissection in a fresh state. For this purpose, it is recommended to add one pound of the chloride to thirty or forty quarts of water, and to apply the resulting liquid, by means of cloths dipped in it, to the bodies intended to be preserved.

Orfila has had recently an opportunity of testing the accuracy of M. Labarraque's observations, on the convenience of the application of chlorine, as a dis-infecting agent, when combined with lime. Having been called upon by the police, to ascertain the fact of poisoning in a body, that had been buried for thirty-two days, it was disinterred; but the stench was so horrible, that it was insupportable even at the distance of two-hundred yards. The fœtor was somewhat diminished by three hours' exposure to the air, but not sufficiently so, to admit of the necessary examinations. Under these circumstances, Orfila resorted to the solution of chloride of lime, as recommended by Labarraque, which was sprinkled over the corpse. Very soon the putrid exhalations ceased, and Orfila and his assistants were enabled to prosecute their examination, for several hours, without inconvenience.

Method of cleaning Gold Trinkets.—According to Dr. Mac Culloch, gold trinkets may be advantageously cleaned, by boiling them in aqueous ammonia. By this treatment, the copper of the alloy, is dissolved to a certain depth, leaving on the surface a stratum of pure gold, which is alone visible, and by which in effect the trinket is gilt.

Mode of preserving Copper-plates from Injury, when not in use.—Copper-plates are known to contract, by laying by, a thin coat of oxide, which in time injures the delicate lines of the engraving. To obviate this injury Dr. Mac Culloch recommends, that they should be covered with common spirit varnish, when not in use. This can be easily removed, when impressions are to be worked from the plate, by the application of spirit of wine.

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ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

I HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though not equal heirs of fame; the fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but Nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love and the other from a scorn of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his Tam O'Shanter. He was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken. The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of Childe Harold. He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek and resembled no other ear I ever

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saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Phillips is more noble and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance—and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloqqence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring-cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the dress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home, till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history, of his person, of his works, of his family, of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one,) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than mirth, what commands she had for the other world—he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly,

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and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculations and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine and held the cup to his lips. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired without a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron we have no very minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infelicity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless—this was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly. But there is every reason to believe, that long before his untimely death his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger conceived against the many for the sins of the few had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poetry; he is proud to remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth, and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic. I must, however, confess, his forgiveness of Mr. Jeffrey was an unlooked-for and unexpected piece of humility and loving kindness, and, as a Scotch-

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man, I am rather willing to regard it as a presage of early death and to conclude that the poet was "fey," and forgave his arch enemy in the spirit of the dying Highlander—"Weel, weel, I forgive him, but God confound you, my twa sons, Duncan and Gilbert, if you forgive him." The criticism with which the Edinburgh Review welcomed the first flight which Byron's Muse took, would have crushed and broken any spirit less dauntless than his own; and for a long while he entertained the horror of a reviewer which a bird of song feels for the presence of the raven. But they smoothed his spirit down, first by submission and then by idolatry, and his pride must have been equal to that which made the angels fall if it had refused to be soothed by the obeisance of a reviewer. One never forgets, if he should happen to forgive, an insult or an injury offered in youth—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, and I may reasonably doubt the truth of the poet's song when he sings of his dear Jeffrey. The news of his death came upon London like an earthquake; and though the common multitude are ignorant of literature and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished forever. With literary men a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and colossal strength. The world of literature is now resigned to lower, but, perhaps, not less presumptuous poetic spirits. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldern people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we

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went, and others succeeded us—there was no jostling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer—superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone; and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour—but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak of the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of laying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were at length completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set a-part for them to go and wonder over the decked room and the emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians, came in gilded chariots and hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced forever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy councellor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both—and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse. The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted I know not in what terms to speak—I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I wit-

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nessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been overclean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet forever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sung of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connexion with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as an idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison-cup, we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I ound myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend forever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loth to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away.

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The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight: I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition—that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious Magazine, which made heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men, whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave—his coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches—mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honester sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury—where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe they were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face, and his dark locks which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was, with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as surely as his genius called for our admiration. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the churchyard of the town in which resided; no one thought of closing the church gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of En-

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gland, in Westminster Abbey? Is there a poet in all the Poet's Corner who has better right to that distinction? Why was the door closed against him, and opened to the carcasses of thousands without merit, and without name? Look round the walls, and on the floor over which you tread, and behold them encumbered and inscribed with memorials of the mean and the sordid and the impure, as well as of the virtuous and the great. Why did the Dean of Westminster refuse admission to such an heir of fame as Byron? if he had no claim to lie within the consecrated precincts of the Abbey, he has no right to lie in consecrated ground at all. There is no doubt that the pious fee for sepulture would have been paid —and it is not a small one. Hail! to the Church of England, if her piety is stronger than her avarice.

St. Johnstoun; or John, Earl of Gowrie: 3 *vols. Maclachlan and Stewart. Edin.* 1823.

Novels, in what is called the secondary class, come out so rapidly that the critics find it impossible to keep pace with the authors. For ourselves we have not made the attempt; and yet one half of those we read are left unnoticed, from the demands which other matters of more immediate interest make upon our columns. This was lately, and may even still be said to be, an age of poetry. At no former period could Britain boast of such high and various living genius. It was natural, therefore, from the general pruriency of the times, that each great poet should have at least a dozen echoes. Our table has often been covered with *reflections* of *Campbell, Scott,* and *Byron.* Some of these were exceedingly feeble, but others were so vivid that, to those not familiar with all the borrowed features, they might actually be mistaken for originals; but who, after all, can dwell long upon echoes or reflections! In poetry, especially, they are sickening. In novels, which have now taken the palm, they are little better: although, from the necessity of resting novels on a wider basis, and selecting a greater number of new incidents. the writers may be said rather to imitate than reflect. The author before us, however, is, in all essential, an original. He has been stimulated no doubt to come before the public, by the success of the great Magician of the border, whom he has imitated not merely in taking a portion of history for the groundwork of his novel, but also in the general mode of treating his subject; but there is an air of good faith pervading the whole work, there is an unpretendingness of manner, supported uniformly by practical good sense, and there is a power both of conceiving and describing character, which are peculiarly the author's own. In point of fancy he is greatly below the *Great Unavowed;* but in vigour of understanding he is probably his superior. He is not buoyant in expression, nor does he charm us with the se-

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ductive influences of a capacious and brilliant imagination; but he is sound in judgment, sincere in opinion, and he presents his characters in clear and just, though perhaps subdued, lights. He is by no means indifferent to what is picturesque in life and conduct; but he cares more for what is characteristic. He looks on human nature more as a species to which he belongs himself, than as an order of beings to be held up *en spectacle*, according to the humour of the moment, or the whims of a wanton and irrepressible fancy. We do not conceal the probability that we may have thought more favourably of this work, from its giving a more natural explanation of what has been called the Gowrie Conspiracy, and a more just view of the character of king James, than some of our historians. We cannot doubt that the Earl of Gowrie and the master of Ruthven were sacrificed to the meanness, cunning, and jealousy of power, at least, if not jealousy in love, of the king, and the enmity of rival courtiers. Difficulties attend the case let it be viewed as it may, but it is infinitely more easy to believe any thing that is base in the hollow-hearted James, than that Gowrie and his brother were imprudent to insanity, as well as atrociously wicked. The female characters are all well supported here. Euphan of the Craigs will bear a comparison with Elspeth Mucklebacket; queen Anne, lady Agnes Somerdale, and lady Beatrix, may also be put in competition with queen Mary and her court. The coquetting of the queen with the master of Ruthven, and her midnight interview with young Logan, after the murders, are spiritedly given; while the portraitures of Nicol Parton, Heronshaw the Falconer, Patullo the Jesuit, Rothsay, and the two brothers, abound in masterly touches. We had almost forgot mine host and hostess of Loretto, the graceless son of the hostess—another Mike Lambourne, old Adam Herbel, the Abbess, &c., characters that deserve to be named, not only on account of their intrinsic value, but because, on reflection, they would seem to prove that the author had really taken something more than hints from his great precursor. But, after all, as it does happen where this is most obvious, that the characters here have an air both of truth and originality about them, we must either hold that there is no imitation, or that there is so much of common-place in the compositions, that imitation is any thing but difficult. We incline, however, to that opinion which is most exalting to the genius of the leading author, and which, notwithstanding an appearance of running parallels by the faculty of imitation, does not deny originality to him who has subsequently taken a similar path. Scott himself has occasionally taken hints from Cervantes, Smollett, and Fielding, and materials from sundry chroniclers and historians; yet few will venture to say that his original powers are not as wonderful as his acquired knowledge. Our present author is more like the author of Waverley than any of his own grade. He does not strew so many flowers

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as Galt; but there is less affectation about him—less husk; and he is more natural, and strives less to arrive at fine writing, eloquence, or pathos, than the rest of our secondary novelists. Ambition, when very obvious, is generally ludicrous if not successful. We hope to meet again with the author of St. Johnstoun.

For the Port Folio.

THE ALBUM.

The discovery of Galvanism, like that of most other things, was entirely owing to accident. It was while the wife of Galvani was superintending the culinary preparation of frogs, that she obtained the simple fact, which has given immortality to her husband. A number of these animals skinned for the pot, happened to be laid on a table near an electrical machine, and whilst the machine was in a state of activity, an attendant chanced to touch with the point of a scalpel, the crural nerve of one of the frogs lying near the prime conductor; upon which the muscles of the limb were instantly thrown into strong convulsions. The lady communicated the observation to her husband; and the professor, who was at that time engaged in a set of experiments, with the view of proving that muscular motion depends upon electricity, was delighted to find how much his hypothesis was confirmed by this accidental discovery.

There is scarcely any department of historical literature, which may not, like a professional treatise, be interesting and useful to particular classes of readers. The annals of conquerors may afford valuable information to the military man; the traveller will seek for the circumstances which have formed, and which display, the character of the people whom he intends to visit, in the history of their country; and the statesman can only found his expectations, of what will be the probable result of any political measures, on a knowledge similar to that of the traveller, but extending to all the nations, which may be likely to be affected by those measures. Nothing, but the expectation of some such incidental benefits, distinct from the ordinary objects of historical studies, can justify the devoting much attention to the chronicles of eastern nations. The only satisfaction which a well-regulated mind can find in the perusal of such histories, is derived from the instability of all despotic thrones. The cruel voluptuary, who has reigned for a few months or years, is assassinated by a younger brother, whose life he had capriciously spared, in the general destruction of his nearest relatives. We turn over the page, and the fratricide is made away with by his confidential minister, or favourite slave; in whose family the atrocities are renewed, and furnished. But the satisfaction which results to the reader,

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from the celerity and severity of this retribution, is a feeling so nearly allied to revenge, that good men, who are sensible of the necessity of correcting their own angry passions, will not willingly encourage it. As to the knowledge of the world, to be obtained from the perusal of such historians, it is an acquaintance with beings, from whom nothing can be learned, except the possible degree of meanness and depravity to which our nature may be degraded. It is to be hoped that some virtues may be found in every country; but under a despotic government, they will seek security in the shade.

The following anecdote, from an old newspaper, deserves a place in the next edition of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature.*

At a quarterly meeting of the Charleston, South Carolina, Library Society, it was moved and seconded that the society should come to the following resolution:—"Whereas, *Adam Ferguson*, of the kingdom of Scotland, some years ago published a treatise on the happiness of civil society, for which he pretended a wonderful veneration: and whereas the said *Adam Ferguson*, afterwards, in the year 1778, in violation of the rights of human nature, in degradation of genius and learning, and in prostitution of the feelings and independence of a gentleman, submitted to become a tool to the British ministry, and came out as a secretary to the commission then sent into America, for the sole purpose of subjugating three millions of freemen: to signify, therefore, the contempt in which the society holds such degeneracy; and in order to deter as much as in our power, mankind from engaging their talents as hirelings in schemes of tyranny.—It is resolved, that the aforesaid book of the said *Adam Ferguson*, be, in the city of Charleston, on the day of next ensuing, burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

This motion met with considerable opposition, it being urged among other reasons, that the common hangman was not under the order of the society, and the resolve, of course, would be a nullity. After some amendments, it was postponed for future consideration.

The idleness of authors is a misnomer, an impossibility. No author, at least no author of any talent was ever idle. I can conceive the idleness of an editor of a daily paper, of a writer in the Metropolitan Encyclopedia, of the compiler of a Mathematical Dictionary—but I cannot conceive the idleness of a poet or an essayist. He is most industrious, when he seems most at his ease;—he is bringing the flowers to his garners that his future art is to distil into a celestial perfume.

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"How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle."

The truly idle men of this world are secretaries of state, lawyers in full practice, bank-directors, merchants with "correspondents in all parts of Europe," fashionable publishers, bankers, and every variation of people connected with trade. These work by deputy. But your poet—

Jests are, as it were sauce, whereby we are recreated, that we may eat with more appetite; but as that were an absurd banquet in which there were few dishes of meat, and much variety of sauces, and that an unpleasant one where there were no sauce at all, even so that life were spent idly where nothing were but mirth and jollity, and again that tedious and uncomfortable where no pleasure or mirth were to be expected.

SIR THOMAS MOORE.

In hope a king doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed,
Thus hope helps thousands at their need;
Then faint not heart, among the rest;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best!

ALISON.

Richard Fleckno, in 1658, thus oddly described a loquacious lady:—"Her tongue runs round like a wheel, one spoke after another; there's no end of it. You would wonder at her matter to hear her talk, and would admire her talk when you hear her matter. All the wonder is, whilst she talks only thrums, how she makes so many different ends hang together."

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

LORD BACON.

It has been finely and truly observed by an anonymous writer in the Quarterly Review, that in considering the actions of the mind, it should never be forgotten, that its affections pass into each other like the tints of the rainbow; though we can easily distinguish them when they have assumed a decided colour yet we can never determine where each hue begins.

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NARENOR.—A TALE.

Some are so curious in this behalf, as those old Romans, our modern Venetian, Dutch, or French; that if two parties dearly love, the one noble, the other ignoble, they may not by their laws match, though equal otherwise in years, fortune, and education, and all good affection. In *Germany*, except they can prove their gentility by three descents, they scorn to match with them. A noble man must marry a noble woman, a baron a baron's daughter, a knight a knight's, a gentleman a gentleman's; as slaters sort their slate, so do they degrees, and family.—BURTON's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, p. 349. Folio edition.

In the days of fairies and necromancers, (happy days! there is nothing like them now!) lived a peasant of the name of Narenor, who dwelt in a lonely hut in the wildest part of a wild forest in Germany. How he got there I cannot tell you; his father and mother had been dead time out of mind, and not one relation had he that he know of in the whole world. But what was worst of all, he was of an ugliness to inspire terror in all who saw him. No wonder that he had the forest all to himself, for wo to the unhappy wight who should see his ghastly visage peering out from the tangled branches there. He was sure to dream of goblins for several nights after; yet the savage of the Schelwer Forest, (for so he was called,) was of a very refined nature, and wished for nothing so much as to love, and to be loved again. I am afraid that he did not take proper measures to overcome the repugnance which his appearance caused in the female breast, and that his manners rather aided than softened the natural deformity of his person. At any rate, he had not the patience requisite for making himself agreeable, so he grew misanthropic, and wrapt himself up in a sort of proud despair, and in a wolf-skin, which did not at all improve his looks. But having mind, which *would* be fed somehow or other, and which could not be satisfied with the offals of every-day life, he turned his thoughts to studies of an uncommon nature for a peasant, especially to magic and alchymy. The hut in which he lived had been before tenanted by a hermit of rather questionable piety, who, indeed, might have been Dr. Faustus himself for any thing I know. Narenor had found him at the last extremity, and had received his dying injunction to bury his books and crucibles with him; but the hermit died before Narenor had made any promise to that effect, though I am not sure whether even a promise would have overcome his restless curiosity to read the prohibited volumes. Many choice secrets he found therein; but what he most eagerly, and hitherto in vain, sought for, was some beautifying elixir that might give him a little more resemblance to the human form, and afford him some chance of meeting with a fair partner of his (at present) joyless, solitary existence. One night, after he had combined some very

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powerful ingredients, and dissolved them in a crucible, as he was anxiously waiting for the result of his experiment, a thick vapour arose from the vessel, and gradually condensing, took the form of the old inhabitant of the cottage. Narenor, while he thrilled with fear at the presence of a disembodied being, was yet full of hope that his wishes were near their accomplishment. He was not disappointed; the hermit held forth in his fleshless hand a vial full of a bright sparkling liquid, and thus addressed Narenor —"Rash, daring mortal; thou wouldst not obey my last command to destroy the records of an art, which never made *me* happy. I spoke in pity to thyself, but thy folly requires a sterner lesson. The wish of thy heart is granted thee. I come from the place of the dead to bestow on thee the Elixir of Beauty. Take it, but remember, that if ever thou give way to anger, thy person shall resume its natural unsightliness, until a fresh application of the elixir restore the comeliness which thou dost so immoderately covet." Having thus spoken, the old man gave the precious phial to Narenor, (who seized it with transport,) and then melted from his view, the folds of his dark garment blending with the smoke from the crucible, and the features fading into vapour, like the fantastic forms seen in autumn's evening cloud. "Is it a dream?" said Narenor: but the phial still remained in his hand, and he hastened to prove the reality of what had passed, by an application of its contents. He placed himself before a large mirror of burnished steel, which he had often used for magical purposes, and touched his face with the liquid. Instantly the little red sunken eyes, that moved in different orbits, expanded into a large dark pair of hazel, which could look the same way very amicably; the nose, if nose it could be called, that seemed to consist of nothing but a bunch of various coloured tubercles, subsided into a most legitimate Grecian; the negro lips, which failing to hit the centre, appeared to have a particular attraction towards the left ear, shrunk into a mouth which Phidias might have been proud to copy. Nor did the elixir prove less efficacious in embellishing the whole person of the happy Narenor. He stood a model of manly grace and beauty. After the first rapture of surprise and admiration was over, he determined to wander forth in quest of adventures, and a ladye-love. Accordingly, early on the following morning, he locked the door of his hut, and taking with him nothing but a few books, a small stock of provision, and a change of raiment, left the cottage in quiet possession to the ghost of its late master. We will not say how often he looked at his taper leg, or made a mirror of the running brook, to take an exact inventory of his newly acquired beauties; we pass on to more important matters. Just as twilight began to deepen the shades of the forest, shrieks as of a female in distress reached his ear. He made his way cautiously, but rapidly, to the spot whence the sound issued, and, screening himself behind the brushwood, beheld a band of robbers surround-

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ing a coach, and in the act of dragging from it a lady richly apparelled. She resisted with all her feeble strength, and shrieked for help, but her cries grew every moment fainter. "It were madness to attempt to rescue her by my single arm," thought Narenor; but taking advantage of his place of ambush, and the obscurity of evening, he called aloud in threatening terms, changing the tone of his voice as often, and as much as he could, and running from side to side, so as to deceive the robbers into a belief that a considerable band was approaching to the lady's rescue. The echoes were extremely kind on the occasion, and gave all the assistance in their power, doubling and redoubling the single voice of Narenor into an alarming multitude of sounds. Perhaps also the fairies might have something to do with it; but, however, this was, the robbers were certainly seized with a panic, and fled, leaving the poor lady very uncourteously stretched on the ground in a swoon. Narenor hastened to raise her. The terror which closed her eyes did not prevent her extreme beauty from being apparent at the first glance. Perhaps the disorder of her fine dark hair, contrasted with the marble whiteness of her complexion, heightened the effect of her charms. At any rate, Narenor thought so, and already, while holding in his arms the fainting beauty, he drank deep draughts of love, or vanity. The lady at length recovered to a sense of her situation, and was profuse of acknowledgments to her youthful deliverer, whom her two maids, Marion and Christine, pointed out as such by their voluble and rapturous expressions of gratitude. *They* were not of sufficient rank to be entitled to faint away; but, as all attendant damsels ought, they went into very becoming hysterics, and clung round Narenor's neck, half crying, half laughing, and kissing him, but of course they did not know what they were about. Their mistress chid them very properly into a more decorous composure, and withdrew herself in rather a stately manner from the supporting arm of Narenor, saying—"The Countess of Ermengarde will be most happy to receive her deliverer within the walls of her own castle, until she can reward him, not according to the extent of his services, nor her gratitude, but as far as lies in her poor power;"—a speech which Narenor interpreted in the most flattering manner, and intoxicated with hope and self-applause, he took the offered seat in the countess's superb carriage.

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they ride,
"Splash, splash across—"

not the sea, but whatever splashy places they chanced to meet with, until they arrived at a magnificent castle, with every appendage of ancient and feudal splendour. The retainers of the Countess thronged around her preserver with grateful acclamations, and amidst universal applause Narenor was conducted to a gorgeous apartment, where lordly apparel was provided for him, and

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every luxury that could delight his proud heart. He seemed now to have nearly reached the summit of his wishes. A young and beautiful female, interested in his fate, and loading him with favours—it was but one more step—alas, how often is that *one more step*, one step too far! Day succeeded day, and Narenor was still immersed in a succession of pleasures, almost too bright for reality, and yet much too vivid for a dream. There were tournaments, and feasts, and dances in the lofty hall, in joy of the Countess's happy escape from her late peril, and of course he who rescued her from that peril was in the very central group of the pageantry. What heart could withstand it? His name was harped with hers by the minstrel at the banquet—her hand crowned him with flowers amid the gay assembly—her hand had clasped around his neck a gold chain worth a dukedom—and had not her eyes told tales? So Narenor thought. He trembled—he doubted—he almost quite believed. He now only sought for a favourable opportunity to declare his passion. Love had levelled all distinctions in *his* eyes. Would it not in hers? It was a lovely evening, when he was fortunate enough to meet with the Countess alone, in a bower of roses, and myrtles, leaning on her harp in pensive meditation, and occasionally touching the strings with half-unconscious fingers. He fell at her feet. He ventured to interpret in his favour the soft abstraction in which he had found her. He urged his love with all a lover's ardour. She was silent. He grew more eloquent, when just as he thought that her unclosing lips would bless him with the confession of a mutual passion, her words found their way in accents of scorn and indignation. "Wretch," she exclaimed, (while any thing but Love's tender fires darted from her eyes,) "can you have the boldness, the arrogance, the presumption, to talk to me of love? Was it not sufficient honour to rescue a Countess of the house of Ermengarde from a fate which, dreadful as it was, would have been far preferable to an alliance with a peasant like thee? Poor man! I pity you! (and she laughed insultingly) the splendour with which you have lately been surrounded has overthrown your reason! You! a creature whom I took into my house out of charity! You, to whom in the bounty of my heart, I purposed to espouse my favourite domestic, Marion! Go, and breathe forth your love tales in *her* ear! I will do you the honour of being present at your nuptials." The proud soul of Narenor swelled even to bursting during this insulting speech, which he was about to return with one of equal bitterness—but scarcely had he begun, "Woman, I despise thee!" when the Countess shrieked violently, and pressed both her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some loathsome and terrific object, while alarm seemed to deprive her of the power of flight. Narenor looked around for the cause of this sudden emotion, and perceiving nothing remarkable, hastened to support the Countess, who again uttered a piercing shriek, saying, "Vile sorcerer, touch me not!"

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While she continued to call for help, Narenor became conscious that, (as the hermit had forewarned him,) his anger had caused him to return to his original deformity. He now felt that not a moment was to be lost in flying from the rage of the Countess, and withdrew precipitately from the arbour. He had scarcely passed the precincts of the castle, when he heard an uproar within its walls, which convinced him that he should soon be pursued, and perhaps dragged to a summary death. He contrived, however, to bury himself in the forest, on the skirts of which the castle stood; and, after hearing all day the shouts of his pursuers, and even the rustling of the boughs, as they passed close to the place of his concealment, he reached in the course of the night his own solitary cottage, and flung himself, exhausted with mental, no less than bodily weariness, on his bed.

Narenor was, for some days, in a state of such complete discouragement, and confusion of mind, that he thought not of the Elixir of Beauty, and was indeed utterly unconscious whether his soul's outer raiment was the most unsightly, or the most comely, among the sons of men. As, however, he began to recover his tranquillity, and to become sensible to outward forms and objects, his former disgust of his natural deformity recurred by degrees, and at length, (with the observation that he might as well, in passing the large magic mirror, behold a pleasing as a terrific object) he made a new application of the beautifying Elixir. But of what use, sighed he, is the perfection of these features, or the gracefulness of this form, without the great talisman of human life—riches. Fool that I was to imagine that poverty, in whatever guise, could be any thing but scorned. Oh, that I had the golden key, which alone can unlock all the treasures of happiness. Wealth can render even deformity endurable—but with personal endowments, such as mine, it could not fail of being irresistible. From this moment Narenor searched the volumes of the old anchorite with a new aim. He panted to discover that chemical secret, which should turn all it touched into gold. Again his laboratory was the scene of occupation; again his crucibles sent up the smoke, which alarmed the lonely traveller of the forest with fancied shapes and shadowy resemblances. Nor did he fail to invocate the former inhabitant of the cottage, who had shown so much superhuman power in granting his first request. His adjurations were heard. One night, after the most intense labours, just as his hopes were raised to their highest, the crucible, in which his precious materials were contained, burst asunder—but, almost ere he could vent his anger and disappointment, the form of the old man rose from amidst the encircling vapours. "Still," he said, "O Narenor, you require to have your wishes granted, to learn their fallacy. I am permitted to teach you the humbling lesson. Behold the stone, whose wondrous touch converts the baser metals into gold and silver. But there is a condition annexed to

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the precious gift. Whenever you shall make a wrong or dishonourable use of the money, which you obtain from its talismanic touch, that money shall return to the substance of its original metal."—"Bountiful spirit," replied Narenor, "I accept your gift with rapture, secure that nothing base or dishonourable exists in the heart of Narenor." The shadowy form vanished with a smile of indefinable, yet peculiar meaning, while Narenor hastened to make trial of the virtues of the talisman. They were in every respect answerable to his wishes. Once more he left his humble home, full of hope, joy, and confidence; at first, in disguise, lest he should meet any of the Countess of Ermengarde's household, —but at length throwing aside the poverty of his appearance, and having purchased an equipage befitting the heir of unbounded wealth, he entered the city of Cronstadt in princely pomp and splendour. Established in a magnificent house, or rather palace, with trains of servants, he drew universal attention, and nothing but the rich stranger was talked of, from the parlour to the kitchen, throughout the buzzing city. But the grand object of inquiry was, "Does his birth answer to his apparent nobility of pretension?" —for the inhabitants of Cronstadt were (in those days at least) as nice as the Ap-Shekins in their pride of pedigree, and many of them could trace their origin as high as the Pre-Adamite Sultans. The old married ladies all said, without exception, "I must find out *who* he is, before I think of him for *my* daughter;" and the old unmarried ladies made the same wise determination on their own account. Dreadful would it have been to have tainted the blood, which had flowed unsullied from the Pre-adamites, with any ignoble mixture. There was one celebrated beauty, Lady Leonora Von Edelstein, to whom Narenor had been so fortunate as to render a trifling service, (her coach had been overturned, and he had conveyed her home in his own in a state of very pretty alarm,) who was determined to fathom the mystery. She swore by her white arm and arched eyebrows, that she would dive into his genealogy, "and *then*," she said with a blush to her fair confidante, "Lady Wilhelmina, *if* I find him worthy, he shall not find *me* ungrateful." In the mean time Narenor moved in the first circles, for the human heart is not proof against an imposing appearance. All eyes were upon him, and Lady Leonora, whose pretty oath had been whispered in confidence to—on the best computation—eight hundred and sixty-three particular friends. When a young and beautiful woman is determined to make herself agreeable, what heart against which the battery is directed can withstand it? Narenor was in that season of life when, as Milton singeth,

> "The young blood glows lively, and returns
> Brisk as the April buds, in primrose season."

Besides, he was in search of a wife as determinately as Cœlebs. Lady Leonora saw and triumphed in her power. Already in an-

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ticipation she heard the avowal tremble on his lips—already she heard him confess himself the chief "of a long line of noble ancestors"—already she exulted in fancy over the baffled malice of her *friends*, who began to see that her heart was not altogether uninterested in the question. Narenor, on his side, perceived that the Lady Leonora did not regard him with indifference, and seized the first opportunity of ascertaining her sentiments more unequivocally by a declaration of his own. As he knelt at her feet, and ardently pleaded his passion, the graces of his person, and the gallantry of his appearance, almost effaced from Leonora's mind the recollection that a cloud hung over his origin, which it was her task to remove. "He must be noble," she thought within herself. "That mien, which seems to dignify that splendid attire—that majestic brow—he must be noble." She sighed, she looked assent—but ere she had confirmed it with her lips,

> "The world, and its dread laugh
> Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,"

rose to her remembrance. Again she sighed, but with a deeper meaning—drew back—hesitated. Narenor interpreted this confusion as any thing but unfavourable. "Why trembles my dearest Lady Leonora? May I—dare I hope——? One little word!" At length Lady Leonora's voice found its way from behind the screen of her fan, (that graceful emblem of the female heart, so light, so airy, and so full of folds—but, ah, how far more easily opened!) and, in becoming cadences, thus it murmured, "I am not insensible to the honour done me by the most accomplished of men,—but"—"O crush not my budding hopes," he exclaimed, "by that cruel monosyllable, which was only meant for the cold, calculating lips of age! Let me arrest on its very threshold the yet unuttered objection!" "Alas," replied Lady Leonora, "would that I could yield to the dictates of my heart!—But we have a custom here, that may not be dispensed with. Each suitor must spread before the feet of his mistress the fair emblazoned roll of his armorial bearings, and the genealogical tree, whose branches must extend through centuries; and whose root must be deeply founded in years before the flood. Not that I doubt, (continued the fair speaker in softer tones) of your being able to display a long line of noble ancestors—but (pardon me) it has not been your pleasure yet to declare your precise rank—and—the world, in short, the cruel, malignant world cannot appreciate that tenderness of heart, which would overlook all, but the merit of its object. (Here Lady Leonora glanced furtively from behind her fan.) But, good Heaven! you are pale—you are ill!" "A sudden dizziness; (Narenor with difficulty replied, and with still more difficulty forcing a distorted smile). I am well—quite well now. Empress of my heart, you shall be satisfied. To-morrow I will lay at your feet the tablet of my genealogy, and Leonora

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shall know that she is not solicited to unite her fate with the representative of a mean or inglorious ancestry!"

"Thus spoke he, ——— vaunting loud,
But racked with deep despair,"

and, with a profound obeisance, left the apartment.

Now Narenor had a strong suspicion that, even in the virtuous town of Cronstadt, any thing was to be had for money, and, though he at first gave way to feelings of despondency, yet the comfortable idea soon occurred, "I may buy, though I have not a genealogy." So he hastened to the herald's office, and begged to speak with Peter Breslau, "Garter King at Arms" of that city. Mynheer Peter was a little, "round, fat, oily man," with a visage as plump, and as red, as a crimson cushion; and a cushion it was, whereon care had never sate long or heavily enough to leave one crease or wrinkle. Whenever he spoke, he smiled placidly, deranging not the smooth expansion of his cheeks, with a good humoured twinkle of the eye, and a courteous wave of the hands, which seemed to imply the utmost readiness to oblige. And now he stood before Narenor seemingly prepared to acquiesce in the most impossible request that could be made him. At length, finding that Narenor spoke not, he said, with alacrity, "If your Lordship will be pleased to step this way, I will show your Lordship a most beautiful piece of blazonry; Argent on a cross sable, five etoiles, Or, between four lions rampant, regardant gules vulned in the shoulder, with a beviled spear azure. Perhaps your Lordship would be so condescending as to give me an order to have your Lordship's arms executed in a similar manner." Narenor followed his little bustling guide into an inner apartment, and there informed the astonishing Peter that he did not merely require his coat of arms to be emblazoned, but invented. Peter was somewhat staggered; he certainly had heretofore given scope to fancy in tracing the ramifications of an heraldic tree, but to cause one to sprout forth, branch upward, bud and blossom, from a merely imaginary root, seemed almost beyond the powers of even his creative genius. He put his hand to his forehead, where, for the first time, a wrinkle made its appearance, and mused awhile in unwonted perplexity—but soon a returning ray of joy serened his countenance; he flew to an old iron chest in a corner of the room, and drew forth from its dusty depth a piece of parchment of the most satisfactory length, and duly adorned with seals and blazonries. "Is not your Lordship of the family of De Senliz! (he exclaimed). That noble family has been indeed thought for many years to be extinct—but the cast of your countenance—all declares that it revives in you." "Oh, certainly! (replied Narenor,) and for so happy a discovery allow me to present you with this purse of gold. Complete the genealogy, for I am in haste, and concentre all the beams of its glory in the person of Narenor, Baron De Senliz."

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With this irresistible addition to his merits, the newly created Baron waited upon the illustrious Lady Leonora. "How vexed the spiteful creatures will be; (she thought to herself,) poor Adeline will die with mortification. She, who smiled yesterday so bitterly with anticipated triumph!" Then, with the sweetest expression of countenance, she gave Narenor to understand that she was all his own; listened with an air of the most engaging modesty to his rapturous expressions of gratitude; and, after a good deal of very pretty and proper reluctance, allowed him to reduce the ante-nuptial period—from a year—to six months—to three months—to one month—to a fortnight—to a week—a day; and finally (as there was no good reason to the contrary) it was settled that the marriage should take place on the following morning. ("Dear me!" methinks I hear a gentle voice exclaim, "There was not time for Lady Leonora to have her lace nightcap made." "My dear girl, remember that Narenor wielded the magic wand of wealth, and he had only to wave it to make the sky rain lace night caps.")

Fair dawned the sun on the nuptial morning, and shone brightly on the gay and busy streets of Cronstadt. The news of the wedding had spread like wild-fire—after Lady Leonora had communicated the intelligence to her dear friend Lady Wilhelmina. Bells were ringing, garlands waving, tapestry was hung from the windows, and white ribbon displayed in the utmost profusion. Narenor had bought the acclamations of the mob by setting a river of wine afloat over the town, and giving orders that a few score of oxen should be roasted whole; so the air rang with shouts; and all were rushing and scrambling to get a peep at the bonny bride, and munificent bridegroom. Lady Leonora was dressed in a robe of white satin, girdled with one broad cincture of oriental pearls. Her dark locks were confined by a wreath of artificial orange-blossoms, also wrought in pearl, and nestling among leaves of emerald. Already had the procession begun to wind along the flower-strewn streets;—when suddenly murmurs arose from a distant quarter of the crowd, and, like gathering thunder, rolling nearer and nearer, at length burst in audible sentences around the very chariot of the hymeneal pair. "He is an impostor—a swindler—a thief! Seize on him. Drag him to justice." In vain the postilions brandished their whips—in vain Narenor raved against the unaccountable delay. The horses' heads were seized, and the doors of the chariot forced open, by the enraged populace. Narenor soon perceived that the zeal of the mob was any thing but complimentary, and hastened to throw handfulls of money among them, as the huntsman tosses pieces of flesh to the hungry open-mouthed pack, which seem ready to devour him. But for once the universal panacea failed of its effect. "It is all forged! (they cried.) We will have none of it!" Entering at this critical juncture (as I once heard a schoolmaster say, who happened to

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pay me a visit while I was at *tea*) upon the scene appeared an official band armed with batons of authority; who made their way through the yielding mob, and politely, though in a manner that there was no resisting, requested Narenor to give them the honour of his company. "There is some mistake! There *must* be some mistake!" sobbed Lady Leonora between the pauses of her hysterical screams. "No, my Lady, there is no mistake! We are sure of our man, (replied the head of the police.) Come, Baron—or—Sir. I am really very sorry to separate you from this Lady, but she may thank me one of these days."

Along those streets through which he had just passed in triumph, followed by the blessings and admiring acclamations of the crowd, was Narenor now led in infamy, pursued by the curses and taunts of the fickle populace—many of whom were asking of one another the offence of their ci-devant idol. The place of destination was (as the reader may have supposed) a court of justice, where Narenor was somewhat surprised to find himself confronted with his little fat friend, Peter Breslau. "So Mynheer Breslau, (said the worshipful the Judge) you are ready to swear that you received this counterfeit money from the prisoner at the bar."—"Yes, your worship."—"For what service on your part did you receive money?"—"For drawing up a genealogy, please your Worship." "And the prisoner assured you that he was of the noble family of De Senliz." "Undoubtedly, my Lord—your Worship!" "A most fraudulent fellow, indeed! (exclaimed the serene Judge.) And, pray, did any one *see* his Baronship give you the purse?" "My son, here!" (replied Peter, pushing forward a little Peter, "the softened image of his fubsy sire.")—"My good lad, (said the Judge) can you swear that you saw that gentleman, or person, at the bar, give this money to your father?" "Yes, (replied the young Peter, manfully,) I'll swear I did!" "A clear case, indeed! (pursued the learned Judge.) And, pray, Mr. Baron, what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing! (exclaimed Narenor, proudly and indignantly) nothing!" "That's good! —And, pray, have you any reason to give why the law should not pronounce, and execute her just sentence upon you?"—"None! (cried Narenor, still more impatiently.) But if I am to be hanged —at least string up that Peter Breslau by the side of me; for a greater knave never existed." "Hold your profane tongue, wretch! (replied the very reverend the Judge.) Dare not to asperse an honest citizen of this honourable town, who is above reproach. Your doom is fixed!—Officers, carry him away! See that he is safely lodged in the Blue Tower, for to-night. To-morrow, the law pronounces that he be hanged by his neck, like a common malefactor!"

Left alone, in chains, and in a solitary dungeon, Narenor gave way to all the bitterness of despair. The cup of happiness had been dashed from his lips at the very moment when he was about

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to quaff it mantling to the brim. He cursed his destiny, himself, the old man, and his fatal gift, of which the dishonourable use that he had been tempted to make had reduced him to his present situation. He now, too late, remembered the words of the old sage of the forest, who had warned him that whenever he should employ to base purposes the transmuted gold, it should return to its original metal. "Fool that I was (he exclaimed, as he clanked his heavy fetters along the dully-echoing cell.) Oh, that I had been content with my native deformity and obscurity! And thou, vile old man!—why didst thou pamper my diseased appetites?—Oh that thou wert less of a shade, and that I had thee here to tear thee from limb to limb!" "Narenor! you are unjust! (said the sage, who at that moment appeared) I gave you fair warning! Remember that it was only in compliance with your own earnest wish that I bestowed on you those wondrous endowments, of which you have made so bad a use. However, for once the conditions attached to my gifts will be of use to you. The fit of rage in which you have just indulged has caused your person to resume its natural conformation, and when the guards appear with to-morrow's dawn, to lead you forth to execution, they will take you for another; only be careaful not to speak, nor even to seem to understand what is spoken; imitate the gestures and behaviour of one born deaf and dumb, and assume the unconscious gaze of harmless idiocy. To-morrow, long ere this hour, you will be free. Farewell! Though you are so much out of humour with me at present, I think that it will not be long ere you again require my services!" "Never, never!" exclaimed Narenor, as the old man vanished into the depths of the dungeon's darkness! "Welcome this mis-shapen form, the mask of security—the herald of unambitious tranquillity! Welcome, my native poverty—the only true state of happiness!—the only part on the great theatre of life which is not all delusion and bitter mockery."

END OF PART FIRST.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

RODGERS' BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.*

However statues or monumental trophies may gratify a present feeling of gratitude or honour, it must be admitted that the noblest memorial to the memory of those who have done good to mankind is the record of their lives and actions. This endures, when the frail

* A new American Biographical Dictionary; or, Remembrancer of the departed heroes, sages, and statesmen, of America. Confined exclusively to those who have signalized themselves in either capacity, in the revolutionary war which obtained the independence of their country. Third edition, with important alterations and additions. Compiled by Thomas J. Rodgers.

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memorials of brass or marble perish under the strokes of time. The sages and heroes of distant ages, such as Cato, Epaminondas, Cicero, Socrates, &c. are probably known as familiarly to us as they were to their descendants, in a century after their decease: not by mausoleums or statues, but by the faithful descriptions of the historian and the biographer. On the other hand, the pyramids of Egypt, which were probably erected to commemorate illustrious individuals, still remain, while the names of these individuals have perished. No generation has ever lived among mankind, that more eminently deserves remembrance than that which founded our political institutions; and those who employ themselves in collecting authentic materials for the future historian of their fame, confer a lasting benefit upon their country, and upon mankind.

In a former Number of this miscellany a brief notice was taken of the second edition of Mr. Rodgers' work; and we are pleased to find him so soon before us again with a third which is much improved, and augmented by the addition of several new and interesting lives. There is no other work in which any record is preserved of Stark, Irvine, Mifflin, Ganseveort, the two Gibsons, Macpherson, Kirkwood, Barney, and others, who are worthy of commemoration, for their gallantry in the field or their wisdom in council. The industry here exerted in collecting instances of the zeal, heroism, and disinterestedness of our ancestors in establishing the political and civil blessings that we enjoy, is of the most laudable character, not only for the reasons already mentioned, but because it is the best method of infusing into our youth that ardent love of liberty and unbending resolution which conducted the men of 1776 to success. Many examples may be discovered in their lives, which are calculated to kindle the sentiments of honest patriotism. Young men may be taught, on the one hand, to imitate the devotion, the prudence, and the firmness which elevated Washington to a renown surpassing that of all his cotemporaries and which is spreading wider as time rolls on; and on the other, to shun the profligacy which made an Arnold the scorn of his age, and the opprobrium of posterity.

As an instance of the total disregard of all considerations but the public good, which prevailed at the periods under consideration, we may cite the language of General Mercer, who fell at Princeton on the 3d of January, 1777, as related by General Wilkinson:

"The evening of January 1st, 1777, was spent with general St. Clair, by several officers, of whom Mercer was one, who, in conversation, made some remarks disapproving the appointment of captain William Washington to a majority in the horse, which was not relished by the company: he thus explained himself:" "We are not engaged in a war of ambition; if it had been so, I should not have accepted a commission under a man (Patrick Henry) who had never seen a day's service; we serve not for our-

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selves, but for our country: and every man should be content to fill the place in which he can be most useful. I know Washington to be a good captain of infantry, but I know not what sort of a major of horse he may make; and I have seen good captains make indifferent majors. For my own part, my views in this contest are confined to a single object, that is, the success of the cause, and God can witness how cheerfully I would lay down my life to secure it." (p. 335.)

It is well known that the bribe to Arnold was 10,000 guineas; which was duly received from the British exchequer, and that the same sum was offered to General Reed, of this state. We need scarcely add that this was rejected with disdain. In the life of Commodore Barney, it is stated that "during the time Lord Howe was commander in chief, he attempted to alienate the commodore from the cause he had so ardently espoused by an offer of 20,000 guineas and the command of the best frigate in the British navy." p. 49. An attempt of a similar character was made on that stern and inflexible patriot—Samuel Adams.

"Every method had been tried to induce Mr Adams to abandon the cause of his country, which he had supported with so much zeal, courage, and ability. Threats and caresses had proved equally unavailing. Prior to this time there is no certain proof that any direct attempt was made upon his virtue and integrity, although a report had been publicly and freely circulated; that it had been unsuccessfully tried by governor Bernard. Hutchinson knew him too well to make the attempt. But governor Gage was empowered to make the experiment. He sent to him a confidential and verbal message by colonel Fenton, who waited upon Mr. Adams, and after the customary salutations, he stated the object of his visit. He said that an adjustment of the disputes which existed between England and the colonies, and a reconciliation, was very desirable, as well as important to both. That he was authorized from governor Gage to assure him, that he had been empowered to confer upon him such benefits as would be satisfactory, upon the condition, that he would engage to cease in his opposition to the measures of government. He also observed, that it was the advice of governor Gage, to him, not to incur the further displeasure of his majesty; that his conduct had been such as made him liable to the penalties of an act of Henry VIII, by which persons could be sent to England for trial of treason, or misprison of treason, at the discretion of a governor of a province, but by changing his political course, he would not only receive great personal advantages, but would thereby make his peace with the king. Mr. Adams listened with apparent interest to this recital. He asked colonel Fenton if he would truly deliver his reply as it should be given. After some hesitation he assented. Mr. Adams required his word of honour, which he pledged.

Then rising from his chair, and assuming a determined man-

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ner, he replied, "I trust I have long since made MY PEACE WITH THE KING OF KINGS. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell governor Gage, IT IS THE ADVICE OF SAMUEL ADAMS TO HIM, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people." (p. 13—14.)

Had either of these patriots yielded to the overture, what unspeakable calamities might not have followed!

An interesting anecdote is related of General Washington visiting the grave of De Kalb, who fell at Camden.

"After looking on it awhile, with a countenance marked with thought, he breathed a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "so! there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!" (p. 381.)

In the life of colonel John Gibson, we find the circumstances attending the delivery of the speech of Logan, which has attracted so much attention in this country and Europe, as an unrivalled specimen of aboriginal elocution.

"In 1774, he acted a conspicuous part in the expedition against the Shawnee Towns, under lord Dunmore; particularly in negociating the peace which followed, and restored many prisoners to their friends, after a captivity of several years. On this occasion, the celebrated speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, was delivered; the circumstances connected with which, have still sufficient interest to justify a relation of them here, as received from the lips of general Gibson, a short time before his death. When the troops had arrived at the principal town, and while dispositions were making preparatory to the attack, he was sent with a flag, and authority to treat for peace. As he approached, he met with Logan, who was standing by the side of the path, and accosted with, "My friend Logan, how do you do? I am glad to see you." To which Logan, with a coldness of manner evidently intended to conceal feelings with which he was struggling, replied: "I suppose you are;" and turned away. On opening the business to the chiefs (all but Logan) assembled in council, he found them sincerely desirous of peace. During the discussion of the terms, he felt himself plucked by the skirt of his *capote*, and turning, beheld Logan standing at his back, with his face convulsed with passion, and beckoning him to follow. This he hesitated to do; but reflecting that he was at least a match for his supposed antagonist, being armed with dirk and side pistols, and in muscular vigour more than his equal, and considering, above all, that the slightest indication of fear might be prejudicial to the negociation, he followed in silence, while the latter, with hurried steps, led the way to a copse of woods at some distance. Here they sat down, and Logan having regained the power of utterance, after an abundance of tears, delivered the speech in question,

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desiring that it might be communicated to lord Dunmore, for the purpose of removing all suspicion of insincerity on the part of the Indians, in consequence of the refusal of a chief of such note to take part in the ratification of the treaty. It was accordingly translated and delivered to lord Dunmore immediately afterwards. General Gibson would not positively assert that the speech as given by Mr. Jefferson, in the notes on Virginia, is an exact copy of his translation, although particular expressions in it, induced him to think that it is; but he was altogether certain that it contains the substance. He was of opinion, however, that no translation could give an adequate idea of the original; to which, the language of passion; uttered in tones of the deepest feeling, and with gesture at once natural, graceful and commanding, together with a consciousness on the part of the hearer, that the sentiments proceeded immediately from a desolate and broken heart, imparted a grandeur and force inconceivably great. In comparison with the speech as delivered, he thought the translation lame and insipid.

We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to introduce this celebrated address into our pages:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war; Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, *murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan. Not one.*" (p. 165—166.)

It is gratifying to see endeavours made to rescue from oblivion the character of some of our revolutionary officers whose merits were of a high order, but who, by the force of accident, are comparatively but little known. Such a person was colonel Kirkwood, of whom a well-written account is given in this volume. His intrepidity at the important battle of the Cowpens, which is generally believed to have given a turn to the southern campaign, was of a very distinguished cast.

"At the Cowpens, he was at the head of the first platoon of colonel Howard's memorable corps; and when the colonel was ordered to charge, Kirkwood advanced ten paces in front of the

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corps, charged with his espontoon, and called to his men *to come on!* His example, said general Morgan, who used to relate this anecdote, inspired the whole corps." (p. 248.)

Although we can safely recommend this compilation as a useful addition to the family library, we are constrained to pronounce upon it a sentence of condemnation as a literary composition. The style is various and frequently defective. There appears to be no sort of proportion in the length of the different lives; comparatively inferior men having a large space allotted to them, while others of much greater consequence are passed over with a brevity which is fitted to inspire the juvenile reader with erroneous impressions respecting their characters. To Mifflin, for instance, one of the most brilliant men of his time,—the Alcibiades of Pennsylvania; an active officer of the revolution; many years the governor of this commonwealth, a ripe scholar and a fervid orator,—not even one page is devoted. This deficiency is the more glaring because the individual who is thus passed over in a dull muster of dates, is yet remembered by thousands of persons in this state, of which the compiler, a member of congress and an officer of no mean rank in our militia, is a citizen. A memorial of this richly endowed man, inscribed by the pen of genius, would constitute a bright page in a volume of American biography. Our complaint on this score is aggravated when we observe in many instances that Mr. Rodgers has found room for minute descriptions of the last illness and even the funeral obsequies of some of his personages: tiresome "general orders" from military officers, which should have no place in such a performance: long and irrelevant extracts from other works which are in the hands of every body, and which, for other reasons, ought not to be so freely drawn upon:—in short, Mr. Rodgers has been too ambitious to make a large book, forgetting that such articles are not estimated by their bulk. A skilful workman might, by winnowing this volume of all that is trite or unnecessary, reduce it to half its size, and give us an economical and popular compilation.

For the Port Folio.

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

This institution owes its existence to the benevolent efforts of a few citizens of Philadelphia who, in the year 1820, established it in this city and in the following year procured an act of incorporation from the legislature of the state. By a very liberal grant of eight thousand dollars at the time of its incorporation, and by providing for the support of fifty indigent pupils of the state for the term of four years, the legislature became its principal patron and benefactor.

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The chief objects of the institution are, the intellectual and moral instruction of the deaf and dumb; embracing all the branches of a common education and the great truths of the Christian religion. Another important purpose is to furnish those of the pupils who are poor, and all who desire it, the means of instruction in some mechanical art or other employment which may enable them to become useful members of society. These employments however are not permitted to interfere with the intellectual improvement of the pupils. Hitherto the efforts of the managers in the promotion of these views have been attended with success equalling their most sanguine expectations.

The system of instruction pursued in the institution is that of the Abbes De l'Epeè and Sicard. It is a system which, under the direction of those distinguished benefactors of mankind, has already restored to society hundreds of the deaf and dumb, and is now causing hundreds more, both in Europe and America, to bless their memory.

When we reflect upon the unhappy condition of those who are deprived both of hearing and speech, and of course, of the most common means of acquiring knowledge, and when we remember that no child under the age of six or seven years is secure from such a misfortune, we cannot fail to desire the prosperity of such an institution and sincerely to implore for it the blessing of Heaven.

The number of pupils now in the institution is eighty-seven; of whom seventy-five belong to the state of Pennsylvania. Its affairs are managed by a president, four vice presidents and twenty-six directors who are chosen annually. It depends for future support upon public and private charity.

The accompanying print exhibits a front view of an edifice now erecting for the purposes of the institution, in Philadelphia. It will be a neat and commodious edifice and is situated in a pleasant and healthful part of the city. It is destined, we trust, to be truly an asylum and a home for the unfortunate.

The exhibition of the scholars a few days ago at the First Presbyterian Church, while it interested the feelings of the benevolent, afforded irrefragable evidence of the ability of the teachers and the care of the directors. We can truly aver that we have never seen so much exactness of knowledge and propriety of demeanour in pupils of the same age from whom nature had withheld none of her blessings. They were examined with great care in grammar, history, biography, geography, arithmetic, &c. and their answers showed that they were minutely and extensively acquainted with all these subjects. We do not believe that any other seminary in this city, of any description, can produce an equal number of pupils of the same age, who are half so well instructed. An address to Lafayette, written by one of these boys, without assistance, who has been three years in the school, was read at this exhibition;

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and we do not hesitate to pronounce, that in the qualities of good sense and taste in the selection of topics, it is inferior to none which the occasion has pronounced.

To some charitable institutions it has been objected that they do more harm than good by removing the incitements to industry and economy; but nothing of this nature can be urged against societies for the gratuitous instruction of the deaf and dumb. Their numbers cannot be increased by any amount of patronage however munificent; they are virtually diminished, because when taught to read and write, and instructed in some mechanical art they are enabled to support themselves and society is thus relieved of one of its burthens.

For the Port Folio.

THE VISIT OF LAFAYETTE.

(CONTINUED.)

Our hills rejoice, our mountains ring
Our streams send forth a welcoming!

WORDSWORTH.

The general was received in Delaware with the same cordiality which attended his progress through other states. Near the Brandywine he stopped at the door of a house in which he resided for a short time, during the revolutionary war, and expressed himself grateful to the son of his former host. The bridge was finely decorated with flowers by the ladies. He dined at the Town Hall; and then proceeded to Frenchtown, where he was met by a deputation from Baltimore, in which he recognized M. Du Bois Martin, the gentleman who commanded the vessel which first brought him to the United States. On his passage to Baltimore he stopped at Fort M'Henry, where the *tent of Washington* had been spread to receive him. Here he was welcomed by the governor of Maryland, and listened to an impressive address from the venerable colonel Howard, at the head of the Cincinnati. He reminded him of the worthy patriot whose name had been given to the fort—a zealous soldier—an upright minister—once the object of shameful obloquy—but always the friend of Washington and Lafayette. In his reply the General paid a well merited tribute of praise to the veterans of that state.

"It has been the lot of the Maryland line,"—said he—"to acquire glory in instances of bad as well as good fortune, and to whom can I speak better of the glory of that line than in addressing colonel Howard?" Generals Stewart, Reed, and Benson, who fought with Fayette, were standing around him, and we can readily imagine the deep and reverent emotions which such language and such a scene excited. With solemn feelings their aged

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hearts were carried back to those dark and dismal days when, in council with the illustrious chieftain, they meditated, under this very canopy, on the fate of the republic. What a contrast with the present moment! Those melancholy and mournful times have passed away. Nights of gloom have been succeeded by days of sunshine, and the whole country is mad with enjoyment. There was an intensity of feeling in the hearts of these aged soldiers that could not be breathed; it burst from their eyes and in gestures more expressive than all that pen or pencil can declare. For an instant after the general concluded there was a motionless silence. He grasped their hands and all were dissolved in tears. Would that Winder, and Williams, and Smallwood, and Lingan, had been spared to welcome their gallant associate!

The proceedings in Baltimore were similar to what took place in other cities. The same universal uproar—the same exultation of heart—the same disregard of all calculation—the clangour of drum and trumpet—thousands of dames of every variety of loveliness, smiling from the windows—gallants "witching them with horsemanship" in the streets—the clergy sending their orisons on high—the cultivators of science, rendering the tribute of learned gratitude—scholars exhibiting the temples which his philanthrophic achievements had contributed to erect—and mechanics displaying the arts which are flourishing under the shadow of that prolific Tree which he assisted to plant—all was vehement and rapturous emotion—cheerfulness, kindness and good-will, pervaded every where.

At Washington, where he arrived on the 12th of September, the general was received by the military and conducted to the president's house, where he was cordially welcomed by the chief officer of our government. A public dinner was prepared at Gadsby's hotel. On this occasion the general gave the following toast:

"The city of Washington: the central Star of the constellation which enlightens the whole world."

From Washington he proceeded to Alexandria and thence to Mount Vernon. The visit to the Tomb was a scene which was deeply and sadly impressive. It is said that while the general was bending over the relics of departed greatness, an eagle, the emblem of our country, emerged from the neighbouring hills, and winged its flight in slow and silent dignity over the spot. This incident will remind the admirer of Southey's splendid epic, of a passage which may not unaptly be introduced in this place:

> Ne'er in his happiest hours had Roderic
> With such commanding majesty dispensed
> His princely gifts, as dignified him now,
> When with slow movement solemnly upraised,
> Toward the kneeling troop he spread his arms,
> As if the expanded soul, diffused itself,

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And carried to all spirits with the act
Of effluent inspiration, silently
The people knelt, and when they rose, such awe
Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry
Who far above them, at her highest flight
A speck scarce visible, wheeled round and round,
Was heard distinctly, and the mountain stream,
Which from the distant glen sent forth its sound
Wafted upon the wind was audible
In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice
Of waters in the stillness of the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[*From the French of Buffon.*]

To every person, whose ear is not totally insensible to melody, the name of the nightingale must recal the charms of those soft evenings in spring, when the air is still and serene, and all nature seems to listen to the songster of the grove. Other birds, the larks, the canaries, the chaffinches, the pretty-chaps, the linnets, the goldfinches, the blackbirds, the American mocking-birds, excel in the several parts which they perform: but the nightingale combines the whole, and joins sweetness of tone with variety and extent of execution. His notes assume each diversity of character, and receive every change of modulation; not a part is repeated without variation; and the attention is kept perpetually awake, and charmed by the endless flexibility of strains. The leader of the vernal chorus begins the prelude with a low and timid voice, and he prepares for the hymn to nature by essaying his powers and attuning his organs; by degrees the sound opens and swells; it bursts with loud and vivid flashes; it flows with smooth volubility; it faints and murmurs; it shakes with rapid and violent articulations; the soft breathings of love and joy are poured from his inmost soul, and every heart beats in unison, and melts with delicious languor. But this continual richness might satiate the ear. The strains are at times relieved by pauses, which bestow dignity and elevation. The mild silence of evening heightens the general effect, and not a rival interrupts the solemn scene. To this description by Buffon, we may add a remark on a mistake in one of the poets. According to the united testimonies of all modern naturalists, the song of the Nightingale is that of the male kind, who thus employs himself, as if to entertain and sooth the female during her task of incubation; so that the celebrated lines of Virgil, however beautiful, as poetry, are in reality inaccurate in point of natural history.

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator

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Observans, nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet.

So close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother Nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the United States and Canada there are between sixty and seventy periodical publications devoted to the cause of religion. A prospectus of an *Ethiopian Mirror*, for the instruction of the negroes was circulated in this city not long ago; but we cannot state what success it received.

In the library of the king of Wurtemburg are four thousand editions of the Bible, in the different European languages, two hundred and fifteen are in English, and two-hundred and ninety in French. These latter of course were mostly, if not wholly, printed at catholic presses.

The novels published by the author of Waverley amount to forty-six vols. The price of them in England, is £19 16s. 6d. and calculating the sale of each work to have been 20,000, the amount paid by the public will have been one million seven hundred and sixty-two thousand, two hundred and twenty-two dollars.

It is well known that Dr. Morrison's Chinese Dictionary, in six volumes, quarto, printed in China, by the East India Company, at an expense of 15,000 pounds, was completed several months since. We perceive that he has returned to England, having brought with him a library of Chinese books to the number of 10,000 volumes in every department of literature, which he offers to lend to any individual in the kingdom, who may attempt the acquisition of the Chinese language.

It is said that Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, received the following rewards for some of his writings: for the "Ruling Passion," a poem of only fifteen pages, twelve hundred dollars: for the "Invention of Letters," a poem of about one hundred lines, fifteen hundred dollars: for his song of "Adams and Liberty," about seventy lines, seven hundred dollars.—"Lionel Lincoln, or the Leaguer of Boston, by the author of 'the Spy,' is in the press. It is the first of a series to be entitled the Legend of the Thirteen Republics. The success of this agreeable writer, has given a spur to the slumbering genius of our land, and the stores of fancy have been explored by many aspirants for the meed of fame.—In the

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last number of "the Atlantic," a literary barque which lately set sail from the harbour of New York, we find the titles of various novels of domestic fabrication: viz: "The Valley of Shenandoah; descriptive of American scenery and manners, in 2 volumes."—"Tales of an American Landlord, containing sketches of life, south of the Potomac, in 2 vols."—"A Peep at the Pilgrims in 1636, A tale of Olden Times, in 2 vols."

The Universal Geography of M. Malte Brun, has been translated, and will be republished in Boston, improved by the addition of the most recent information. That part which relates to this country is extremely defective.—Memoirs of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, by his grandson, of the same name, is announced as in the press. This gentleman was one of the most efficient of that band of master spirits which relieved our nation from bondage, and we anticipate in this performance, a fund of curious information respecting the days of strife and anxiety. We wish we could prevail upon one of our friends in Virginia to prepare, for our pages, a succinct memoir of the private life and public services of Arthur Lee, Esq. He too, was an active patriot. He was a learned man and a sagacious statesman. He was a student in one of the Inns of court in London, when the note of disaffection was first sounded; and contributed much to the diffusion of useful intelligence and encouragement to the friends of our cause throughout his majesty's dominions, in opposition to the fabrications of interested or ignorant writers on the side of the ministry.—"An inquiry into the moral character of Lord Byron, by J. M. Simmons," should be followed by a key to the meaning of his essay.—Professor Hall has published a valuable "Catalogue of Minerals found in Vermont.—Some honest knight with his visor down has challenged judge Johnson to vindicate himself against a charge of having designedly or inconsiderately defamed the character of Pulaski, in his life of Green. This gallant Pole, after vainly striving against usurpation at home, came to our shores, like Fayette and de Kalb, and others, to contend for liberty with Washington and Hamilton. The aspersion on the character of this generous stranger who died in our cause, at the siege of Savannah, is gravely made, and we think every one who reads this pamphlet will conclude with us that it imports the character of judge Johnson to bring forward his authorities.—Mr. Spafford, a useful and industrious writer, has prepared "a Pocket Guide for the traveller along the lines of the canal, &c. of New York," in which he has condensed into a small space much information respecting the interior commerce of this vigorous young republic. —The Agricultural society of Pennsylvania, has published a volume of memoirs, with beautiful engravings, which may be perused with profit, by the cultivators of the soil, throughout our fruitful region.—Mr. Finley has published another edition of Macdonnel's "Dictionary of Quotations," improved and augment-

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ed. It is not only amusing in itself, but it is an important companion to other books, and should be a parlour-window book in every reading family. The translations are correct and the illustrations, perspicuous and satisfactory.—A letter from Miss Edgeworth to Mr. Griscom of New York has found its way into the daily papers. Whatever comes from this source is entitled to great weight; and therefore we rejoice to have her testimony against that war of recrimination, so disgraceful to literature and so injurious to morals, which has been waged in this country and in Great Britain. With this distinguished lady, we heartily exclaim—" may this invidious and degrading spirit cease on both sides of the Atlantic! Let us all try to raise ourselves without lowering others! May public esteem be the just reward of every writer, who sets this laudable example, and who preserves temper and candour, even when goaded by illiberal criticism or tempted by vulgar example!"

THE MISSIONARY.

[The serious reader will be gratified with the following passage, referring to the efforts now making for the diffusion of Christianity in barbarous regions. It is transcribed from a poem, entitled "Australasia," which was written for the Chancellor's Prize medal, at the Cambridge commencement, July 1823, by W. C. Wentworth.]

With furrow'd brow, and cheek serenely fair,
The calm wind wandering o'er his silver hair,
His arm uplifted, and his moisten'd eye
Fix'd in deep rapture on the golden sky—
Upon the shore, through many a billow driven,
He kneels at last, the Messenger of Heaven!
Long years, that rank the mighty with the weak,
Have dimm'd the flush upon his faded cheek,
And many a dew, and many a noxious damp,
The daily labor, and the nightly lamp,
Have reft away, forever reft from him,
The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb:
Yet still within him aspirations swell
Which time corrupts not, sorrow cannot quell—
The changeless zeal, which on, from land to land,
Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the wither'd hand,
And the mild charity, which, day by day,
Weeps every wound and every stain away,
Rears the young bud on every blighted stem
And longs to comfort where she must condemn,
With these, through storms, and bitterness, and wrath,
In peace and power he holds his onward path;
Curbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murderous steel,

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And calms the passions he hath ceased to feel.
Yes! he hath triumph'd!—while his lips relate
The sacred story of his Saviour's fate,
While to the search of that tumultuous horde
He opens wide the Everlasting Word,
And bids the soul drink deep of wisdom there,
In fond devotion, and in fervent prayer,
In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng
Check their rude feasting and their barbarous song;
Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd,
The chief, the slave, the timid, and the proud,
Of various features, and of various dress,
Like their own forest-leaves, confused and numberless.
Where shall your temples, where your worship be,
Gods of the air, and Rulers of the sea?
In the glad dawning of a kinder light,
Your blind adorer quits your gloomy rite,
And kneels in gladness on his native plain,
A happier votary at a holier fane.

THE SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul."

My heart leapt in me, as with swimming eye
I gaz'd upon that glassy 'kerchief white,
And the fair neck it shaded—'twas a sight
To steep a poet in a fine phantasy
Of some Elysian world, or wake soft sigh
In the chill breast of wo-lorn Anchorite.
Sweet maid! should it hereafter be my plight
To wander in some desert dull and dry,
Far from the haunts of men—alone to rove,
With my sad thoughts for partners, neither book,
Nor music, nor green field, nor woman's love,
To cheer my hopeless solitude—I'll look
To memory for my solace and delight,
And think of that fair neck, and glossy 'kerchief white!

THE STOLEN KISS.

Written in a Lady's Album.

Smooth'd be that brow—and chas'd the frown
Yet gathering to thy tardy will—
Nor think to awe my raptures down,
For anger makes thee lovelier still.

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In vain thou wouldst compel the ire
But lightly felt, but faintly shown;
Thine eyes betray beneath their fire
The pardon thou wouldst blush to own.

Then, still that proudly swelling breast,
Soften that lovely, mantling cheek;
'Twas but a kiss, that well express'd
The tenderness I could not speak.

SONG.

Some of our fair readers may toss up their pretty heads at lord Roland, but we deem him a good philosopher; and we therefore dedicate his song to the Bench of Bachelors.

Lord Roland rose, and went to mass,
And doffed his mourning weed;
And bade them bring a looking glass,
And saddle fast a steed;
"I'll deck with gems my bonnet's loop
And wear a feather fine;
And when lorn lovers sit and droop,
Why, I will sit and dine;
Sing merrily! sing merrily!
And fill the cup of wine.

"Though Elgitha be thus untrue,
Adele is beauteous yet,
And he that's baffled by the blue
May bow before the jet;
So welcome, welcome, hall or heath!
So welcome, shower or shine!
And wither there thou willow wreath,
Thou never shalt be mine;—
Sing merrily! sing merrily!
And fill the cup of wine.

"Proud Elgitha, a health to thee,
A health in brimming gold,
And store of lovers after me,
As honest, and less cold;
My hand is on my bugle horn,
My boat is on the brine;
If ever gallant died of scorn
I shall not die of thine;—
Sing merrily! sing merrily!
And fill the cup of wine."

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For the Port Folio.

FRAGMENT.

Mr. Oldschool—the following beautiful lines are from the pen of Robert Southey They have never, I believe, appeared in print; should you think them worthy of a place in your miscellany, you are at liberty to publish them.

E. C.

Moments there are in life,—alas, how few!
When, laying cold prudential thoughts aside,
We take a generous impulse for our guide;
And following promptly what the heart thinks best,
Commit to Providence the rest;

Sure that no after reckoning will arise
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise,
And happy they who thus in faith obey
Their better nature! Err sometimes they may,
And melancholy thoughts may cloud the breast
Such as by hope are left behind;
But like a shadow they will pass away
From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind.

For the Port Folio.

ODE.

Written for the Celebration of the 48th. National Festival, by the First City Troop of Cavalry.

1.

Comrades! pledge the flowing bowl
In homage to the day;
Whose halo brightens as years roll
In more effulgent ray:
And may the gallant deeds our Sires,
Wrought in the field of fame,
Breathe in our souls their ardent fires,
The consecrated flame!

CHORUS.

Then pass the tribute wine cup round,
And when our country bleeds,
Comrades! may we be ever found,
To emulate their deeds.

2.

And while the sparkling wine goes round,
To souls to honour dear,
By valour's fairest laurels crown'd,
On your bright sabres swear!

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Should war-denouncing trumpet breathe,
Firm in the van of fight,
Our swords shall leap from every sheathe,
To guard our country's right!

CHORUS.

To patriots pledge the cup around,
And when our country bleeds,
Comrades! may we be ever found
To emulate their deeds!

3.

Now fill the genial goblet high,
And let the wine we sip,
Be bright as woman's beaming eye,
As woman's ruby lip.
And may all recreant hearts that slight,
Fair woman's love and praise,
False-hearted cravens prove in fight,
Ne'er bask in beauty's rays.

CHORUS.

Then fill the sparkling wine-cup high,
O'erflowing every brim—
The lucid smile from beauty's eye
Is valour's brightest gem.

4.

Yet while we quaff the sparkling bowl,
A tear shall mingle there,
In memory to a gallant soul,
Who often pledged you here—
For him chivalric, courteous, brave,
Warm heart, without a stain,
For him who sleeps in foreign grave,
By foreign recreants slain.

CHORUS.

Then pledge the cup, but let one tear,
Our fond regrets proclaim—
For him to every comrade dear—
To gallant CRAWFORD'S name!

SYDNEY.

Note.—Mr. James Crawford, the gentleman here alluded to, was at one period First Lieutenant Commandant of the Troop, to which post he had arrived through all the subordinate grades, respected, esteemed and beloved by his comrades as the accomplished gentleman and soldier.

Friendship sincerely deplores the privation of his unquestionable worth, and chivalric feeling laments that he who possessed every attribute to secure a soldier's fame, had not rather have fallen upon the patriot field of combat, where he must have secured his country's honours, than by the hands of a Banditti.

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TO BLOSSOMS.

By Herrick.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay here yet awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What were ye born to be,
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought you forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile they glide
Into the grave.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

With work in hand, perhaps some fairy cap
To deck the little stranger yet to come;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious with a book or map
Her timid girl beside,—with a faint bloom,
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet little ones the while;
And he the happy man! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture—rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue.

ANAGRAM.

If you'll transpose what ladies wear,
'Twill plainly show what some folks are;
Again if you'll transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew's name;
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do;
Transpose these letters yet once more
What bad men do you'll then explore.

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Abstract of Principal Occurrences.

Massachusetts. A Scotchman lately presented himself to the Police of Boston, and complained of himself as a common drunkard, for which he was sent to the house of correction.

A great sale of 26 city lots, at Boston, took place lately. The largest price given was 19 dollars, and the lowest seven dollars per square foot. There were in these lots 30,037 3-4 square feet, and the amount of purchase money 303,495 dollars and 42 cents—an average of 10 dollars and 10 cents the square foot. These lots must be built on, with four story stores of uniform colour, height, &c. by the 1st of July next. Lots of greater extent and more value than the above on the south side, remain to be sold, and another tract of land on the north side. It is added, that if the remaining lots sell as well, they will pay all the expenses of the purchase, of filling up the streets, and of building the market house, which is to be of granite, 60 feet wide and 290 feet long.

Police Court, Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Quincy, mayor of the city, was brought to trial upon the complaint of Ashael Drake, carter, for galloping his horse so as to endanger "persons standing or walking in the streets, lanes, and alleys." The Mayor, though he pleaded not guilty, (because he considered his riding not to be dangerous to the citizens) expressed his desire to be fined by the court, in order to show that no individual could be placed above the law, and that those appointed to execute it were equally as amenable to its penalties as every other person.

Justice Orne, fined him two dollars and costs, amounting to six dollars eighty-four cents.

We ought to add, that, at the time mentioned, the mayor was engaged on public business, was hastening to meet a committee, and that there were very few persons in the street.

Horace Pettis was complained of *for smoking a segar in the street*, pleaded guilty, and was fined two dollars and costs.

New York.—Taking only the nine daily papers, with their semi-weekly journals annexed, the daily number is 10,800, and the semi-weekly 10,500, making an aggregate of 85,600 newspapers printed in New York, every week, at nine presses or offices. This is exclusive of eight or ten weekly papers the extent of whose circulation is not known to us.

A disgraceful scene was witnessed on Long Island recently. Two champions, both foreigners, we are happy to say, entered the arena for a boxing match, on a bet of one thousand dollars. They selected Coney Island as the scene of the combat, but were driven from that place by the prompt and laudable interference of the police of Kings county. The affair took place in Queen's, near the race-ground. One of the combatants was shockingly mangled, his head being cut open, and his eyes bunged up. Every person of decency must look with horror and disgust upon this disgraceful outrage, which has no apology for being introduced into our country, however fashionable it may be in others.

New Jersey.—Delaware and Raritan Canal. Messrs. Holcomb, Elmer and Keane, the commissioners appointed to examine the route run by Mr. Randal, in 1817, for this canal, and to ascertain the practicability of introducing the Delaware river by a navigable canal as a feeder, unanimously agree that the Delaware will be the most eligible source from whence to supply the main canal with water. They conceive there will be no difficulty in the execution of this plan, and that it may be effected at a very moderate expense.

This canal begins to excite a much greater interest among the

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farmers thruogh whose land the line runs, and an increased desire for its speedy execution, insomuch that a number of them are willing to give the land which may be occupied by it.

Pennsylvania.—Mr. James P. Kid lately saved a man from drowning at Chestnut street wharf, by leaping into the stream.

This noble youth, is a midshipman in our navy, and has been serving his country ever since the fitting out of the expedition against the pirates. He has just returned in the United States ship John Adams. This is the third or fourth instance of his meritorious spirit, In the harbour of Boston, in 1821. Kid then being attached to the Independence 74, a boy was discovered by the crew of that ship sinking through the ice. A boat was immediately pushed off to rescue him. Kid was among the number. The boat being too much impeded by the ice, Kid got out and ran a considerable distance, and after breaking through the ice several times, he succeeded in gaining the boy, and holding him until the boat arrived. For this meritorious action the Humane Society presented him with a gold medal, with an appropriate inscription. This medal was in his pocket at the time he rescued the last individual.

A woman has been sentenced to the ducking-stool in Philadelphia as a common scold. This is a chair in which scolds are fastened, and dipped under water.

It is understood that much diversity of opinion prevailed among the lawyers, respecting the propriety of reviving this mode of punishment, many contending that it had become obsolete. Accordingly a writ of error has been granted, and the lady must remain *in suspense*, until the judges of the supreme court determine whether

She in the ducking stool must take her seat

Drest like herself in a great chair of state.

Whatever may be the final resolution in the matter, the very mooting of the question has produced a salutary effect, in teaching the gentle sex that scolding is an indictable offence. If the legislature should think proper to interfere and abolish the common law in this respect, —which was the course pursued in England not long ago, to get rid of an appeal of murder,—we hope they will take the case of *male* scolds into consideration. Let them be tried by a jury of matrons and the ladies be put in the charge of twelve good and true men as heretofore. It should be made a finable offence and the sums arising from that source might be appropriated to the Deaf and Dumb.

To philologists, we recommend the inquiry, how the word *scold*, came to be applied exclusively to the female sex.

The project of erecting a monument to the memory of Washington has been entered into with much spirit, in Philadelphia, and a sufficient sum of money has already been subscribed to build one of moderate size.

The Franklin Institute recently established in Philadelphia, promises to be of vast utility to the mechanical and manufacturing classes of Pennsylvania generally, and particularly important to many branches of trade in this city. The society was organized in January last, and already counts from four to five hundred members. Its first public exhibition commenced a few days ago, and from the novelty, number and variety of the articles produced, crowds of visiters were attracted to witness the interesting display.

A society has been formed in Philadelphia for the promotion of domestic improvements, by collecting and disseminating correct information respecting the construction of canals, rail-roads, bridges,

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steam-engines, &c. The number of members is limited to twenty-five, who pay 100 dollars each for the first year. Success to their purpose!

OBITUARY.

At Elizabethtown, (New Jersey) on the 9th of October, General JONATHAN DAYTON, in the 64th year of his age. The distinguished posts to which general Dayton was called, at different periods by the voice of his fellow-citizens, and the services he has rendered to his country, give him a clear title to an honourable memorial. He was the son of General Elias Dayton, of Elizabethtown, who by his talents and bravery attained considerable rank in the revolutionary army, and afterwards became the founder and head of one of the most respectable families in his native village. The subject of this notice was at Princeton College at the time the war commenced between the United States and the mother country.—With the glowing enthusiasm of those times, and thirsting for military glory, he left the institution, and entered the camp. At the early age of sixteen or seventeen he commenced his military career—continued in the army during the remainder of the war—was concerned in many engagements with the enemy, and at York Town had the honour of a command under general Lafayette, in storming the two celebrated redoubts by which that post was defended. On all these occasions general Dayton distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct. General Lafayette is known to have entertained for him a very high personal regard and esteem; and his friends could not but observe with very great satisfaction, that in the provisional army which was raised during the administration of Mr. Adams, general Washington placed his name very high upon the list of officers which he made out for the government on that occasion.

After the conclusion of the war, general Dayton experienced that republics are not always ungrateful. He was successively elected to many of the most important offices within the gift of his fellow-citizens. After being appointed to the legislature of his native state, to assist in those important measures which were then under discussion, he was elected a member of congress. Of this latter body he, for several sessions, was chosen speaker, a post which, he is acknowledged by all, to have filled with more than ordinary efficiency. Indeed, his talents and address rendered him peculiarly fitted to perform the duties of that station. Out of his native energy of character there arose a promptness and decision, which are indispensable qualifications for that chair, and which were possessed by him in an eminent degree. After this time he was for several years a senator from New Jersey, in the same body and in this capacity is known to have acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his constituents. From that time till his death he resided in his native village amidst the quiet of domestic life. Upon the late visit of general Lafayette to New Jersey, he was appointed by governor Williamson to the command of the troops who were assembled to pay military honours to that distinguished patriot and hero. In the discharge of this duty to his former commander and personal friend, he appears to have been exposed to so much fatigue, and to have exerted himself so greatly beyond his strength, that he brought on a fever, which confined him to his room for some days, and which, although not at first alarming to his family and friends, at last became serious; and, contrary to all expectations, suddenly took a fatal turn and brought him to his end.

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Mr Corsellis's Greyhound going down.
Dover Cliff

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The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

LIFE OF JOHN WELLS.

[The following tribute to the memory of a man of uncommon merit, who for many years delighted and instructed the Bar of a neighbouring State, is from the pen of his friend *William Johnson*, esq. From an intimate acquaintance of some years' duration with the lamented subject of this memoir, we can bear testimony to its fidelity, while every reader of taste will unite with us in admiring the chaste simplicity of its style.]

IT is too often the fate of the advocate of private causes, who does not engage in political affairs, or in those public transactions which are blended with the history of his country, when his voice is no longer heard, and his lips are closed in the silence of the grave, to be soon forgotten. His professional services may have gained him the esteem and gratitude of numerous clients; his eloquence excited the admiration and applause of crowded courts; his virtues and accomplishments rendered him the delight and ornament of the social circle; but left to mere recollection, the most powerful impressions of human excellence gradually fade from remembrance. Any attempt, therefore, however slight or imperfect, to prolong, if not perpetuate, the memory of those who have merited and attained the highest honours of their profession, may justly claim indulgence and favour.

The grandfather of Mr. Wells, with his family and a small band of colonists, emigrated from Ireland, and settled in that part of this state, then a wilderness, in which the pleasant and

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flourishing village of Cherry Valley, in the county of Otsego, now stands. He was a magistrate highly beloved and respected in the infant settlement. It is not certainly known whether Robert, the father of Mr. Wells, was born in this state, or came with the rest of the family from Ireland. He owned and cultivated a farm in the village, and his family consisted of four sons, Samuel, John, Robert, and William, a daughter named Eleanor, an unmarried brother, and a maiden sister. John, the second son, was born in 1769 or 1770.

In 1778, the Indians, joined with loyalists and others disaffected to the cause of the revolution, menaced with hostilities the frontiers of Pennsylvania and New-York; and, about the first of July, in that year, under the command of the notorious John Butler, fell upon the settlements of Wyoming, and exterminated the inhabitants. The father of Mr. Wells, justly apprehensive for the safety of his family, removed with them to Schenectady; but his fears having subsided, they returned in the autumn to their home, leaving John at school, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Eleanor Wilson, to whom he was greatly attached, and from whom he was so reluctant to be separated, that his father was compelled to yield to his entreaties to remain with her. On the 11th of November, 1778, Brandt, a celebrated Indian of the half breed, whose head-quarters were on the Unadilla, uniting with some of the Butlers and their party, entered the settlement of Cherry Valley by surprise, and the family of Mr. Wells were among the first victims of their merciless rage. Their dwelling was consumed by fire, and the whole settlement, like that at Wyoming, was entirely destroyed, with circumstances of cruelty unheard of before in the annals of Indian warfare. Young Wells, might, almost, have said, in the words of an admired poet, who has laid the scene of an interesting tale in Wyoming:

> "Accursed BRANDT! he left of all my tribe,
> Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth;
> No! not the dog, that watched my household hearth,
> Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains!
> All perished: I alone am left on earth!
> To whom, nor relative, nor blood remains,
> No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

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Though of too tender an age to feel, in all its extent, the heart-rending misery of so overwhelming a calamity, it froze his young blood with horror, and made an impression never effaced from his mind. The sight of an Indian ever after produced a momentary shudder, and excited a feeling of extreme aversion. He remained, several years after this event, at school at Schenectady, under the care of his aunt Wilson, until she removed with her husband to Long Island. He was placed, not long after, at a respectable grammar school at Newark, in New-Jersey, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. M'Whorter. Having finished the usual preparatory studies, he entered the college at Princeton, and was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1788, and, afterwards, to that of Master.

The moment of a young man's leaving college, is, perhaps, the most critical in his life; "the world is all before him, where to choose," and unless Providence be his guide, he too often wanders into the path that leads to disappointment and ruin. The profession of the law was chosen by Mr. Wells, either by the advice of friends, or the suggestions of his own judgment, as most likely, in the existing state of the country, to lead to fortune and renown. Having decided on the interesting question as to his future course of life, he appears to have lost no time in taking the proper steps to qualify himself to discharge, with ability and reputation, the duties of the profession he had assumed. He commenced the study of the law with a gentleman highly respected for his talents, and who, though not of many years standing at the bar, was distinguished for his legal attainments, and disposed, from his fondness for juridical studies, to inspire a young man with a love of the law, not merely as an honourable and lucrative pursuit, but as a liberal science.

Mr. Wells was admitted as an attorney of the Supreme Court in August, 1792, and to the degree of counsellor, on the 8th of May, 1795. The first seats at the New-York Bar were, at that time, occupied by men among the most distinguished for genius, eloquence and learning. Some of them, at their country's call, had left their studies to join the army of the revolution, and returning triumphant from that glorious struggle, appeared in the forum with claims to public favour and patronage, founded not on their talents merely, but on services rendered to their coun-

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try in the hour of her utmost need. A youth, standing alone, without family or connexions, unknown to the world, and with no adventitious claim to its notice, might be excused for not indulging any sanguine hope of successful competition with such men, in full possession of the vantage ground of the profession. He could not fail to derive instruction and improvement from the contemplation of those illustrious models of eloquence, attracting the gaze of admiring crowds, listening to the trials of forensic skill, and witnessing the animated struggle of such mighty combatants for victory. But he might well despair of drawing the attention of the public to himself, or of being enlisted as an auxiliary under those favourite leaders, and, like many others, might have remained unnoticed in the outer row of the profession, had not an incident happily occurred, some years afterwards, to draw him from obscurity.

During the long interval between his admission to the rank of counsel, and the first trial of his ability as an advocate, it must not be supposed that his mind remained in listless inactivity, or that his days were wasted in pleasure and dissipation. On the contrary, he was silently invigorating his powers by study and reflection; by reading the choicest productions of ancient and modern literature, by storing his memory with the soundest principles of jurisprudence, derived from the diligent and repeated perusal of the best and most celebrated writers on municipal and public law. In this solitude, to borrow an image from a great poet, he suffered his wings to grow, that he might take a bolder and a loftier flight; and, accordingly, we find, that from the moment when he may be said to have actually commenced his course at the bar, he rapidly rose to the summit of his profession. It would be interesting to observe the secret operations of such a mind, conscious of its powers, eager for their trial, but anxious for the result; forming to itself an ideal standard of excellence to which all its wishes are directed; fixing its ardent gaze on the glories which surround the eminence to which it aspires; trembling with desire, chilled with apprehensions, and often sinking with the dread of that first encounter, on the success of which hang all the hopes of future prosperity. Such are often the mental agonies of the finest genius, and the noblest intellect. Wells, though destitute of property or business, did not absolute-

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ly despair of the future, since, in 1796, he married a lady (*a*) without fortune, but possessed of great personal attractions. No man was better fitted to enjoy all the felicity which could flow from such a connexion. His pleasures were domestic and pure. In the bosom of his family, and in the circle of a few select friends, the best affections of his nature were called forth, and the feelings of a warm and generous heart gratified.

He was a member of a literary club composed of gentlemen of different professions and parties, who met weekly at each other's houses, and he contributed many literary essays and criticisms for the periodical works and papers of the day, written with great perspicuity and elegance. He, also, wrote political essays, and communications for the editor of the leading federal gazette; and though he was sometimes severe in his strictures on public measures, his language was always decorous, and suited to his character. Some of these writings attracted the notice of General Hamilton, then at the head of the federal party in this state, who sought his acquaintance, and ever after manifested the greatest regard towards him. Mr. Wells edited an octavo edition of the principal political essays of that gentleman, and, in the preface, first designated the different writers of the "Federalist."

An act of the legislature was passed, in 1797, at the recommendation of Governor Jay, to remedy some of the evils arising from the jurisdiction of Assistant Justices in the city of New-York, who had power to try and determine personal actions where the sum demanded did not exceed twenty-five dollars. At that time, each Justice held a Court, for the purpose, at his own house, and as few or none of them possessed any knowledge of law, complaints were general and loud against these inferior tribunals dispersed over the city. By the act of 1797, the powers of these single magistrates were concentrated in a Court of Justices of the Peace, directed to be held every day, except Sundays, in the city hall, the members sitting by rotation, two in each week. The persons commissioned by Governor Jay, who felt and expressed much concern for the success

(*a*) Miss Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lawrence, of Newton, Long-Island; a lady of most amiable disposition, and engaging manners, by whom he had a son, and two daughters, now living.

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of this attempt to promote the pure and impartial administration of justice in the city, were young lawyers of education and character; and among others, Mr. Wells was appointed. Though apprehensive, that the exercise of any office might diminish the chance of professional employment, yet, as the emoluments, to a person of his scanty resources, were considerable, and he was associated with professional friends whom he esteemed and respected, he accepted the appointment, and continued to discharge its duties with ability and reputation, until, on a change of the administration of the government, in 1801, he, and the other members of the Court, were displaced. Though he could not but contemn the selfish policy and vindictive spirit to which he was a victim, he always expressed his satisfaction that he was not excepted from the general proscription, since it removed him from a situation in which the feelings of generous ambition would have been gradually extinguished, and all hope of professional distinction finally effaced.

In 1798, public resentment was roused to the highest pitch against the ruling powers of France, for their contemptuous treatment of our national envoys, and their perfidious conduct towards the government of the United States. The young men of the city of New-York, at the prospect of a war menaced by France, associated together, and pledged themselves to be ready, at a moment's warning, to march in defence of their country. They formed volunteer companies of militia, by one of which Mr. Wells was elected commander; and his activity and energy in preparing his company for action, excited their warmest attachment and respect. He was chosen their orator for the celebration of the anniversary of American independence. His address on the occasion, glowing with patriotic ardour, and the most generous devotion, delivered in language bold and animating in the highest degree, and in tones powerful and spirit stirring, made the deepest impression, and was received with the most rapturous applause. This display of oratorical powers surprised even his most intimate friends, who were satisfied, that if called into exercise at the bar, they could not fail of complete success. But his voice was still unheard in our courts. He possessed too much self-respect to seek employment by means often resorted to by men of inferior minds. He had none of that noisy loqua-

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city which sometimes passes for eloquence; nor that bustling activity which is often supposed to indicate a capacity for business. He disdained the little arts by which popularity and patronage are frequently sought and obtained. He made no professions; he asserted no pretensions of superior merit in himself, nor detracted from the merit of others. But this alone does not sufficiently account for the seeming neglect of the public towards a person of so much capacity, intelligence and virtue. He wanted that opportunity that must be sometimes sought, or is never found, but which often comes by accident, to bring into activity all the latent energies of the mind. Had he settled in one of the distant counties, it is probable that he would have been sooner distinguished at the bar; or, he might, like many others of the profession, have been elected a member of the legislature, and having once risen into public notice, been carried by the gale of popular favour, to the highest political eminence.

In 1804, at a time when party spirit raged with great violence, Mr. Wells was engaged by the editor of a newspaper, directly opposed to him in politics, to defend him in an action for a libel brought by an officer of the government, and a federalist. He expressed to a friend, who first mentioned to him the wish of the defendant to obtain his professional services, a decided repugnance to appear in the cause, and it was not without great difficulty that he was persuaded to undertake its defence. Though he did not gain a verdict, he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his client, who, in the next day's gazette, was warm in praise of the zeal and ability displayed by his counsel, who had surprised and delighted the audience that filled the court-room, by his ingenuity and eloquence. The federal editors were not less liberal in their applause. His fame was soon spread abroad, and the public attention being once strongly fixed upon him, as a most able and eloquent advocate, it was not long before he was surrounded with clients.

He had great capacity for business, and being stimulated by the prospect of immediate success, he bestowed upon the affairs intrusted to him, the most undivided attention. Whoever sought his aid or advice, felt that he had found a friend who would never desert or betray him, and to whose talents, integrity

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and courage, he might safely confide whatever most nearly concerned his fortune, happiness or honour.

He continued to pursue his professional career with unabated ardour and unremitting industry, for the remainder of his life. As the fruits of that industry increased, he gradually enlarged his plan of living, and as no one loved more the society of his friends, he delighted to share with them, in his hours of relaxation, the pleasures of elegant hospitality. The death of his wife, in 1812, was to him a severe affliction. His affections were strong, and his sensibility most acute; and the anguish he suffered on this occasion excited the sympathy and concern of his friends.

In the performance of his professional duties, as in his whole demeanour, he was calm and deliberate, without precipitancy, bustle or parade. Possessing a nice sense of propriety, and that delicate reserve which distinguishes a refined and accomplished mind, the urbanity and dignity of his deportment, on all occasions, excited the utmost attention and respect. Like the first orator of Greece, and the second of Rome, he was studiously neat in his dress; a slight circumstance, but which served to heighten the effect of those external advantages with which nature had liberally endowed him. His person was handsome, and though not tall, above the middle size, and perfectly well proportioned; his features regular, his eyes dark, brilliant and piercing, and his whole countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity. His voice was remarkably clear; and though he was not careful to give it all the compass and variety of which it was susceptible, its natural and ordinary tones were distinctly heard in the largest assembly. It might be thought, at times, almost too sharp and penetrating, but the ear was never fatigued by dull monotony or lifeless cadences; its accents were always animating and impressive. His manner was natural and easy, without violence or contortion. "Some men," says a lively writer, "put themselves into an *alembic*, to be eloquent, and nothing issues from the operation, but forced conceits and bombastic phrases; whereas, if they would give themselves up to the energy of their hearts, they would have golden tongues. Notwithstanding the opinion of Cicero, who, in describing his perfect orator, depicts a man of universal genius, and will allow no other to usurp the name which his vanity may have claimed for himself, there seems to be more philosophical truth in

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considering eloquence as a general term, comprehending many species; and that of the Bar as having its varieties. The style of eloquence chosen by Mr. Wells, so far as choice could be concerned, was that best suited to his character. It was perfect in its kind; logical, argumentative, investigating; never cold or languid, always earnest and engaging, and accompanied with that genial warmth which gives life and flow to thought and expression. His language was pure and correct, and often elegant; his words were so happily chosen and arranged, and his sentences so well constructed and finished, that it was easy to note down every expression; and his arguments might have been sent to the press as they were delivered, without correction. In every part, the influence of a correct taste and sound judgment was discernible. It was delightful to contemplate the order and precision with which he stated and unfolded the points of his cause, his luminous exposition of legal principles, his forcible illustration of them by the records of written wisdom, and the authority of adjudged cases, in the nice discrimination of which he was unrivalled. In addressing himself to the Bench, to men his equals, his superiors, perhaps, in learning and experience, mere declamation could have no effect. The understanding, not the heart, was to be subdued. Ingenious sophistry can avail little before those who are not called upon, nor expected to decide at the moment; who take days, weeks, or months for deliberation, and who, in their consultation chamber, discard every impression that may warp their judgment, or obscure the true merits of the cause. An enlightened judgment, therefore, seems to be the highest quality that an advocate who is to address a Bench of Judges, can possess; and a sound and enlightened judgment was a distinguishing attribute of the mind of Mr. Wells; and when we add all those moral qualities which are essential to the character of a great lawyer, as well as a great orator, the respect and confidence he inspired, and his success at the bar, are not surprising. The specimens of his forensic talents to be found in the printed reports, are, necessarily, very imperfect; and most of his arguments in the Court of Chancery, some of which were uncommonly able, have not been preserved in any form. After he concluded his speech in the case of Griswold *vs.* Waddington, his learned friend and illustrious rival at the Bar, who had attended both the English and Irish Courts, observed, that it was the most

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able and finished argument he had ever heard. *Laudatus a laudato viro:* No higher praise could be bestowed. Before a jury, or in an assembly where feeling was to be roused, or prejudice removed, or the occasion prompted, his eloquence was highly impassioned, and the persuasive energy of his manner irresistible. If excited by any thing improper in the cause or conduct of his adversary, nothing could exceed the awful severity of his rebuke; and the unfortunate object of his indignation, penetrated and appalled, shrank beneath the lightning of his eye. As a moralist, he might, perhaps, be thought austere. He made no compromise with conscience. But those even who had most reason to complain of the severity of his judgment, as they never questioned the purity of his intention, or the real goodness of his heart, did not cease to respect and admire his character. He had formed an exalted opinion of his profession, as bringing into exercise the noblest faculties of the mind, and the best virtues of the heart. Artifice, trick, chicane, and those practices, therefore, which dishonour that profession, excited his strong disapprobation. His own example illustrated the truth of his principles; it shed a benign influence around him, and to the junior members of the Bar, more especially, it was highly useful and instructive.

It may seem extraordinary, that one so eminently gifted by nature, with a mind so improved by cultivation, whose integrity inspired unbounded confidence, and whose abilities were universally confessed and admired, should never have been called to any public station; that, fitted as he was to shine in any situation, to fill any place with honour to himself and advantage to his country, he should never, with the exception of the judicial employment already mentioned, have been elected or appointed to any office. But to those acquainted with the state of parties, and the political history of the State, the explanation is easy. He was a federalist; and while he retained that much abused name, he could expect no favour from the opposite party, which, from the first moment of its ascendancy, manifested a spirit not to be appeased or propitiated without sacrifices which such a mind could never make.

"Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ."†

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He never sought popularity; and after he became deeply engaged in the active and laborious duties of his profession, he would not have willingly exchanged its certain honours and emoluments, the rich reward of splendid talents and useful services, for the capricious favours of the multitude, or the transient glories of political elevation. He felt, as every noble and generous mind must do, that love of pure and honourable fame which warms the breast of the youthful patriot. Nor could the disgust excited by the conduct of any political party, extinguish for a moment the deep-rooted principle of his nature. Though confined to the walks of private life, and to the performance of professional duties, he was not indifferent to any public measure that concerned the honour and prosperity of his country. He expressed his opinions, on all occasions, with candour and sincerity, and was ready, as far as the influence of his character extended, to counteract whatever he deemed pernicious, and to support whatever he thought beneficial to the community.

The writer has spoken of Mr. Wells more as an advocate than as a man. In the intercourse of private life, he was kind, hospitable and sincere. No man was ever more beloved by his friends. In the business and bustle of the world, he might appear reserved and severe; but in his family, and with his friends, the ease and playfulness of his conversation showed that there was nothing in his disposition of harshness or austerity. It is not *Hector* armed for combat, chiding, with stern impatience, the irresolute *Paris;* but the father unbinding, with a smile, the glittering terrors from his brow, and embracing his child, that most excites our sympathy and attachment.

In 1816, he married a lady (*a*) of *Charleston, South Carolina,* by whom he had two sons and two daughters, who are now living.

Mr. Wells was an unostentatious, but sincere believer in the doctrines of Christianity. Attached to the tenets and discipline of the Episcopal Church, he was exemplary in his attendance on its public worship. Active and liberal in promoting plans of public utility and improvement, he aided by his exertions and contribution, the establishment of the Episcopal Seminary for the educa-

(*a*) Miss S. E. Huger, (daughter of the late Daniel Huger, Esquire,) on the sacred privacy of whose sorrows, the writer will not intrude by any expression of his respect.

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tion of young men in the ministry. As a trustee of Columbia College, he was zealous in advancing the interests of literature and science, so closely connected with the prosperity of that institution.

On Wednesday, the 3d of September, 1823, Mr. Wells attended the Circuit Court of the United States, at the city hall, and returned to his country residence at Brooklyn, apparently in perfect health. In the night following, he was seized with a fever, which proved to be malignant. His physicians considering it, at first, as the ordinary fever of the season, encouraged hopes of his speedy recovery; and he bore his illness with so much patience and resignation, that his family were not seriously alarmed until a few hours before his death, which happened at 6 o'clock, on the morning of the 7th of September. The progress of his disease was so insidious and rapid, that he had no time to give directions about his affairs. Though his dissolution was sudden, a mind like his could not have been unfitted for the change; but his family and friends were wholly unprepared for the event. The death of no individual, since that of Hamilton, produced a greater or more general sensation of sorrow and regret. The members of the Bar assembled to express their grief for the loss of one whom they justly styled "the pride and ornament of their profession;" and, as a mark of their respect and esteem for his character, agreed to wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days; and a committee was authorized to cause a monumental tablet to be erected, as a further testimony of their respect for his memory.

Ars utinam mores, animumque effingere posset!
Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

For the Port Folio.

THE QUAKER DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE.

In the year 1791, the *Friends* presented a petition to the French National Assembly, in which they exhibited the principles of their sect in regard to society and government; and prayed that the same privileges which those of their persuasion enjoyed in England and the United States might be allowed to them. The address was distinguished by the simplicity of its style and the energy of its sentiments; and the reply of the President was in a liberal spirit. In allusion to their interpretation of the precept,—"*thou shalt not kill*," he shrewdly observed,

"You say, that one of your religious tenets forbids you to take up arms on any pretence whatever. It is certainly a no-

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ble, a philosophical principle, which does honour to humanity. But consider well, whether the defence of yourselves and your equals be not also a religious duty?—Since we have obtained liberty for you, why should you refuse to preserve it?—The Assembly will, in its wisdom, consider all your requests. But whenever I meet a Quaker, I shall say,

"My brother, if thou hast a right to be free, thou hast a right to prevent any one from making thee a slave.

"As thou lovest thy fellow creature, suffer not a tyrant to destroy him: it would be killing thyself.

"Thou desirest peace—but consider—weakness invites war.—General resistance would prove an universal peace.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence. Vol. 3. *by* ROBERT WALN, jun. *Philadelphia, R. M. Pomeroy*, 1823.

This work is calculated to gratify a laudable curiosity respecting the character, standing, and connexions of those persons under whose political guidance our independence was proclaimed; but we regret to find so many of the biographies in themselves uninteresting. An account of dates of appointments, of elections to office and of public proceedings, makes up too much of the substance of the narrative; and the tedium thereby occasioned, is not sufficiently enlivened by agreeable reflections or attractive incidents. The present volume has even less diversity of anecdote than the fourth, which we have already reviewed, and must depend for its value chiefly on the authenticity and accuracy of dates and facts. The lives which it contains are those of Edward Rutledge, Lyman Hall, Oliver Wolcott, Richard Stockton, Button Gwinnet, Josiah Bartlett, Philip Livingston and Roger Sherman; men who were active in the scenes of the revolution, possessed influence in public affairs, and merit our veneration for their patriotism and firmness, at a moment when those qualities were all important: some of them, especially Sherman, were conspicuous for strength of personal character and native vigour of intellect. The superior reputation which a few of the Congress of this period acquired by splendid talents, or eminent usefulness, ought not to detract from the estimation of others. They were all elevated to that high station by the confidence of their fellow citizens, who were not likely to entrust the safeguard of their liberties and properties at a perilous epoch to the care of weak or incompetent men, notwithstanding they might prove inferior to a gifted few, when the representatives of every portion of this extended country were convened together and graduated by each other. It was once aptly said, applying an allusion from scripture to the period of the revolution, that "there were giants in those days," and the men who declared independence are not certainly to be

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ranked among the feeblest of that class. They were not alike in size and power, but all enjoyed considerable influence at home, and swayed in a greater or less degree, the strength and interest of an integral portion of the Union, which, ill directed, might have produced disastrous effects. It is, moreover, to be observed, that some shone with peculiar lustre in one point of view, and even acquired permanent fame, whose capacity to be useful in other respects was comparatively slender. It has been said that Patrick Henry's first displays in Congress, exhibited all the traits of his impassioned elocution, and in that respect equalled public expectation, but were deficient in the practical wisdom which the crisis demanded. His influence for this reason soon diminished. On the other hand, Sherman, with his plain, strong sense, thorough study of the state of affairs and of the expedients adapted to them, convinced the understanding and directed the measures of his hearers, though destitute of the higher qualities of rhetoric; he therefore constantly gained in public opinion. The former was best calculated to commence a revolution: the latter was most serviceable in conducting it.

We shall proceed in our plan by selecting from Mr. Waln's third volume, those passages which we think will be the most interesting to our readers, and will best enable them to judge of the execution and merit of a work the subject of which all must admit is particularly interesting to the American reader.

Edward Rutledge (who must not be confounded with his brother John Rutledge, Chief Justice of the United States) was a gentleman of high respectability and some talent. He was born in 1749, in the state of South Carolina, in a wealthy family, and resided in that state till his death in 1800. He was well educated at home, and, as was the custom in those times, sent to England to study the law. He obtained, on his return, celebrity as a speaker, and was elected to Congress in 1774, at the early age of twenty five. In this body he was an active member; so much so as to be connected with Dr. Franklin and John Adams, on a highly important committee, at the gloomiest period of the revolution, when the American army had been driven from New York and retreated through New Jersey. In relating this event, an anecdote is told of Dr. Franklin, which reminds us of the celebrated letter that Lord Nelson, at a critical moment, sealed with so much care and deliberation, amid the din of battle at Copenhagen, to prevent the Danes from suspecting that he was agitated or alarmed.

"The British, deeming it a favourable crisis to renew their negociations for peace, or rather their intrigues to create divisions amongst us, a committee of congress was appointed, at the request of lord Howe, to confer with him on the proposals he should make; and Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and Mr. Rutledge, were deputed for that purpose." * * *

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"Upon taking leave of lord Howe, his lordship politely sent the commissioners to New York, in his own barge, and just as they were approaching the shore, the doctor began to chink some gold and silver coin in his breeches pocket, of which, upon their arrival at the wharf, he very formally offered a handful to the sailors who had rowed the boat. The commanding officer, not permitting them to accept the money, the doctor very deliberately replaced it in his pocket; when questioned by his associates upon so unexpected a procedure, he observed, 'As these people are under the impression that we have not a farthing of hard money in the country, I thought I would convince them of their mistake; I knew, at the same time time, that I risked nothing by an offer which their regulations and discipline would not permit them to accept."

Mr. Rutledge's services were not confined to the civil line; when dangers threatened, he appeared with his countrymen in the field.

"In 1779, the enemy landed at Port Royal island with a party of regular troops under major Beard, and in order to dislodge them, it was advisable to make a large draught from the Charleston militia. Mr. Rutledge, who was always active in civil or military services, at that time commanded a company in the ancient battalion of artillery. His friend, Thomas Heyward, also a signer of the Declaration of Independence, commanded another; and it was highly affecting and animating to see them both marching to the attack. The result is well known: the enemy, composed of well disciplined troops, and equal in number—certain of victory, owing to the different qualities of the respective forces, and the advantages of position which they possessed—and possessing assurance enough to propose a surrender at discretion—were nevertheless defeated and driven from the island."

"The person of Mr. Rutledge was above the middle size, and inclining to corpulency; his complexion was florid and fair, and if not what would be termed a handsome man, the expression of his countenance was universally admired. He lost the greater part of his hair early in life, the remainder being perfectly white, and curling on his neck; so that, had it not been for the goodness of his teeth, and the smoothness of his visage, and the fine flow of his spirits, he would have been considered a much older man than he was. His dress was always old-fashioned, and, although indifferent about it, he certainly would never have suffered a tailor to clothe him in the usual apparel of a man of his years. There was not the slightest affectation in this, but a man's consciousness of his age is proportioned to the activity and variety of his past life, and the scenes through which he has passed; hence his own appeared to himself to be longer than it was, according to the usual estimate. Being latterly afflicted with gout, his gait was infirm, and he walked with a cane: before he was debilitated

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by this disease, his step was steady and quick, his arms usually folded across his breast, or his hands interlocked behind. His general demeanor was serene and composed, and when in a sitting posture, he usually rested his chin upon his hand, as if in serious contemplation. Colonel Trumbull's small picture of the Declaration of Independence contains a good likeness of him; in the large portrait it is said not to be exactly preserved."

Lyman Hall, a delegate to Congress from Georgia, was a native of Connecticut, where he was born in 1731. He emigrated to Georgia in 1752, and died there about the year 1790. He received a classical education, and studied medicine. Mr. Hall has singular merit in one respect, that of representing in the Congress of 1774, a single parish of Georgia, the rest of the state not falling in with the general current of liberty till 1775. But except this, we have little or nothing worth notice in this brief biography, unless it be the description of the personal appearance of this gentleman.

"He was about six feet high, and finely proportioned: his manners were easy and polite, and his deportment affable and dignified: the force of his enthusiasm was tempered by discretion, and he was firm in all his purposes and principles: the ascendancy which he gained sprung from his mild, persuasive manner, and calm, unruffled temper. Possessed of a strong, discriminating mind, he had the power of imparting his energy to others, and was peculiarly fitted to flourish in the perplexing and perilous scenes of the revolution."

Oliver Wolcott of Connecticut, was born in 1726, and died in 1797. He was graduated at Yale College, and served in the colonial service of New York. He afterwards studied medicine. He assisted in the reduction of Burgoyne, and in other military capacities, and served several years in congress. He appears to have been a modest retiring man, not distinguished by any shining qualities, but respected for useful ones.

Richard Stockton was born in New Jersey in 1730, and died in 1781. He was a graduate of Princeton College, and became afterwards a lawyer of eminence.

"He was frequently invited to conduct cases of importance in the neighbouring colony of Pennsylvania, where he acquired the friendship and esteem of Dickenson, Shippen, Chew, and other distinguished members of the bar. In 1763, he received the degree of Serjeant at law.

"Having acquired a very competent fortune, he relaxed from the toils of professional business in the years 1766 and 1767, and visited England, Scotland, and Ireland. He embarked at New York in the month of June, 1766, for London, where he safely arrived after a prosperous passage. The fame of his high character and distinguished abilities had preceded him, and he was received with flattering attention by the most eminent men of the

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kingdom. He was presented at the court of St. James by one of the king's ministers, and had the honour of personally presenting to his majesty an address of the trustees of the college of New Jersey, signed by Edward Shippen, Esq. then president of the board, acknowledging the condescension manifested by the king towards the colonies, in the repeal of the stamp act: this address was favourably received. The services rendered by Mr. Stockton to the college during his visit to Great Britain, were so numerous and various, that on his return to America he received the formal thanks of the board of trustees.

"He was freely consulted on the state of American affairs by the marquis of Rockingham, whose hospitality he enjoyed during a week's residence at his country seat in Yorkshire, and, it is believed, by the earl of Chatham, and other distinguished members of parliament, who were friendly to the American colonies. He frankly communicated to these gentlemen his decided opinion against the policy which had originated the stamp act, then so prudently and happily repealed, and assured them of his firm conviction that the colonists would never submit to be taxed by the British parliament.

"In the months of February and March, A. D. 1767, he visited the capital of North Britain, where he was received with flattering marks of friendship and respect by many eminent noblemen, gentlemen, and literati, of that part of the kingdom. He often adverted in a particular manner to the hospitality and politeness of the earl of Leven. This illustrious nobleman was the commander-in-chief of Edinburgh castle, and resided in that city. His princely hospitality towards strangers in general, and particularly respectable Americans, was very conspicuous, and he favoured Mr. Stockton with his peculiar confidence and friendship. So general, indeed, was the friendly disposition manifested towards him at Edinburgh, that soon after his arrival, he was visited in a formal manner by the lord provost and council of that city, who complimented him with a public dinner, at which an address was delivered by the lord provost, congratulating him on his safe arrival in the Capital of the North. They unanimously conferred upon him the freedom of the city, as a testimony of the public sense of his conspicuous character and talents, which honour was acknowledged by Mr. Stockton in a suitable address, delivered with that superior eloquence for which he was at all times so highly distinguished.

"At this period he visited the ancient town of Paisley, near Glasgow, where he was deputed by the trustees of the college of New Jersey to visit the Rev. Doctor Witherspoon, who had been recently elected president of that institution. The reluctance, however, of the female branches of his family to emigrate to America, had induced him to decline the appointment, and Mr. Stockton was authorized to employ all his powers of persuasion

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in favour of the college, to procure the reversal of that decision. Happily his strong representations materially promoted the interests of the college, by removing many of those objections which had caused that eminent divine to reject the appointment. Upon reconsideration, he, a few months subsequent to the interview with Mr. Stockton, acceded to the nomination. The determination of Doctor Witherspoon was not only of material benefit to the college, but to the country at large. His profound learning and distinguished character imparted additional lustre and celebrity to the seat of learning over which he presided, and the cause of the colonists found a powerful support during the revolutionary contest, in the fervent patriotism, matured experience, and eminent wisdom, of that great statesman."

"His eyes were of a light gray colour, and his physiognomy open, agreeable and manly. When silent, or uninterested in conversation, there was nothing remarkably attractive in his countenance, but when his mind was excited, his eyes instantly assumed a corresponding brilliancy, his whole appearance became excessively interesting, and every look and action strongly expressive of such emotions as he wished to produce. The portrait exhibited in the Declaration of Independence, a painting by colonel Trumbull, does not afford a just resemblance of Mr. Stockton. That eminent artist, not possessing the opportunity of procuring it from the living object, was compelled to copy it from a portrait of Mr. Stockton, not only indifferently executed, but which had been delineated in the early part of his life."

Button Gwinnet, born in England in 1732, fell in a duel with Gen. M'Intosh of Georgia, in 1777. His pursuits were mercantile.

Josiah Bartlett was born in Massachusetts in 1729, and died in 1795. He studied medicine and attained distinction in the profession.

When the question on the Declaration was to be taken, "the name of Dr. Bartlett was first called, and he answered in the affirmative; the other states were then called in rotation. John Hancock, the president of congress, first signed the declaration, and was immediately followed by Dr. Bartlett, he being the first who voted for, and the first after the president, who signed that important document."

The following anecdote will remind some of our readers of *the days when they were young*.

"After the British entered Philadelphia, the ladies attendant on their army taught the American ladies of that city the use of high head-dresses, crape cushions, and other extravagancies of London fashions. When the British evacuated Philadelphia, the ladies of the tory families always appeared with their fashionable apparatus, while the gentlemen had dismissed their small round hats, and substituted a large kind, decorated with three corners. These customs beginning to prevail among the other citizens, some of the

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whigs, in order to check their progress by salutary ridicule, dressed a negro wench in the full costume of a loyal lady, conveyed her to the place of resort where the fashionables displayed their towering topknots and jutting magnificence, and seated her in the most conspicuous place. They afterwards carried her through the city, to the great chagrin of the devotees of the visionary divinity. But nothing could stem the progress of the fashion, which, for a season, became general throughout America."

Philip Livingston of New York, was born in 1716, and died in 1778. He was educated at Yale. It is stated that

"As low down as 1746, there were not more than fifteen persons in the whole colony who had received the honours of a college or university; and in this number were included lieutenant governor Delancey, Mr. Smith, the historian of New York, afterwards chief justice of Canada, Mr. Livingston, and his three brothers. The high standing of his family entitled him to a correspondent education, and, after preliminary instruction, he was sent to Yale College in Connecticut, where he graduated in 1737.

"To the revocation of the edict of Nantz, New York is greatly indebted for its primitive prosperity. Many of the Huguenots of France found an asylum in this remote region, and introduced an enterprising spirit of commerce and a laudable taste for general improvement; and, extraordinary as it may appear, an additional impetus was given to these important propensities by emigrations commencing in 1735, from the Bermudas. The descendants of these different classes of emigrants have been among the most useful and distinguished inhabitants of New York. As the pursuit of commerce was the ruling passion of the times, the principal families of the city were engaged in it; and the young men were usually sent from the writing school to the counting house, and from thence to the West Indies. With the superior advantages of an excellent education, Mr. Livingston embarked in the same profession, and was soon engaged in extensive operations: And his inflexible integrity, and sagacious, enlarged, and comprehensive views, laid the foundation, and erected the superstructure of extraordinary prosperity."

"Each colony had a minister under the denomination of agent, to manage its concerns with the court of Great Britain. This agent was appointed by the representatives of the people exclusively, and an attempt in New York to make the appointment by the concurrence of all the branches of the colonial legislature, was put down at once by the general assembly. On the 21st of December, 1770, the celebrated Edmund Burke was unanimously chosen agent of New York, with a salary of five hundred pounds, in the room of Robert Charles, deceased. A regular correspondence was maintained between a committee of the general assembly and the agent. This committee was entrusted with the exterior interests, or foreign relations, of the province, and Mr. Livingston was ap-

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pointed one of its members, an office of great trust and high importance; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Burke derived from his communication with his constituents, those masterly and luminous views of the state of the colonies, which enabled him, in the British house of commons, to eclipse all competition, and to overwhelm all opposition."

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, whose biography closes this volume, sustained a considerable reputation among his cotemporaries for sagacity and judgment, and the numerous public situations he successively filled are evidence that he deserved it. It has not been, we believe, so generally known, that, like Franklin and Rittenhouse, he struggled through all the disadvantages attending a humble parentage, and the pursuit of a mechanical trade. Sherman was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and even followed that business till he was upwards of 22 years of age.

"It is recorded of Mr. Sherman that he was accustomed to sit at his work with a book before him, devoting to study every moment that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged. The same thirst for knowledge was evinced by Dr. Franklin whilst he laboured as a tallow-chandler in the shop of his father, and during his apprenticeship as a printer, to his brother. Upon the removal of the family, in 1723, Mr. Sherman travelled, with his tools, on foot, to New Milford, where he continued to work at his trade for some time. Dr. Franklin, at the age of seventeen, performed his pedestrian journey to Philadelphia in search of employment, the circumstances of which are so admirably depicted in the simple and engaging narrative of his life."

Instances of this kind are not only memorable as exhibiting the extraordinary worth of the individual, who thus elevates himself beyond the common level, but are useful examples to mankind.

Sherman was born in Massachusetts, in 1721, and died in 1793. He removed to Connecticut at an early age, and spent his life chiefly in that state. His education was only that of a common country school; yet, by his industry, he so much improved his mind, as to fill, during his life, the offices of judge, member of Congress, during the Revolution and under the Constitution, member of the convention that formed the Constitution, and senator of the United States, and held them not only with reputation and ability, but with the exercise of a considerable share of influence over the most important measures of the country, in its trying times. Few members of the Revolutionary Congress seem to have had more of a business-doing character than Roger Sherman. He was an able speaker, at the same time that he was looked up to in a peculiar manner as a prudent and wise counsellor. Indeed there is a considerable similarity in his character, taken altogether, to that of Cato the elder: the same success in bursting through the obstacles of humble birth and narrow means: the same severe simplicity

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and gravity; strong practical wisdom; a turn for popular assemblies, and for influencing the opinions of others; add to this a public zeal, industry, and disinterestedness worthy of the best ages of a republic.

"In August, 1774, the committee of correspondence nominated Mr. Sherman, in conjunction with Joseph Trumbull, Eliphalet Dyer, and Silas Dean, esquires, as proper persons to attend the general congress of the colonies, for the purpose of consulting and advising 'on proper measures for advancing the best good of the colonies.' Mr. Sherman, agreeably to this appointment, was present at the opening of the first congress; and it is an honour of which few can boast, that he invariably continued a member of congress until his death in 1793, embracing the long period of nineteen years, whenever the law requiring a rotation in office, admitted it.

"It is impossible to enumerate the various services rendered by Mr. Sherman during his congressional career. The novel and responsible situation to which he was now elevated, was well calculated to elicit the firmness of his character, and the comprehensiveness of his political sagacity. Although he united his efforts to those of the assembled representatives, in their honest endeavours to preserve at once the peace of the country, and the rights of its citizens, he appears to have been decidedly convinced, that nothing but unconditional submission could avert the horrors of civil war; and he fully evinced, by the energetic measures which he zealously supported, that, in his opinion, it was far preferable to endure sorrow for a season, than sink into a long and degrading servitude.

"As a representative and senator in congress, he appeared with distinguished reputation. Others were more admired for brilliancy of imagination, splendour of eloquence, and the graces of polished society; but there were few, even in that assemblage of eminent characters, whose judgment was more respected, or whose opinions were more influential. The boldness of his counsels, the decisive weight of his character, the steadiness of his principles, the inflexibility of his patriotism, his venerable appearance, and his republican manners, presented to the imagination the idea of a Roman senator, in the early and most exemplary days of the commonwealth.

"In the business of committees, generally so arduous and fatiguing, he was undoubtedly one of the most serviceable and indefatigable members of that body. His unwearied application,—the remarkable perseverance with which he pursued and completed the matters confided to his investigation,—and the regular system by which all his proceedings were governed,—when joined to his great prudence, acknowledged talents, and unshaken virtue,—attracted universal confidence; hence a large and important share of the public business, particularly when referred

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to committees, was assigned to him, in conjunction with other leading members of the house."

"The foundation of his usefulness as a man, and his distinction as a statesman, was *integrity*, which, at an early period, formed one of the principal ground-works of his character, and was founded upon religious principle. All his actions seem to have been preceded by a rigorous self-examination, and the secret interrogatories of "*What is right?*"—"*What course ought I to pursue?*" He never propounded to himself the questions of "*How will it affect my interest?*"—"*Will it be popular?*" Hence his reputation for integrity was so unquestionable, that, in all the various decisions of public questions in which he had a voice, it is not probable that any man suspected him of a selfish bias, or of sinister motives, however strongly he may have been opposed to the measures which Mr. Sherman considered it his duty to support. This high quality, which is one of the most essential supports of religion and morality, and without which, no redeeming virtues can elevate man from his abasement, will, at least in some degree, account for the extraordinary influence which he enjoyed in deliberative bodies. He possessed the essential requisite of an orator, mentioned by Cicero;—he was universally considered, and was in fact, *a good man*. When he reasoned, and expressed his opinion of any subject, no apprehensions were entertained by his hearers that any thing was concealed with a view to mislead, or that one reason was assigned, while a different one influenced his decision. Many anecdotes attest the unbounded confidence which was entertained for the judgment of Mr. Sherman. Fisher Ames was accustomed to express his opinion by saying, "That if he happened to be out of his seat when a subject was discussed, and came in when the question was about to be taken, he always felt safe in voting as Mr. Sherman did; *for he always voted right.*" The late Dr. Spring, of Newburyport, was returning from the south, while congress was sitting in Philadelphia. Mr. Jefferson accompanied him to the hall, and designated several distinguished members of that body: in the course of this polite attention, he pointed in a certain direction, and exclaimed, "That is Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, a man who never said a foolish thing in his life." Mr. Macon, now a distinguished member of the senate of the United States, once remarked to Mr. Reed, of Marblehead, formerly a member of congress, that "Roger Sherman had more common sense than any man he ever knew." Washington uniformly treated Mr. Sherman with great respect and attention, and gave undoubted proof that he regarded his public services as eminently valuable. The late Dr. Edwards, one of the most eminent divines which this country has produced, was accustomed to speak of him under the appellation of "my great and good friend, senator Sherman." As this eulogium was contained in the most confidential and unreserved correspondence,

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with persons beyond the Atlantic, it may be considered as the most decided and impartial testimony to superior worth. The late Dr. Dwight, when instructing the senior class at Yale College, observed, that Mr. Sherman was remarkable for not speaking in debate without suggesting something new or important, which frequently gave a different character to the discussion. He also remarked, that he had acquired one of the rarest attainments in English composition, being the accurate use of the particles in our language: this circumstance is the more remarkable, as he was almost entirely self-taught.

"In his person Mr. Sherman was considerably above the common stature: his form was erect and well proportioned, his complexion very fair, and his countenance manly, and agreeable, indicating mildness, benignity, and decision. He did not neglect those smaller matters, without the observance of which a high station cannot be sustained with propriety and dignity. In his dress, he was plain, but remarkably neat; and in his treatment of men of every class, he was universally affable and obliging. In the private relations of husband, father, and friend, he was uniformly kind, affectionate, faithful and constant."

We meet with considerable blemishes in the composition of this volume. The following sentences are, to say the least, most unhappily expressed. The author, to illustrate the idea that in our country all may engage in the pursuit of eminence and distinction with equal rights, merit being the only title to honour, uses this figure: "The ass which grazes the parish common, may enter for the plate against the purest blood of Arabia, *with equal chance of success!*" p. 205. In p. 15, Mr. Rutledge is spoken of as being "*coeval* on the poll" with Middleton, Lynch, and others.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PENNSYLVANIA DELINEATED BY VOLTAIRE.

In glancing over the pages of the *Philosophical Dictionary*, which was published about the year 1727, shortly after the author's return from England, we were struck by the following apostrophe to our Commonwealth, in his essay *on the Religion of the Quakers*; and have translated it for the benefit of our readers. Keith, who seems to have excited the horror of Voltaire, was well known here in his day. He was a Scotchman, and, by education, a presbyterian; but he became a quaker. Disowned by that body, he went to England and died a minister in the established church. He was not sentenced to banishment, as might be inferred from the language of Voltaire.

"If a sea-voyage were not an intolerable evil to me, it would be into thy bosom, Pennsylvania! that I should go, to finish what remains of my career. Thou art situated in the fortieth degree, in a climate the mildest and most genial. Thy soil is fertile: thy inhabitants industrious: thy houses commodiously built: thy manufacturers respectable. A perpetual peace reigns among thy

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citizens: crimes are there almost unknown: and there is but a single example of a man being banished from thy country. He deserved it well. It was an English clergyman, who having turned quaker, was unworthy of being so. This unfortunate man was, no doubt, possessed of the devil, for he dared to preach intolerance: he called himself George Keith; he was driven away: I know not whither he went: but would that all intolerants had accompanied him.

"Besides, of three hundred thousand of thy happy inhabitants, there are two hundred thousand foreigners. For twelve guineas a hundred acres of good land may be purchased; and on this hundred acres a man is really a king, for he is free, he is a citizen. You are not allowed to injure another, and no one can injure you; you think as you please, and speak what you think, without the danger of persecution. You are a stranger to the burden of taxes, continually redoubled: you are not obliged to pay court to any one, nor are you exposed to the insolence of an officious subaltern."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COMPLAINT OF THE PUBLIC.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Ever since the days of your predecessor, the immortal Isaac Bickerstaffe, it has been the privilege of the discontented to lay their complaints at the feet of some kind-hearted editor. Whether any benefit has ever resulted from the practice, and how far it may be affected by the recent revival of the ducking-stool in our peaceable city, I am not able to say. It is, however, some comfort to relate our grievances, and therefore, without further preface, I shall proceed to state my case.

I am not able to inform you when or where I was born; but it may be enough to say that I am somewhat ancient, and have a numerous family. They exhibit every variety of taste, temper and habit, from which collisions frequently arise; but they are soon adjusted, and we could get along very well, if it were not for those numscults—the conductors of the daily press. These persons are in the constant practice of using my name, and misrepresenting my views, feelings, and wishes, without consulting me. This is very impertinent; besides being sometimes productive of inconvenience. Thus I am represented as being at one and the same time, in raptures at the babbooneries of a circus-tumbler, and groaning under the fervid declamation of the fashionable pulpit orator of the day; when, in fact, I have neither seen the one or heard the other. I am overjoyed whenever a high prize is drawn, though, ninety-nine times in a hundred, I know not who is the fortunate gambler, and I have always regarded such things

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as nuisances, from which many of my family have suffered much misery. I am made to sympathize with every careless rogue whose house is burnt down; and I experience irreparable losses almost daily in the deaths of persons, of whose very existence I had been ignorant. If a poor wight produces a book of little performance, after having excited high expectations by magnificent promises, all its imperfections are ascribed to my impatience; or the dearth of readers and purchasers is attributed to my want of discernment. Every now and then it is boldly asserted that I am in want of a new magazine, to instil the principles of virtue, to create a national character, to cherish American literature, to effect, in short, a variety of important objects which have been most unaccountably neglected by those journals which I have cheerfully supported for a long series of years. Forthwith there creeps from the press, a wretched starvling, without education, without manners, destitute of brains, and even ignorant of the art of spelling. Number after Number, it drags its slow length along, boasting all the while of my favour, and challenging comparison with the best of the British publications! In a short time, however, a nipping frost arrives; the truth is disclosed, and we learn that instead of having had my patronage, it was supported by a conspiracy between the printers and the trunkmakers, to get a little money out of the slender purse of some poor devil of a magaziner. Instead of affording any countenance to this prolific race of unprofitable labourers, who are "sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep," I assure you, Mr. Oldschool, that with the exception of yourself, and your clever competitors at Boston, I have shown little favour to periodicals of domestic manufacture. If they come from abroad, and are pretty well seasoned with sarcasm on the manners, habits, and principles of my "people," I hail their arrival, and disperse them extensively, because they take the labour of scolding off my hands. I am accused of always spoiling what I take a liking to; of neglecting merit, and of patronising dulness and impertinence, without discrimination or judgment. Silvester Daggerwood calls me discerning and liberal on the night before his benefit, and Cobbet stigmatizes me as addlepated when he is detected in a plan to humbug me. If a horse-thief break jail and escape, I am represented by these wiseacre editors, as so deeply concerned in his detection, that it might be supposed I had nothing else to do but to pursue such pests of society; when, in fact, I would much rather, as Dogberry says, be thankful that I had got rid of a troublesome fellow. Every body knows that I am cheated and robbed every day by my servants and agents, and that in consequence of my easiness of disposition, I never go to law about it. So well is this understood, that whenever a vacancy happens, there is always a crowd of suitors, with reams of recommendations, professing the utmost devotion to my interests; when in fact, they are conscious that

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they only intend to fill their pockets out of my coffers. Very often when an idle, lazy, and perhaps drunken, husband, is removed from this scene, and the almost broken heart of his wife recovers its elasticity, and there is a hope that the sun of her days may not go down in sadness, the papers blazon it forth that I have sustained a loss which can never be repaired, and I am sympathizing with his afflicted family; when, in truth, they are not sorry, and I am glad to be relieved from a spectacle which was always odious to me. Idle men are particularly pernicious, in the neighbourhood of one who has so many concerns as have been committed to me. They are tempting syrens, who seduce the heedless into irregular habits; and they take away the incitements to industry by devouring its rewards. It is incredible how many men of this description drag on from day to day, a life which is unfruitful to themselves and burthensome to others, without shame for the present or solicitude for the future. They think themselves entitled to live upon me, because they profess to be ready to work for me, if I would furnish them with employment: as if it was my duty to provide for those who neglect the most important duty to themselves! Yet such is the inconsistency of the editors, that they allege that I support this idleness, and most amiably bewail the loss of the individual. Many of the charitable institutions, in which food is given to the poor, are said to have been established because *I* saw the necessity of them, and then *I* am represented as rejoicing at the large number of objects which has been relieved, and which, in the natural course of things, will increase in proportion as the means of support are augmented. Now, if I had my own way in such matters, and if my good name were not usurped by a set of society-mongers, who are as eager for notoriety as ever a belle was for admiration, there should be no such thing *established.* I would relieve those who deserved it; but I would not have it known that a society of men had been organized to seek for objects of charity, which is the most ingenious mode of multiplying them that could be devised.

I have much more of this nature to complain of, but I fear you will think me tedious. Now, Mr. Oldschool, as you have had many substantial tokens of my regard during the five and twenty years that I have stuck by you, I beg you will take my case into consideration, and see that justice be done to

THE PUBLIC.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1824.

Philadelphia, Carey and Lea, 1824. pp. 238, 18mo.

This is, as set forth in the title page, "a brief account of the various institutions and public objects in this Metropolis." The work possesses much interest, and is embellished by a beautiful

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view of Fair Mount, engraved by Childs, from a painting by Doughty;—(in which the graver has done justice to the taste of the pencil,) a panorama of the principal objects of interest—a plan of the State House, and an excellent map of the city and districts. There is, however, one important quality as to which it is defective, namely, accuracy—which is an essential requisite to the perfection of a book of this nature. The compiler has collected a considerable mass of information; but his work appears to have been rather hastily and carelessly done. It is to be hoped that in the future editions, which the publishers propose, the inaccuracies of the present will be corrected.

Some of these errors are manifestly the result of hasty inadvertence; for example in page 21, we are told, that for each ward, "*an inspector*" is annually elected. It is well known, that *two* are chosen. At page 82, it is said, that "the different banks are open every day except Sundays, Christmas, and the Fourth of July." Some of them are closed on other days also. Again; at p. 118, "the lectures begin on the first Monday of *October*." They begin in *November*.

To the same cause may be attributed the following assertions and statements, viz. "The Arch Street Prison is situated on the south side of Arch, between Broad Street and Schuylkill *Sixth*." (p. 138.) "The drains (of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal) constructed merely for the passage of waste water, are *nearly equal in magnitude to the largest canal* of the state of New York. (p. 158.) That the yellow fever has not appeared in the city since the introduction of the Schuylkill water; (p. 172.) and that Fair Mount is situated at the west end of *Callowhill* street.

The same hurry has produced several violations of grammar and improprieties in language: e. g. "The board *has* also power and *are* required." (p. 187.) The author writes, "storey" "storeys" throughout, and speaks of "flights of *stair-cases*," meaning stairs; (p. 194.) twice he uses "number of *diseases*" for number of *cases of sickness*.

Other errors have arisen perhaps, from misinformation, and must be rectified.

In his account of the University, (p. 116.) he states that "the Rev. Dr. *Wm. Smith* being supposed disaffected to the cause of the Revolution was removed." An author ought to be particularly cautious how he ventures to make an assertion affecting the character of any one, especially of a person deceased. In the present instance, there is no necessity for such an aspersion, and the statement is not founded on fact. Dr. Smith never was removed at all; he was principal of one institution, and Dr. Ewing of another; when these were united, the professors were elected from among those of the two seminaries, and the latter being a gentleman of infinitely better qualifications than his competitor, Dr. Ewing was the successful candidate. This is the plain fact.

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As to the patriotism of Dr. Smith, his published sermons are adequate to sustain his reputation.

The Sinking Fund of the city is stated in page 170, at above $100,000 less than its actual amount, which is $239,095,73 and not $116,523,54, according to this Compiler.

Another source of incorrectness and inconsistency, too, may be found in our author's over-zeal to magnify the glory of this Metropolis. A jealousy of our sister city, New York, seems to interfere. To these must be referred the miscalculation in pages 30, 31, on the relative population of the two cities. After giving the population of our city and county—137,497, an endeavour is made to show that Philadelphia is, "in respect to population, the first city of the Union."

"The whole population of the city and county of Philadelphia, was, as we have seen, 136,497." "Now if we deduct from this amount the returns of the several townships of the county, which are not properly part of the suburbs, and of which the population may be stated in round numbers at 15,000, we shall find the true number of the population, in the built parts of the city, to have been 121,497."

Let us calculate for ourselves, not taking 15,000 in *round numbers*, but the actual numbers from the previously given table.

Passyunk,	1638
Frankford,	1405
Oxford,	1315
Blockley,	2655
Kingsessing,	1183
Roxborough,	1682
Germantown,	4311
Bristol,	1257
Northern Liberties, (out part)	1810
Lower Dublin,	2640
Moreland,	443
Byberry,	876
	21,220

Penn and Moyamensing are not taken into the account, but we see the difference between *round* numbers and the reality to be upwards of six thousand.

The commercial prosperity of our sister city is attributed to her "proximity to the ocean." It may be suggested, that Perth Amboy, with an excellent harbour, never rivalled New York; that Philadelphia has outstripped New Castle, and Baltimore has flourished more than Norfolk or Annapolis.

Let us not be jealous. Our city has had her share of all advantages, and will always be admired and esteemed even if she should have a few hundreds less population or less extensive commerce, than her neighbour possesses.

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Part IV, containing miscellaneous facts relating to our internal wealth, manufactures, &c. exhibits abundant proof that Philadelphia is still more powerful in resources, notwithstanding the diminution of our commerce. It is shown in several statistical tables, that our trade is steadily augmenting. In the amount of exports, New York stands first, Boston second, and Philadelphia third: in the *domestic* exports, Philadelphia is before Boston, and in foreign exports, Boston takes the lead of New York. The imports to New York and Philadelphia, cannot be stated precisely, because a large amount of what is ordered by the traders of the latter city, is brought into the ports of the former, and helps to swell the records of the Custom House of that district. The total of our outstanding tonnage is upwards of 82,000 tons. During the first six months of the present year, 215 ships from foreign ports entered our harbour. The looms employed in the manufacture of cotton, produce annually 9,984,000 yards of cloth, which, at 25 cents a yard, amounts to $1,996,800, which are supposed to be divided as follows: to the planters, $391,515; the spinners, $446,428; the weavers and spoolers, $648,960; the master-weavers, on the interest of money and profit, $49,920; the merchant for dye stuffs, freight and commissions, $349,102. There are fifteen breweries, in which malt liquor to the amount of $300,000 is annually vended. It is estimated that about 3000 females are in the employ of the taylors. We have 148 lawyers nibbling at our parchments, and 117 physicians drenching us with drugs. In a much more important matter, it redounds little to our credit, to find that we employ no more than 30 gentlemen in the cure of souls. Property is first, health a secondary object, and religion lags behind after a long interval.

The great boast of New York is her canal; and it deserves to be regarded as a magnificent enterprise. But it must be remembered, that much of that work was done on foreign capital, and that it was supported by the earnest co-operation of the whole state. By consulting this book, we find that the citizens of Philadelphia, have advanced upon their own responsibility, for the promotion of internal improvement, a sum far exceeding the whole amount expended on the New York canal: e. g.

Bridges over the Schuylkill, &c.	$424,000
Subscriptions to the Susquehannah and Schuylkill canal, (old and new)	950,000
Schuylkill Navigation Company,	1,500,000
Lehigh do.	500,000
Chesapeake and Delaware (old and new)	900,000
Conewago falls, made with Philadelphia capital,	100,000
Lancaster and other turnpikes leading to the city, and constructed with its capital; water works, &c.	2,810,00
Total	$7,184,000

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The public debt of the United States, on the first of January last, was $90,451,834,24; of which there is held in this city, $43,509,211,52; something less than a moiety of this sum is owned by foreigners; the balance belongs to our own citizens and corporate bodies. The interest on this, amounts to nearly two millions and a half. In the Bank of the United States, Philadelphia holds 37,269 shares, which, (at $122) may be valued at $4,545,818. We have ten other banks in the City and Liberties, the aggregate amount of whose capital stock is $9,816,000. Nine Insurance companies present an aggregate of $4,000,000. Our real and personal estate may be computed at $105,142,160. The "grand total of the whole," to borrow an expression from a prominent reformer in the British Parliament, (Mr. Hume) is $158,286,478. The annual expenses of our Commonwealth amount to about $325,000, of which, this city pays $260,000, or four fifths. This is a fact which should be pressed upon the people throughout the whole state, in order to remove the pitiful jealousy and injurious policy so prevalent among the community in regard to the metropolis. The recent visit of the Governor, to the city, has inspired him, we hope, with better notions. We have eighteen newspapers, of which ten are daily. Of these latter, the number of impressions annually printed, exceeds three millions.

An attempt was made by the compiler of this volume, to form an estimate of the value of goods sent by those immense wagons, which were recently described by Cobbett, in one of his characteristic passages. Failing in this purpose, the compiler states the business of a single house, in 1823, to wit: 200 wagons, the average weight of which was 4000 lbs.—the freight, at $3 per 100, was $24,000. The taxable inhabitants in the city and county, by the last official return, (1821) amounted to 27,892, which is an increase of 8,023 persons, since the last septennial return of 1814. By the first quoted return, the taxables in the whole commonwealth, amounted to 208,512: the whole population, by the census of 1820, was 1,049,458; so that one out of every five, is a taxable. In 1820, we had 7331 negroes, 2585 of whom resided in families as servants; of these, 846 were males, and 1739 females. Of the remainder, (4746) there were 2115 males who kept house or lived in families of their own hue, and 2631 females.

In the same year, the suburbs contained 3398 of this troublesome race, of whom (182 males and 343 females) 525 were servants. The number of this class of beings has evidently diminished, and we hope the time may come when not a black visage will be seen in our streets. They are a pernicious and irreclaimable race, whose insolence and ignorance seem to be increased by the means which have been taken to befriend them.

Part V, contains an enumeration of the various religious institutions in this city. There are, it seems, 88 edifices devoted to

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this object, and 77 congregations. The Presbyterians have 17 churches, the Methodists 13, the Episcopalians 10, the Quakers 5, &c.

Part VI, exhibits an account of the various institutions for charitable and humane purposes, which are maintained in Philadelphia, at an annual expense of not less than six hundred thousand dollars, according to the estimate of our author.

The Seventh Part presents a minute view of our commercial institutions; such as banks, insurance companies, &c.

Of the state of our literature, philosophy, the sciences and arts, some information is given in the eighth part. This is not so ample as we could wish. The funds of the City Library are not stated. There were other persons, besides Dr. Franklin, who are quite as much entitled to our gratitude for the establishment of this institution. The writer has very properly expressed a disapprobation of the practice of opening the doors only in the afternoon. He assigns as a reason for it, a dislike among the proprietors to innovate on the ancient usage. Those who listened to the discussions on this subject, not long ago, when an attempt was made to establish a better regulation, will not hesitate in ascribing it to a want of liberal and accommodating spirit. It was stated, on that occasion, that a single dollar a year from each stockholder, in addition to the *two* which they now pay, would defray the extra expense; but that dollar could not be obtained, and this rich repository of intellectual treasures, is locked up during those hours when the student is best qualified to explore them. "They manage these things better in France."*

No place in Philadelphia offers so pleasant a retreat to a literary lounger as the Athenæum, in the State House Yard. It contains upwards of three thousand volumes, about fifty of our own

* We beg leave to submit the following passage from Warton's *Life of Milton*, to the consideration of those stockholders, who, because "they can read their books at home," refuse to contribute a small mite for the advancement of learning:—"From the regularity of his pursuits, the purity of his pleasures, his temperance, and general simplicity of life, Milton habitually became an early riser. Hence he gained an acquaintance with the beauties of the morning, which he so frequently contemplated with delight, and has, therefore, so repeatedly described, in all their various appearances. In the *Apology for Smectymnus*, he declares, "those morning haunts are where they should be, at home: not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often before the sound of any bell awakens men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft as the bird that first rouses, or not much tardyer, to read good authors, &c." In *L'Allegro*, one of the first delights of his cheerful man, is to hear "the lark begin her flight." His lovely landscape of Eden always wears its most attractive charms at sun-rising, and seems most delicious to our first parents, "at that season prime for sweetest scents and airs." In the present instance, he more particularly alludes to the stated early hours of a collegiate life, which he shared, "on the self-same hill, with his friend Lycidas, at Cambridge."

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newspapers, several from abroad, and all the literary and scientific journals, foreign and domestic, which are of sufficient value to attract the notice of the Directors. The doors are opened early enough to anticipate the diligence of a Stephens,* and they are not closed until ten o'clock at night. The books are in open cases; so that a reader is not subjected to the unpleasantness of calling upon the librarian, whenever his curiosity or his love of change requires a volume. Stationary is furnished without stint to those who wish to write. On such liberal arrangements it may scarcely be credited that any one would trespass; yet some of the rules have been violated in a manner which calls for the most pointed reprobation. Books are frequently taken away from the rooms for several days and even weeks; and sometimes they are never returned. The actual loss, however, has never amounted to more than ten or fifteen dollars in a year. Pictures are occasionally *conveyed*, as Pistol would say, from their proper places; and impertinent annotations are now and then inscribed upon the margins of books. These are offences against law and good fellowship, to employ the mildest phrase, which a gentleman should be ashamed to commit; but we fear they will be repeated, until the Directors enforce the law which empowers them to forfeit the share of the delinquent and exclude him from the right of *entree*. The price of a share is $25, and the holder pays annually $4. Annual subscribers pay $8; semi-annual, $5. Strangers may be introduced by a stockholder or subscriber. Upwards of a thousand persons of this description are annually admitted, and a register of their names and places of abode is preserved. In the rear of the building is the State House Yard, where the student may enjoy the advantage of exercise, or indulge his mind in the delights of literary reverie. Here he may be amused in beholding

> ——the *youthful* train, from *college* free
> Lead up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
> And many a gambol frolick o'er the ground
> And flights of art and feats of strength go round.

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* The learned author of the *Pursuits of Literature* pays a classical compliment to this distinguished expounder of Shakspeare:

> Come then, I'll breathe at large ethereal air,
> Far from the bar, the senate and the court,
> And in Avonian fields with Stephens sport,
> (Whom late from Hampstead journeying to his book,
> *Aurora oft for Cephalus mistook*,
> What time he brushed her dews with hasty pace,
> To meet the printer's dev'let face to face:)

To those who are not acquainted with the history of the person whose industry is here commemorated, it may be necessary to add the note on the passage just quoted.---The author says, "he used to leave his Tusculum, the seat of Stephens and of wisdom, at

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Or, if he has been dwelling upon the eventful story of our early struggles for liberty, and is not in a mood to be pleased, by

The playful children just let loose from school,

he may view the Hall of Independence, and recal the names of sages who walked under the same venerable elms, which now afford him their friendly shade, and meditated on schemes for their country's good. These are the same walks which were trod by Franklin, and Jay, and Laurens; here the fiery Wayne was restrained by the coolness of Greene, and regulated by the sagacity of Washington; here the eloquent tongue of Mifflin conciliated the discontent of the war-worn soldier, and instilled fresh vigour into his desponding soul; here Sergeant and Hutchinson imparted the suggestions of Common Sense to Paine; beneath these spreading branches, a Hopkinson caught those strokes of humour which prevailed when reason was impotent; while Ewing and Rittenhouse *marked the slow rise of intellectual day*, amidst all the devastation and confusion of civil war!

A passage in Andrews's *Letters on France*, is so much in unison with our own feelings, that we are tempted to transcribe it; and we do so, with the more readiness, because if we could bring the *State House Yard* once more into vogue, we should think we had done some service to this community.—"If the admirers of the old Greeks and Romans," says Mr. Andrews, "can experience so much content on treading the same ground where Solon and Numa, Demosthenes and Cicero, Homer and Virgil, Alexander and Cæsar, formerly lived and flourished, with how much more pleasure must we find ourselves on the very spot where such numbers of our progenitors have so often assembled, where the most sacred and solemn actions of their lives have been performed, where their thoughts have been so frequently taken up with considerations on that posterity which now occupies the places where they stood, and fixes its contemplations on them, as it were, by way of return!"—But we dare no longer riot on these distant times; the shadowy scenes are dissolved in air; we awake from the delicious dream and find ourselves in "*Philadelphia in* 1824!"

"The Friends' Library" is a collection of about 3000 volumes, which are lent out to any respectable applicant who will subscribe to the rules. "The Apprentices," the "Mercantile," and the "Law," libraries, sufficiently indicate their purposes by their several titles. The "American Philosophical Society" was founded in the year 1743, and has published seven volumes of "Transactions." It has a library of 6000 volumes, some of which are very valuable. It has a powerful young rival in the "Academy

Hampstead, between four and five o'clock every morning, to revise the proof sheets of the last edition of Shakspeare, at his friend Reed's chambers."

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of Natural Sciences," which was formed in 1812. With great justice, this society is described as having "added largely to the stock of science, and gradually acquired a high and well deserved reputation."

"The Philadelphia Museum," is a monument of the steady zeal of its founder, Mr. Charles Peale, who in his eighty-second year, still flourishes his pencil with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. It has been fully described in our pages more than once.

We find we must pass over much that is well deserving of notice; but the page which is devoted to "Periodical Works," is entitled to more than a glance from us. It is the most meagre and unsatisfactory section in the book. The compiler begins with Franklin's "General Magazine," in 1741. Between this period and 1787, when Carey's "Museum" commenced, "several attempts," he says, "were made to establish magazines;" but he has not taken the trouble of recording even their titles. Did he ever hear that Tom Paine was one of the editors of that day? That Hopkinson, Witherspoon, Dr. Wm. Smith, Dr. Ewing, Dr. Rush, and other men, of various professions and great abilities, employed many of their leisure hours in amusing or improving their fellow citizens through the medium of several magazines of former times, in this city? It was in this manner that Dr. Ewing first claimed for his countryman, Godfrey, the invention of the quadrant, which goes under the name of Hadley.—Next in order we find the Port Folio introduced with the remark, that "under the editorship of the lamented Dennie, it was one of the most entertaining miscellanies that has appeared in any country." The compiler immediately proceeds as follows: "It is published at present in monthly numbers." So much for *our* nine *years* wasted! The manner in which the past and the present editor are here contrasted, will not escape the most careless reader. We wish we could believe that it was not designed. We know not who is the author of this compilation, but we regard this passage as a very harmless effusion of ill-nature, from one of the numerous race of magaziners who have sprung up since the commencement of our career, and have been permitted to descend to the tomb of the Capulets, in all the quietude of their own insipidity and dulness. Down among the dead men they lie, and there let them remain.—The *Analectic Magazine* is next mentioned. Was the compiler ignorant that this miscellany arose out of the "Select Reviews," a work, which, for several years, enjoyed a distinguished place in the public regard, in consequence of the judicious manner in which it was conducted? The proprietors sold it to Mr. Thomas, and the title was changed.—More of the history of this publication remains to be told. It was metamorphosed into a "Literary Gazette," and survived the operation only twelve months! But if this writer conceived it to be his duty, in preparing this view of "Philadelphia in 1824," to go back to the

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middle of the last century for the history of her periodical literature, why did he omit to mention the attempts of the amiable and lamented Brown, of Carpenter, of Walsh, of Wharton, of Ingersoll, and other persons, to establish magazines and annual registers in this city? When men of education and talents, such as those whom we have mentioned, evince a willingness to devote themselves to the not less important than unprofitable task, of refining the public taste and creating a thirst for polite letters among us, they ought not to be passed over in silence, because their efforts were not crowned with success. Southey, a distinguished writer of the present day, whose private life, we learn, is exemplary, as his public career has been useful, has advanced the claims of those, who, by devoting themselves to the improvement of the intellectual faculties of others, produce an endless variety of instructive amusement, and invigorate the mind, while they increase the resources of social happiness. "Of his fellow men," says the Poet Laureate,

> He well deserves, who for their evening hours
> A blameless joy affords, and his good works,
> When in the grave he sleeps, shall still survive.

Their ascent to fame in this country, is through a path at once rugged and rude. The weak may lose their way; the infirm of purpose are appalled by danger; but it is given to a few, to those whose clear spirits enable them *to scorn delights and live laborious days;* who aspire to

> ——————— GLORY; the reward
> That sole excites to high attempts, THE FLAME
> Of MOST ERECTED SPIRITS, most temper'd, pure
> Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
> All treasures and all gain esteem as dross—

these are the men who never shrink from difficulty, nor faint under fatigue. They persevere in their laudable labours; they overcome obstacle, and THEY DESERVE SUCCESS!

We find that we have devoted as much attention to this *multum in parvo* as a due consideration of our limits will admit. Our opinion, it must have been seen, is decidedly in its favour. Errors it has; and it is almost impossible to avoid them in such a performance. They are overbalanced by great advantages, and we hope the publishers will be enabled to reprint it annually, and thus excite the emulation of our youth, by a continual record of the philanthropic labours and public spirit of their fathers.

NARENOR.

PART II.

ALL happened as the old man had foretold. In the morning the guards entered the prison of Narenor, and seeing, as they thought, no one but a harmless idiot, they cried out that the wretch—the sorcerer, who could make bad money look like true

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coin, had evaporated through the key-hole, and had left this poor misshapen dwarf in his place. So he was set free immediately, with many acclamations. Once more Narenor returned to the Schelwer forest.

How peaceful every thing appeared, contrasted with the scenes through which he had lately passed! It was morning, when he wound along the margin of the small lake, which embosomed its quiet depth in trees, about three miles distant from his cottage. A hill, covered with brushwood, rose at once from the reedy shore of the lake, and its shadow descended far into the water with all the clearness of reality. The light, thus intercepted over the greater part of the lake, gleamed magically from behind the shadow of the hill; and (as a poet has expressed it)

> "———————Fairer than all the scene
> Which smiled around, those imaged tints appear;
> As Fancy's dreams are dearer to the heart,
> Than all that colder Truth, or Reason can impart!"

On one side of the lake, a rocky bank left just sufficient space for a narrow weedy path between it and the water. Every where else was the impenetrable forest.

I suppose that every one has felt the exhilarating effect of the early morning air—yes, every one—for the fine lady has felt it in coming home from a ball, just as much as a peasant in going out to his work. But to a person of susceptible frame (prompt in replying to the outward impulses of nature) the cool invigorating *oxygen* of the morning air conveys positively a new sense of existence. Every sound comes more sweetly upon the ear—every object is presented more vividly to the eye—and (were I not afraid of growing less poetical, I should say) every smell (fragrant of course) is wafted more freshly, more dewily, to the nose. How very odd it is that *nose* should not do in poetry as well as *ear*. There are equally base associations connected with both. A nose may be pulled, but an ear may be lost in the pillory. A nose—but I forbear.—To return.

Narenor felt this intoxication of the morning air—so far above all that sparkling champagne (well enough in its way) or ruby-coloured claret can produce—(which puts me in mind that I must quote a noble passage, to this effect, in by far the best dramatic composition of the present day—John Woodvil, a tragedy by Charles Lamb; most strangely neglected by this acute generation of critics.

"*Lovel*—I marvel why the poets, who, of all men, methinks should possess the hottest livers, and most empyrial fancies, should effect to see such virtues in cold water.

"*John*—Because your poet-born hath an internal wine, richer than lippara, or canaries, yet uncrushed from any grapes of earth, unpressed in mortal wine-presses.

"*Lovel*—What may be the name of this wine?

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"*John*---It hath as many names as qualities. It is denominated indifferently, wit, conceit, invention, inspiration; but its most royal and comprehensive name is Fancy.

"*Lovel.*---And where keeps he this sovereign liquor?

"*John.*---Its cellars are in the brain, whence your true poet deriveth intoxication at will; while his animal spirits, catching a pride from the quality and neighbourhood of their noble relative, the brain, refuse to be sustained by wines, and fermentations of earth.

"*Lovel.*---But is your poet-born always tipsey with this liquor?

"*John.*---He hath his stoopings and reposings; but his proper element is the sky, and in the suburbs of the empyrean.

"*Lovel.*---Is your wine intellectual so exquisite?"

Drunk with this wine intellectual, Narenor forgot the past, and no longer anticipated the future. He felt that independent, undivided happiness, which is so rare in life—rare indeed as a day without a cloud in the natural world, is an hour of cloudless atmosphere in the intellectual existence. Then (like Mrs. Ratcliffe's heroines) he began to compose—no—"his feelings found vent in"—the following—two lines, which were meant for the beginning of—a sonnet

> "Youth, health, and morning, ye are things to make
> The heart of man bound high with ecstacy!"

Here his ideas failed, because happiness has few ideas. It is rather a sensation.

"And why not (thus communed he with himself) make unto myself an endurable and daily happiness out of these simple elements? Why should not the rocks, the trees, the waters, the air, the sky, the sun, and the answer to these in my own heart, suffice for pleasure?

So mused Narenor as he slowly proceeded along the unfrequented, overgrown path, that conducted to his cottage. Presently he heard a short, quick cry of canine pleasure, and a poor wretched skeleton of a dog flew to his feet, sprung up almost to a level with his face,—then grovelled again upon the ground, inviting, imploring the caress of his master's hand. "Poor Orra, thou odd shaggy creature, thou shambling, scrambling, ill-mannered, ill-gaited animal, so regardless of all the conveniences, and bienséances of society, how hast thou contrived to shuffle on with existence, in thy master's absence? Well, Orra, there is a living being to welcome me, on my return home—so I will call it *home*. Certes, thou art not beautiful; the meeter comrade for me poor dog! Come, and we will be laughed at, spurned at, and scouted together!" The dog looked at him with very human eyes, as if comprehending all that was said, and, still whining with uneasy joy, ran before him to the cottage. There every thing looked as it did, on the morning of his last departure. The white embers were yet unscattered on the hearth. A book, open at a particular page, lay on the old oak table with three claws, as

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if he had just risen from its perusal. "No, I have never been away! (he exclaimed.) It is all a dream. Surely I have walked into the forest and slept! And yet I could write a journal of four months: on such a day rode into the country—on such a day, played at tennis—on such another, attended lady Leonora on the promenade. But it is all past, past, past."

Narenor was really very happy for some days. A man, who has been just going to be hanged, and has escaped so little-pleasing a ceremony, has reason to be so. He pursued his occupation as a wood-cutter, and rambled to all the most coy recesses of the forest. He tried to draw his pleasures from the simplest source of common nature—but then he *read* still; and still he found that

> "Knowledge is sorrow, they who know the most,
> Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth
> The tree of knowledge is not that of life."

The worst of it is that he was not meant to be a Timon. His heart was full of *human* feelings, and though he *said* to his dog, twenty times a day, "Orra, I want no other companion, than thee!" he was not at all the less pining after a reasoning speech-endued being. Then came the long, long winter-evenings. "I must have some one to speak to, or I shall forget how to speak," was the thought that passed through his mind at length; and "so his whole heart exhaled into one want."

One day he saw a very beautiful child asleep in the forest. The little fellow had wandered away from home in search of wild flowers, and there he lay, with thick auburn curls peeping through the ragged hat, the glowing cheek pillowed on the naked chubby arm, while even in sleep he tightly grasped his treasure—an enormous bunch of spring-flowers. "Now if even this child could love me," thought Narenor. Gently he lifted up the boy, and kissed his smooth fair forehead. The child, awaking, and seeing a face so hideous in such close contact with his own, set up a roar as loud as the stoutest pair of lungs could enable him to execute, and began to kick, scratch, and cuff most manfully. At this unlucky moment the mother, guided by the well-known sounds, came up to the scene of action. "Monster, thou hast bewitched my child! Set him down this moment. Don't touch him! Don't look at him! Thou hast an evil eye!" Screamed the enraged parent; at the same time displaying her fingers in a manner that enforced a shrinking of Narenor's face, which had already suffered from the urchin's vigour. Bitter, bitter were his thoughts, as his feet mechanically conveyed him homewards, without the aid of eyes—for all his senses were absorbed in the one distracting feeling, "I am the outcast of heaven and earth." He threw himself on the ground, and a flood of tears convulsed his whole frame.

This past away, and hope, the very last deserter from the fortress of the human heart, began to maintain the siege against

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despair more vigorously. "Surely, he thought, if I once more restore my person to a bearable comeliness, I may find, among the gentler sex of my own sphere, a partner of existence, without the fatal aid of wealth, or the adventitious glare of rank." The transformation was soon effected, and Narenor began to join the village dance, and the wrestlers on the green,

> "Where *rustic* eyes
> Rain'd influence, and adjudg'd the prize,"

amidst the envy of the men and the admiration of the maidens. But Narenor was unfortunately too refined to endure the shock and jostle of coarse common natures. He saw, in humble life, the same mean motives and petty passions operating which he had beheld in a higher walk of society—but without the *veil*, which rendered the latter tolerable. There was one girl, she was certainly very beautiful; Raphael would have chosen her for one of his Madonnas. The same clear brown complexion, with a tint, like that of the pink May-blossom, blushing through it; the same full pouting lips; the same liquid hazel eye. Her figure, too, was fine, though somewhat unformed, (for Francesca was but sixteen,) and, it must be confessed, (unlike those poetical creations, who have always a native, inherent, incommunicable grace,) that there was a slight awkwardness, an *uncultivatedness*, (if I may be allowed the expression,) in her fine figure. Did this want of cultivation extend to the mind? Narenor, for a time, thought not. Narenor had a vivid imagination.

> "Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
> Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds,
> Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
> Nor worth, nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
> Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
> The fatal spell; and still it draws us on,
> Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
> The stubber heart, its alchymy begun,
> Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone."

So says the poet, whom death has now consecrated among the classics of our own language. Narenor had begun this alchymy of the heart, and Francesca was adorned with all its golden product. But the ground-work was defective. Not but that Francesca was a *very good girl*:—but then she wanted tact, and she was—a woman. She played off a few little tricks of coquetry against Narenor with *another young peasant*. Here was the unpardonable offence. The mind, the information, the intellectual polish of Narenor, were as nothing to the little rustic, who only saw a handsome young man, where she ought to have discovered a superior order of being. Carl was a handsome young man too,—and—Francesca married him.

After this, Narenor would sit for hours immoveable as a statue.

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When he moved, he moved listlessly. He seemed to have lost all that vital spring which makes *existence* really *life*. But

> "The deepest ice that ever froze,
> Can only o'er the surface close;
> The living stream lies deep below,
> And flows, and cannot cease to flow."

It was thus that the passion of his heart broke forth from this state of apathy—"Fool that I was to imagine that wealth, or person could avail me without life's chiefest talisman—rank! With the three combined, I had burst irresistibly upon the world;—but now I am forever fettered in a condition that I abhor. I cannot mate myself with an uneducated mind: I cannot endure this round of monotonous labour without an object—this dull, ceaseless pain, which returns unshared upon my own heart. Better that I had died in the dungeons of Cronstadt, than that I should support this living death; and there is no remedy! The magician's art might change my form—might endow me with exhaustless wealth, but to ennoble the plebeian blood that flows in these veins is beyond his power!"

"Not so!" replied a voice, which Narenor recognized for that of the old man, who now appeared before him, with a scroll of parchment in his withered hand. All men (continued the phantom) are noble, if they did but know it. Could the meanest peasant trace back his ancestry, he might find that the mean rill descended from a mighty source, some lustres ago—while the loftiest lord, in pursuing the same process, might discover that the Nile of his genealogy sprang from an almost imperceptible stream. In short, were all things known, the humblest might have cause for pride, and the proudest for humiliation. *Your* ancestors, Narenor, were noble not many centuries back. Behold the record of your race! But your father (honest man) was a cobbler. This genealogy then is so artfully managed that you appear to be directly sprung from peers and princesses—but, if ever you attempt to make a wrong, or dishonourable use of it, the noble list will be instantly replaced by that of your immediate ancestors, with your father (honest man) bringing up the rear."

You shall no longer have any reason to complain that my gifts are imperfect. If you accept this, you will possess all that, in the eyes of mankind, constitutes perfection: yet once again, I urge you to take time for reflection, before you make another trial of endowments as perilous as they are brilliant. "Any thing is preferable (replied Narenor) to this waveless calm; this desert of the mind, in which I have passed my late most wretched hours. Welcome danger, difficulty, even death itself, rather than that I should end my days in such a state of joyless apathy. Give me the scroll." It was given.

Vienna was the wider theatre, which Narenor now chose, for

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the display of his varied qualifications. The genealogy was handed about, in confidence, among a few particular friends; and this, combined with the attractions of a handsome person, a magnificent hotel, and a boundless profusion of expenditure, arguing a boundless possession of wealth, was irresistible. Narenor was fêted beyond measure, and was made the *indispensable* of every distinguished party. Narenor was in search of a wife, and it was his object to see as many high-born dames as were to be seen in Vienna. There was a beautiful widow, the Baroness Rudolpha di Hormuth, who shone superior among the ladies of Vienna,

> "——— Velut inter ignes
> Luna minores."

She was, I know not precisely of what age, but she *looked* only five and twenty. Her beauty was of a very voluptuous and remarkable kind—what the French call épanoui; there was an easy negligence—an air of abandon—in her figure, that admirably accorded with the "eyes' blue languish, and the golden hair." Indeed, there was something altogether Circassian in her form and face. The large lids fell droopingly over those full blue eyes, which seemed always to unveil themselves with a tender reluctance. The profuse, luxuriant, redundant hair appeared to baffle every knot and braid that would have confined it, and gathered towards the top of the head, fell again, with graceful ease, upon the polished shoulder. Her movements in the dance corresponded with the character of her beauty. She did not "trip upon the light fantastic toe," but, like the Queen of Pleasures in Gray's Progress of Poesy,

> "With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
> In gliding state, she won her easy way."

And did the mind fulfil the promise of the face? Pity it was, that so fair a casket should have enclosed a poison! but so it was. The character of the Baroness may be summed up in a few words: she was a bad, ill-tempered, artful woman. By means of the last qualification she contrived to conceal the two first, from all but—her maid—and her husband (for such it may have been conjectured, Narenor became.) Her previous history may also soon be told. At the age of fifteen, she had voluntarily married the Baron de Hormuth, who was old, infirm, and rich. But, unlike most doting old men, the Baron could see, and judge for himself. Either Rudolpha's art was not yet perfected, or her temper not sufficiently under the control of prudence—for she failed most ingloriously in her prime object—to keep him in good humour, till he died. He left her a handsome jointure certainly, but the bulk of his immense fortune was bequeathed to his nephews and nieces. This very circumstance, which one would have thought

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must have been her ruin in the eyes of the world, she made use of to throw an additional lustre around her name. Through *her* suggestion it was that the Baron had done justice to his relations. This was universally believed, for the lawyer who drew up the will had said so. (N.B. The lawyer had nothing further to hope from the side of the *relations*, who already had every thing in their own power.) From the moment that the Baroness saw Narenor, she resolved to throw out her lures for him. He had not only rank and wealth, but, as far as a cold-hearted woman's affections could be engaged, his person was by no means unpleasing to her. *This* time there was no "just cause or impediment" in the way of Narenor's felicity. Settlements were made, investments endorsed—the genealogy blazed upon its snowy parchment—"Merrily, merrily, rang the bells" and gratulating crowds poured in, to pay their bridal visits to the happy pair.

> "But mortal pleasure, what art thou in sooth?
> The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below."

This last line is also admirably adapted to express the character of the Baroness: *she* was "the torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below." The first time that Narenor heard the muttering of the cataract from afar, he was astonished, he was uneasy; but when the whole collected force met his ear, he was overwhelmed. It is said that they who live near the falls of Niagara become deaf from the continual roar of waters. Ah happy, if the shock of matrimonial violence could have the same effect! The Baroness had unfortunately a very sharp voice, which, *before company*, was carefully repressed, and sounded almost harmoniously from its very piano tones. As I have said before, her whole manner and appearance was languishing: but every thing like languor wholly disappeared in a conjugal tête-a-tête. She then seemed determined to indemnify herself for the constraint, which she had so painfully practised in the world. If there be any thing more especially startling, and in its effect, disgusting, it is to hear a disagreeable voice proceed from a lovely mouth. Madame de Genlis has a story entitled *Le Charme de la Voix*, in which a plain girl, with a sweet voice, carries off the heart of the hero from a beautiful girl with a dissonant voice. I confess myself to be of her opinion. A sweet voice is "a most excellent thing in woman:" but of all irritating things, the most irritating is to hear one's *name* called upon in sharp exalted tones from one end of the house to the other, seeming, like the shrill, ear-piercing fife, to "play the prelude to dispute." Narenor had frequently this gratification. He was obliged to have recourse to the beautifying elixir at least twenty times a day, and to fly precipitately from the presence of the Baroness, lest his secret should be discovered. But, even this did not avail him, for the indefatigable Rudolpha followed him one

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day to his retreat, and, making use of that convenient aperture—a key-hole—beheld her beloved spouse in all his native deformity, witnessed the application of the elixir, and his restoration to "the human face divine." Now, the Baroness herself was indifferently well versed in magic; therefore she did not shriek out, or fall into fits, but quietly descended the stairs, in the pleasing persuasion that she was married either to a sorcerer, or to one who had sold himself—"for a consideration"—to the powers of darkness. Nevertheless, she felt a degree of exultation in the thought, that he was now in her power. She was at least in possession of his secret; and first she resolved to torment him a little by dark hints and startling allusions. Accordingly, placing herself before the glass one day, she pretended to look pensively at her own lovely image, heaved a sigh, and said, "I begin to grow very old: you did not know how old I was when you married me. Positively I *do* see a wrinkle. Could you not invent for me some wash or lotion that would make me grow young and handsome again?" Narenor started; he well knew that the Baroness said few things without a *meaning*, especially out-of-the-way things. She was consummate mistress of the *masked-battery*, that most ingenious method of tormenting which forbids reprisals, because to recriminate would be to "own the wound." Again, on another occasion, the Baroness observed, "How very ugly it makes one look to put oneself in a passion: therefore I endeavour always to preserve my temper." And so she did, as long as such a method of proceeding was the most likely means of exasperating her opponent. At another time, she appeared to be attentively studying a huge folio, which half-closing, and looking up abstractedly, she thus began, "Do you know, my dear, I have been reading the very shocking history of Dr. Faustus! How *very* dreadful it was of him (was it not?) to sell himself to the devil! And it says, too, that he signed the contract with his own blood! How horrible! Do you think such things have ever *really* happened? To be sure, he gained every earthly advantage. Do you think he was an ugly man before he bartered his precious soul?—because, you know, it says that he was to be young and handsome till he died; so I suppose he was *naturally* very plain; perhaps a little deformed:—why not?" In this manner the Baroness made Narenor perfectly aware that she knew of his occasional transformations;—yet she so managed that he could never come to an explanation with her on the subject. *This* she kept as a derniére resource. At length, Narenor one day, with as much calmness as he could command, proposed separate board and maintenance. The Baroness was resolved that such a measure should never take place; for character was her idol; and she contrived to maintain, in the eyes of the world, the reputation of a most exemplary wife. She told him, then, that, if he said another word on the subject, she would denounce him as a wretch, who practised for-

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bidden arts; and she also dropped a hint, tending to caution him in what manner he would speak of her to others. Now was Narenor indeed most wretched. Look which way he would, he saw no means of escape from the miseries of his present situation: he was bound in inextricable fetters. How willingly would he now have forgone those extrinsic advantages, for the mere sake of which the partner of his life had bound her lot with his! How sadly did he now recognise the justness of those warnings which the old man of the forest had addressed to him. But how vainly torturing is that voice,

"Which cries, I warn'd thee, when the deed is o'er."

There is a certain point of suffering beyond which the human mind will resort to any desperate remedy, or even to any thing that promises a change of place, or circumstance. "Farthest from the fatal spot is best," is the genuine language of impatient wretchedness. To this pitch was Narenor wrought up. He determined to fly from Vienna, and from his wife. His escape was easily effected because it had not been foreseen, and he reached the little village of ——— in safety. There was something in the peaceful appearance of this spot peculiarly inviting to the harassed, and storm-tossed voyager of the tempestuous ocean of life. It was approached by no regular track of human commerce or traffic, being bounded on the most accessible side by a thick forest, and on every other by lofty hills of every varied form and aspect. A small silver lake reflected the white walls of the village in its unruffled bosom. A chapel, surmounted by a cross, seemed to preside over the humble dwellings beneath it, occupying the most elevated stations in the valley, as if to invite the weary from afar, silently proclaiming, "Religion is the guardian of the quiet, that reigns here: religion embraces all this spot in her venerable arms." A little below the chapel, on a circular mound, or platform, that commanded a delicious view of the lake, the forest, and the summits of faint blue hills beyond, was the minister's house, whose simple white-washed walls and rose-encircled porch were perfectly in unison with the character of the surrounding scenery. "Here then," said Narenor, "I will hope to find as much peace as can remain unto a soul that has been so agitated as mine. I no longer ask for happiness;—rest, rest is all that I pray for from my inmost heart!" And thus it is with men! They "labour for peace," and, when it is attained they call it stagnation. Again, they "make ready unto the battle;"—again, they sigh for repose;—and so life passes. But the thirst with which Narenor panted for rest was, in this case, the effect of bodily disease as well as of the mind's fever. The wrought-up energies cannot suddenly subside without a shock to the frame, similar (in kind) to that which is felt on first falling to sleep after long fatigue, when a person starts up with a sensation

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of falling down a precipice. Not long after Narenor had taken possession of an apartment in a small neat cottage, occupied by a kind-hearted old couple, he was unable to rise from his bed, and soon, in the delirium of sickness, he lost all consciousness of what was passing around him. On the first day, when his recollection returned, he heard the voices of two persons near his bed. They were conversing very gently; yet he could distinguish that the sweet low tones of one were very different from the aged pipe of the other, who was his good old hostess. The sweet low voice said, "You know, Maude, it will be quite improper for me to come into his room when he gets better. The delirium will soon be over, and then, poor fellow, I must not bring on a worse sort of delirium by making him fall in love with me. Do you know, Maude, I have half lost *my* heart. He really must be very handsome when he is well." "Dear Miss, (replied Maude,) it would be very unkind in you to leave him just as he is getting better. It might bring on the fever again; because, you know, he would only take his physic out of your pretty hands, though he did fancy you were an angel! Lord bless your sweet face, no wonder!"

"*He* will wonder, I think, when he gets well, if he should ever know of it (replied the softly-laughing girl.) I an angel! an angel, with a turn up nose! more like one of the cherubs over the altar! Dear Maude, I often think what an ugly old woman I shall make—not like you with your fine Roman face: such noses are not to be seen now-a-days. Oh, do imagine me with spectacles on! lend me yours, just to show you how I shall look:"—and she rose to adjust them at the glass. By this movement, Narenor obtained a view of the speaker, through a fortunate aperture in the curtain. There she stood, a slight girl, rather under the middle size; her age might be about eighteen—dark glossy curls escaped from a large cottage bonnet, from underneath which peered an arch countenance, which was not beautiful, if beauty consist in feature, but which was truly beautiful if beauty consist in expression. Her large dark eyes had a diamond spark in them: her complexion was rich with youth, and health, and her laughing-lip had eloquent blood in it. Figure to yourself this sweet infantine face, trying with all its might to look like an old woman! There she stood—pursing up her pretty mouth, putting forward her dimpled chin, and half-shutting her radiant eyes behind Maude's spectacles. But in a moment (whether it was that she detected the gaze of Narenor with more speculation in it than it had lately displayed) she ran out of the room, saying, "Well, I must go, or I shall be too late to make tea for my dear uncle."

And was the medicine again presented by the same fair hand? It was not. But this circumstance, far from retarding the recovery of Narenor, accelerated it, by the impatience it produced once more to behold the lovely vision, which at times seemed almost to

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hover on the verge of the unsubstantial creations of his delirium: but Maude had assured him that the fair form was real flesh and blood, that it had a human name, and an actual living uncle. The name was Ernestine: the uncle was Mr. De Villac, minister of the village, who lived in that pretty white-washed cottage on the mount. I am afraid to describe so hacknied a theme for description as a good, pious, old-*ish* clergyman. Let the reader, then, imagine something less sentimental than La Roche, and rather less simple (in one sense) than the Vicar of Wakefield;—in short, a plain, honest man, religious, and sensible, well-informed, and cheerful. I have, alas! no pathetic tale to tell of blighted affections, or of a wife lost soon after the birth of the first innocent pledge of connubial love: nor can I interest my readers' feelings by telling them what delicate health Mr. De Villac had; he was always well—had never been unhappy—and was an old bachelor. I will not affirm that he had never been, or fancied himself, in love; but certain it is that he was none the worse for it, if he had. Ernestine was his brother's only child: her father and mother were both dead; and, therefore, she lived with her nearest surviving relative, whom she dearly loved, and by whom she was as dearly loved again. She was his little kind nurse for his sick poor, and his sweet lady Bountiful for the needy, and his pretty schoolmistress for the chubby children. And so she had found out Narenor, who, as a friendless stranger, had double claims upon her kindness, and had visited him in his illness. As soon as he could walk he bent his steps to Mr. De Villac's: common gratitude required this. Gratitude to Maude would have been all very well; but *gratitude* to a young and lovely woman is (as every body knows) a dangerous thing, O Narenor! I tremble for you! Remember that you have a wife!

Ernestine was not at all sorry to see her patient, who now began to justify her encomium upon his looks. She showed him her birds, her flowers, her drawings, with all the innocent delight of a young creature, who has for the first time found something better than all these. There was peculiar danger for Narenor in the manner of Ernestine towards him. The utter absence of all art, or affectation—the ease, the unconsciousness, with which she addressed him—formed a more effectual veil to the peril, than the most studied reserve could have done. In the gaiety of her heart, she would rally Narenor most unmercifully whenever she could find occasion, and laugh at him so sincerely, that (while he himself became every hour more and more fascinated with the lively girl) he never would have dreamed of becoming an object of *tender* interest to her. The grand subject of her raillery was the awkwardness with which Narenor climbed her native hills; while she, as if endued unto them, flew, like a wild gazelle, from steep to steep, and frequently, having gained some point of vantage, would stand, mocking at his snail-like progress, and waving to him

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triumphantly with her hat, while her uncovered locks were shaken sportively in the mountain breeze. Yet Ernestine began to show marks of attachment, which, to a less inexperienced eye than Narenor's, would have been indubitable. As long as they were in the free open air, where she could dart away from him, like a bird, and return at her pleasure, and where every object supplied matter for conversation, her manner was wholly unembarrassed; but, alone with him in a room, surrounded by four impenetrable walls, she always sunk into unusual silence, and seemed to show him a sort of deference and respect, as if *then* only she betrayed her real opinion of him. But the moment Mr. De Villac entered the apartment, it was again, "Who cares what you say?" "Go along you fright!" "Here, come and hold my silk for me! Awk-wark! Fidelin would hold it better! Here, Fidelin, my dear dog, come and teach this man how to hold it!"

"She despises me, (thought Narenor to himself one day,) and therefore she can never love me. But I may worship her from a distance, and sun myself beneath her eyes, without a thought or wish beyond the happiness of her presence."

All this is very well for a time; but poor human nature will get tired of living upon looks, and being dieted upon smiles. And what was Mr. De Villac about all this while? He was visiting the sick, and composing his sermons; and, being as poor a novice in affairs of the heart as Narenor, thought, whenever he saw the young people together, that his dear Ernestine was very hard upon the poor young man; and sometimes he would give her a little lecture upon good manners, and beseech her to treat his visiter with somewhat more consideration.

One summer evening, Ernestine told Narenor that she was going to practice a little air which he had taught her, on the guitar, in her bower. "It will sound so well in the still calm evening, (she said,) and besides it will be so romantic;—and you love a little romance." Narenor accompanied her to the bower. It was in a little dell between Mr. De Villac's house and the church, and commanded a view of a fall of water, just far enough distant to blend its murmurs soothingly with music in the bower. Ernestine ran over the chords lightly, and, in a fresh, clear, gushing sort of voice, thus began.

"I envy thee, thou careless wind,
So light, so wild thy wandering,
Thou hast no earthly chain to bind
One fetter on thine airy wing;
I envy thee thou careless wind!

The flower's first sigh of blossoming,
The harp's soft note, the woodlark's song,
All unto thee their treasures bring,
All to thy fairy reign belong;
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

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Thy jocund wing o'er ocean roves,
An echo to the sea-maid's lay;
Then, over rose and orange groves,
Thy fragrant breath exhales away;
I envy thee, thou careless wind!"*

"Yes, I do indeed envy thee!" said Narenor half involuntarily. "Come, good, now, do not be pensive, (returned Ernestine, laughing,) or I shall run away from you and leave you to write a sonnet to the rising moon." There was something in the gaiety of Ernestine, at this moment, which jarred disagreeably with the feelings of Narenor. "I would that you could be serious for a few minutes, (he said,) I am not happy, indeed I am not! I have no friend but you, and perhaps I may be soon obliged to leave you, my only friend. If I go away, dear Ernestine, will you sometimes play that song I taught you!" Ernestine answered not. He looked at her; her head was bent down and averted. He was conscious that she was weeping.

The next morning Narenor waited on Mr. De Villac to ask the hand of Ernestine.

What! with a wife still living?

Even so! After having debated with himself all night, he had at length pronounced a divorce in foro conscientiæ, sophistry sitting umpire in the gown and whig of conscience. The baroness, he argued, had broken all her marriage vows of loving, honouring, and obeying. *With* her he could not live—yet he could not obtain a legal divorce;—and was he to pass the remainder of his days wifeless—a widower, yet forbidden to marry? He snatched up his hat, and went to Mr. De Villac's.

The first questions which that gentleman asked, on being solicited for the hand of his niece, were pertinent enough. "Of what family are you, and what fortune can you ensure to Ernestine?" "I am the only one surviving of a noble family:" replied Narenor—(he had so long been accustomed to consider himself in that light!) "My fortune is chiefly in specie. One voucher for myself I have brought with me—my genealogy, duly drawn out and emblazoned; and he unfolded the glittering scroll, rich with vermilion, azure, and gold. "You need not give yourself the trouble, (said Mr. De Villac, putting back his hand) I have much confidence in you—but stop! what is this? Son of —— cobbler! hum—hum—tinker! What is all this? Do you mean to mock me, sir? Sir, let me tell you, that, though I am only a poor minister, my descent is unblemished! I am not to be imposed upon by tawdry letters; though perhaps you flattered yourself that I should pass over them (as indeed I nearly had) without inspection. I would advise you to withdraw, and not to insult an honest family

* I hope that the fair authoress of this song will forgive me for the liberty I have taken in transferring it to my pages.

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any longer by your presence!" While Narenor stammered, hesitated, and was ready to expire with shame, a voice—a not-to-be-mistaken voice—reached his ear from without, and rooted him to the ground like a statue.—"Where is my lord? (it said) Where is my dearest husband? Conduct me instantly to him!" The door flew widely open, and the baroness Rudolpha appeared, leaning most becomingly on a female attendant. She swam across the apartment with easy grace, and half sunk into the passive arms of Narenor. Mr. De Villac now addressed the baroness: "Is this gentleman, madam, really your husband?" "I have the happiness to call him so," she replied with fascinating sweetness;—then turning to Narenor, "My dear, will you not own your poor wife?" Narenor was silent. "Consummate villain!" exclaimed Mr. De Villac. At this moment, a sweet face looked in through the half-unclosed door. "Is not the conference over yet?—But who are all these?" "Come in, Ernestine, my dearest child!" said Mr. De Villac. "You have had a most wonderful escape from the greatest wretch that ever breathed. Look at him! He cannot speak a word. What! quite dumb! Nay, then, I must speak for you! In the first place, he has insulted me with a ridiculous genealogy. In the next, my dear, that lady is his wife! That is all!" Ernestine did not faint, but she became dreadfully pale. She pressed her heart a moment, as if for breath, and then turning to Narenor, said, "Is this true?" He flew to her, he fell at her feet, he caught her hand, "Oh hear me! but for one moment! I will explain—" Again the door opened—and a tall, dark, sinister-looking man stood before them. "Where is my wife?" exclaimed the portentous stranger. "I am assured that she is here. Long, long has been my search for her, and weary and toilsome has been the way. But revenge thinks only of the last step, that leads it to its purpose." The attention of the party was now drawn to the baroness Rudolpha, who cried out in the *real* accents of distress, "Oh save me from him!" and immediately fell senseless to the ground. "Nothing can save thee from me now!" said the dark-browed stranger, as he stood, with folded arms, contemplating the prostrate form of the baroness, with looks of intense malice, and gloomy exultation. "She is mine! and all the world cannot take her from me! She married me because she thought me rich;—she left me because she found me poor. But the despised Conrade has tracked his victim. Come! No more of this weakness! You must away with me!" "Never, never!" cried the reviving baroness; "*This* is my husband! Narenor, you will protect me!" Narenor did not look as if he *would* protect her. "But who can bring witness that I am your wife?" said Rudolpha to Conrade. "I can!" exclaimed a voice whose unearthly and sepulchral tones did not proceed from any one present. All started, and looked round. In a dusky recess at the lower end of the apartment was seen a shadowy figure, which

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Narenor instantly recognised for that of the old man of the forest. By degrees, a lambent light illuminated the form, and at length the countenance, pale and venerable, was distinctly beheld. Then it was that Ernestine rushed forward, and, flinging herself before the phantom, exclaimed, "My Father! oh speak to me!" "Ernestine, (returned the vision,) my daughter! solicitude for thy happiness has summoned me from the grave. Attend, while I explain all that at present seems mysterious. After the death of her first husband, the adventurer Conrade, by artfully counterfeiting wealth and rank, obtained the hand of the baroness Rudolpha. On discovering the cheat, she fled from him, and employed measures to have him buried in the mines of Idria. She then most unlawfully married Narenor. But in *his* destiny I have interested myself. I saw in him the elements of good becoming, from the agency of ungoverned passions, the ministers of evil. By leading him through a series of adventures, I have endeavoured to give him lessons suited to his mind's disease. By nature deformed, I have embellished his person. In fortune poor, I have enriched him. By descent unillustrious, I have ennobled him. Have these things made him happy? Yet, fear not, Ernestine, to bestow on him thy affections. Thy father himself sanctions it. The clay that is most carefully tempered, will make the finest porcelain.

"But first, Narenor, I must impose on the a penance for having dared to affect my daughter's hand, while thine was, as thou didst think, bound to another. Return to thy native deformity, and only recover the graces of thy present form, in proportion as thy mind becomes the temple of well-ordered thoughts, and harmonious passions. When that is the case, Ernestine shall be yours.

"To Rudolpha and Conrade, I can assign no greater punishment than that of living together. Unhappy couple, depart!

"Narenor, retire to the Schelwer forest, and there pass the time of thy probation!

"Scatter the elixir to the winds—cast away the philosopher's stone, and burn the genealogy."

Let the curtain drop.

Ὁ μυθος δηλοι.—But I will not insult my readers with a moral. I will only bid them most heartily farewell. E. B.

THE IRISH.

That a remarkable coincidence exists in the statements of every historian of Ireland, with regard to the general character of its inhabitants, is a circumstance which can scarcely have escaped the observations of any one at all conversant with the subject. Individuals, living in different centuries; at variance, perhaps in political, as well as religious opinions; employed as governors, or wandering as travellers; all unite their testimony to establish one

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unvarying tale. Descending through each succeeding age, we perceive nothing indicative of alteration or amendment; we can neither trace the march of civilization, nor hail the progress of serenity and comfort. Influenced by sudden impulse, yet not unfrequently dilatory in action;—listless, on the contrary, and indifferent, yet energetic and enthusiastic; capable of ardent gratitude, yet actuated by inveterate revenge;—hospitable, yet ferocious;—submissive, yet refractory;—obliging, yet insolent;—an Irishman is possessed of a disposition, in which nature seems to have combined the greatest possible number of contrarieties. To complete the picture, we have only to add a series of rebellion, and outrage, and massacre, either occasioned, or preceded by oppression, and cruelty, and executions. That such a spectacle was continually presented in former times, an appeal to history will demonstrate. Imperfectly subdued, the Irish cherished within their bosoms the glimmerings of an unruly independence. Each existing generation received the deathless principle from their father, who, in like manner, had derived their turbulence from a preceding age. Overwhelmed by torrents of blood, still the spark emerged into stronger and brighter existence:—still each succeeding chieftain animated his followers to the conflict, and led them to inevitable destruction.

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Thus each treaty with their conquerors was violated, when some favourable moment occurred: rebellion was followed by rebellion; and what one party pronounced the legitimate punishment of revolt, was execrated by the other as the lawless vengeance of tyrants upon patriotic exertions for freedom and for right.

Either from wantonness and despotism, or from a melancholy necessity, the government of the sword has been uniformly employed in ruling them:—and it has uniformly failed. The destruction of one unruly member of the community only makes way for the appearance of another, equally desperate and depraved. An ignominious death brings with it no alarm, and is attended by no beneficial results. In short, an Irishman foresees no danger, dreads no consequences, and is deterred by no severity. Every harsh endeavour, therefore, to introduce a system of order and subordination is futile and unavailing. What if kindness and conciliation be tried?—What, if some exertions be made to rescue the lower classes of the Irish from that deplorable ignorance in which they are involved?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

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While we do not hesitate to scan the essays in this journal, and point out defects and inequalities in its execution, we are equally

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ready to bear testimony to its merits. Of this disposition, there are to be found several instances in our pages, before we undertook to give a regular account of its contents. It is emphatically our duty to extol a work which has contributed to elevate the character of American literature at home and abroad. If in the British journals, we find less of their wonted sarcasm against our country; if the character of American writers has risen to distinction; if instead of being the subject of contumely and invective, we now receive respect and praise—we are among those who think that the North American Review has been no mean instrument in effecting this salutary change. The coarse libels of English travellers and reviewers have been there refuted with weapons of truth and talent; and those who indulged in this base warfare have been made to feel that they were themselves vulnerable. The efforts of our own writers have been noticed and encouraged where they possessed merit, or exposed to derision when they attempted to impose on the community. Many subjects of general concern have been handled with ability: many interesting facts collected; and the general tone and spirit of the country exhibited in the nineteen volumes to which the work has now reached. At the same time, the public taste has been improved: the boundaries of our literary information expanded, and just and enlarged principles inculcated by the writers in this journal. We trust that public patronage may give to the undertaking a continuing and growing support, and afford the means of prosecuting these laudable views. But at the same time, as faithful annotators on the literature and character of the times, we have not scrupled to notice what appeared to us blemishes or imperfections in the work; holding it more creditable to the country, if there be any such, that they should be remarked at home than be left for animadversion by a foreign hand; and anxious, if there be errors, they should not derive a sanction from being promulgated in a work of such high authority.

"Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius!"—*Julius Cæsar.*

With this explanation, which we hope will be satisfactory, we proceed to our task.

Art. I. *An inquiry into the importance of the Militia to a free Commonwealth, in a letter from William H. Sumner, adjutant-general of Massachusetts, to John Adams. Boston*, 1823. *Observations on National Defence, drawn from Capt. Partridge's letter on that subject, and Gen. Sumner's letter. Boston*, 1824. This is a valuable article, both as respects the importance of the subject treated of, and the spirit and style in which it is written. It contains a historical survey of the legislation of Congress in respect to the Militia, interspersed with many useful hints and reflections. The writer thinks that the objects of the first consequence, are, to furnish arms to the militia, and to classify them by making the dividing line at the

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age of 25. "The younger class between the ages of 18 and 25, are not only the best fitted for military life and duty, in respect to health, vigour, and buoyancy of spirits, but may, at all times, be abstracted from the community with the least inconvenience to its ordinary pursuits, and the least diminution of domestic comforts and protection." The encampment of the militia he disapproves of; nor does he seem to hold in much estimation the degree of knowledge derived from militia trainings. It might, however, have been remarked on this subject, as a strong fact, that two of the most distinguished officers of the regular army in the late war, *Jackson* and *Brown*, were, in the first instance, militia officers. After all, perhaps, the great utility of militia enrolments and trainings is, what we do not find adverted to by this writer, not so much the military skill or martial spirit they disseminate, as the great lesson they inculcate, that in a free government every citizen is bound to defend the country, and that when the laws require it, it is a matter of course, that he takes up his arms and marches to the field. We quote with pleasure a remark, which is in our opinion, a complete answer to a very common objection made to militia training,—that they are a waste of time and money which might be better employed. "The few trainings which are established in the several states are not deemed a burden by the great mass of the militia; on the contrary, they are anticipated with pleasure and even with eagerness, as authorized relaxations from labours or monotonous pursuits, which relieve the body and give energy to the feelings. Besides, we are well assured that their effect is to excite and nourish some of the best sentiments of a free republican people." We do not agree with the Reviewer, when he attributes the success of our militia on several occasions to the confidence and presumption of the enemy, especially in his view of the result at New Orleans. "At New Orleans," he says, "as the militia were in position, it would have been the part of good generalship to endeavour to turn that position. That such a manœuvre was practicable, the success of Colonel Thornton on the right bank of the river is proof. Had General Packenham established a strong body on that side of the Mississippi, and deferred his attack on the other until the lines were enfiladed, it is not improbable that thousands of British had been saved, and New Orleans a trophy in the hands of the enemy." We perceive no rational grounds for venturing an opinion, which certainly detracts in some measure from the prowess of the American arms, and from the glory acquired by them on the 8th of January 1815, and without something more convincing than we have seen, we should protest against the opinion as unwarranted and unjust. It is at all times difficult to speculate on what *might* have happened, especially in the affairs of war where much is often the effect of accident. But how the affairs of the British could be improved by a division of their army with a broad and

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rapid river between, and that river occupied by an American naval force, or how they could have transported cannon, or enfiladed our works when our batteries uniformly proved superior to theirs in every trial before New Orleans, we are yet to learn. We know, at any rate, that the opinion of Major Latour, a distinguished engineer, who wrote the history of that campaign, was the reverse of that of the Reviewer; and he had every opportunity of forming a just opinion. Major Latour, speaking of this plan of attack, namely, on the right bank of the river, says he is "far from thinking it would have been ultimately successful," had it been adopted.

Art. II. *Hints on extemporaneous preaching, by Henry Ware, junr. Boston.*—The Reviewer endeavours to stimulate the clergy to the study of eloquence, and suggests several powerful reasons for their acquiring the art of extemporaneous speaking, instead of resting contented with written sermons, or notes. Surveyed throughout the union, we are inclined to believe, that the clergy are inferior to the bar in the art of speaking; and we have no doubt it is in a considerable degree owing to their devotion to written instead of oral composition. There is an illustration by Mr. Ware on this subject, which is so apt and so well managed, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. "If any one would sing, he attends a master and is drilled in the very elementary principles, and only after the most laborious process dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before his eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails! If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution. If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labour, that he might know its compass and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out at will all its various combinations of harmonious sound and its full richness and delicacy of expression. And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all its instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles in his mind forever that the attempt is vain!"

Art. III. *The Works of Goethe.*—This article presents a vindication of German literature, and an account of Goethe and his

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writings, with translations of some of his poetry. It contains some good writing and just criticism. We are glad to find in it an authority for what we have advanced in a former number of our remarks, touching the merits of Wordsworth, as a poet. The reviewer here observes, with great truth and justice, in conformity with our own views on the subject, that "popularity, extensive and lasting popularity, is the least questionable testimony to poetic excellence. If the multitude and the critic are at variance, the latter is in the wrong. The poet reflects the passions and sentiments of men; he cannot please long and widely, unless he reflects them with truth."

Art. IV. *The American Farmer. By John H. Skinner. Baltimore*, 1821–1824.—Mr. Skinner's highly useful newspaper is recommended, and its merits pointed out, with a previous dissertation on political economy, in which some of the peculiar views of the French economists, and of Adam Smith, are examined and discussed. Why is Mr. Fessenden overlooked?

Art. V. *Italian Narrative Poetry.*—This article comprises sketches, at some length, of certain Italian poets, namely, Politian, Pulci, Boiardo, Berni, Ariosto, Tasso, Tassoni, and Fortiguerra, and may prove useful to such as wish to cultivate Italian literature, and to find an easy access to the names of their poets, and the character of their productions. We have already expressed regret that the pages of the Review are occupied on such a subject, and find no reason to change that opinion.

Art. VI. *Davis's Justice of the Peace. Boston*, 1824.—We have no doubt, from the reputation of the author of this work, that it deserves all that is said of it; and the critic writes like one who understands his subject. The powers of a magistrate are so extensive and important, that the public is much indebted to those who endeavour to teach them that knowledge in which they are so wofully deficient. In this state our justices are very generally nuisances to the community, because their commissions are too often the rewards of, or incentives to, political debasement. Would it not have a salutary effect, if every justice should be obliged to undergo an examination in open court, as to his moral conduct and professional acquirements, before he is allowed to act as a public officer?

Art. VII. *Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History, with additions and alterations, by John Ware, M. D. Boston*, 1824.—We are struck, in this article, with a quotation from Cuvier, which the reviewer introduces, and says, "has at least the merit of being novel and ingenious." "We cannot conceive," says Cuvier, "a clear idea of the instinct of animals, without admitting that they have in their sensorium, certain innate and uniform ideas and sensations, which determine their actions in the same way as their ordinary and accidental sensations commonly determine them. It is a sort of dream or vision which accompanies them at all

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times, and in every thing which concerns their instinct. *We may regard them as species of somnambulists.*"

That "God is the soul of brutes," is an ancient apothegm; but the making animals a sort of sleep-walkers, is, we grant, something new. It does not, however, deserve the merit of ingenuity; it is rather a pretty conceit. It sheds no light on the mystery of instinct, but rather casts a veil over a subject already sufficiently obscure. Is it not odd that the doctrine of innate ideas, after being exploded by metaphysicians, as applied to man, should be transferred by naturalists to the brute creation?

Art. VIII. *Sampson's Discourse on the Common Law. New York*, 1824.—The reviewer falls in with Mr. Sampson's notions of framing codes for the digest and regulation of American law, by rejecting such parts of the common law as are not consonant with our constitutions and state of society, and forming a unique and homogeneous whole. The subject is largely dwelt on, and the various arguments in its favour brought forward, on the whole, more in a speculative than in a sound, philosophical, or convincing manner. In our review of Mr. Sampson's book, we suggested our opinions, and we do not think the reviewer has met the difficulties that lie in the way of the plan, or exhibited the advantages to the community, that would follow its execution. There is one remark in page 433, which has been so often made as to become trite, of late, and which we quote for the sake of accompanying it with another passage to show its antiquity: "The multiplication of reports emanating from the numerous collateral sources of jurisdiction, is becoming an evil alarming and impossible to be long borne. It has of late increased enormously in every mode of increase; the establishment of new tribunals; the increased habit of reporting; and the prolix method adopted by the reporter." "Such has been this increase that very few of the profession can afford to purchase, and none can read all the books which it is thought desirable if not necessary to purchase," &c. &c. In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, which was printed in the year 1621, we met with the following: "What a catalogue of new books all this year, all this age, I say, have our Frankfort marts, our domestic marts brought out! Twice a year, *proferunt se nova ingenia et ostentant:* we stretch our wits out and set them to sale. So that (which Gesner much desires) if a speedy reformation be not had by some prince's edicts and grave supervisors, it will run on *in infinitum. Quis tam avidus librorum helluo;* who can read them? As already we shall have a vast chaos and confusion of books; we are oppressed with them; our eyes ache with reading, our fingers with turning." We have here the very pith and marrow of the reviewer's complaint, made two centuries ago, and let us ask, what has become of all this pile of books which alarmed poor Burton and distracted his mind? Some few are preserved; but the mass has perished. The latter, notwithstanding, were use-

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ful in their generation; and succeeding ones have extracted from them what little was valuable, and preserved it; while the rest became caput mortuum, and was burned, as were the leaves of the forest which flourished at the same moment. It is so in all human productions; in the books of the physician, the statesman, the philosopher, and the mechanic, as well as in those of the lawyer. The monkish legends during any of the dark ages, would not have been more completely annihilated, as to us, had they shared the fate of the library of Alexander, than they are by their unsuitableness to our wants and occasions.

Art. IX. *Van Jacob's Science of Political Economy.*—This is a view of a work on political economy and finance, by a German professor, in which the reviewer indulges little in his own remarks. The extracts given from the work, are interesting, and exhibit a clear and comprehensive mind in Mr. Van Jacob.

Art. X. *Letters to the Hon. William Prescott, LL.D. on the Free Schools of New England, by James G. Carber. Boston*, 1824.—The account given under this head, of the means of education in Boston, is gratifying, and eminently honourable to that metropolis.

"In providing means for the gradual advancement of all, from the humblest rudiments of knowledge, to some of its best attainments, the city of Boston offers an honourable example, which is the more striking, as it is conducted on so large a scale. The first step there is taken in the primary schools, where twenty-six hundred children, from the age of four to seven are constantly instructed, by female teachers, in spelling and reading. The next step is in the reading schools, where about twenty-eight hundred boys and girls, from seven to fourteen, are taught reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and geography. About one hundred and fifty, from twelve years old and upwards, pursue natural philosophy, geometry, mathematics, French, history, &c. at the High School. And about two hundred and thirty, in the ancient grammar school, are thoroughly carried through the principal Latin and Greek authors, entering at nine or ten and remaining five years. The whole of this arrangement is at once beautiful and practical. No step, no facility is wanting. The poorest boy of the six thousand, who are thus taught by the city, can, without the expense of a dollar, except in books, obtain a thorough education; and no further comment on the practical influence and operation of this system is necessary, than the simple fact, that the children of the rich are found in these free schools, no less than the children of the poor; or, in other words, that wealth, in the city of Boston, cannot buy a better education, than is freely given to the poor; a most honourable example, not only worthy of all imitation throughout a free state, but deserving every form of legislative countenance and support."

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CHINESE BONS MOTS.

Mr. Oldschool,

The following witticisms were lately translated from a Chinese jest book, entitled Sias-li-Sias, into the French language, from which I have rendered them into English for the amusement of your readers:

A tippler dreamt that he had found a cup of excellent wine. To enjoy it the better, he put it by the fire to warm, but just as he was going to drink it, he awoke. "Fool that I was," cried he, why could I not as well have drunk it cold?"

A man seeing a vender of oysters pass by, asked him, "How do you sell them by the pound?" The other replied, "oysters are sold by measure, not by weight."—"You must be very hard of hearing," rejoined the purchaser, "if you did not hear that I asked you how much a foot?"

A certain miser was always afraid of filling a glass of wine up to the top. One of his guests took up his glass and looked at it attentively. "This glass is too deep;" said he, "half of it should be cut off."—"Why so?" asked the miser. "Because," answered he, "if the upper part is not to contain wine, it is of no use."

Two brothers were cultivating the earth together. The oldest went out first to prepare the dinner, and then called his brother: "wait," said he, with a loud voice, "until I have concealed my pick-axe; I am coming presently." When they were at the table, his brother reproached him with his imprudence in calling out so loudly when he was afraid of being robbed. The dinner being ended, the younger brother went to look for his pick-axe, but it was gone. Then he ran to the other and whispered in his ear, "my pick-axe is stolen."

A man had his picture drawn; the painter desired him to call all who passed by and ask them whether it was not a good likeness. He did so, and the first answered, "the cap is very like." A second said "the coat is very well taken off;" and so on. "This is not the question," cried the painter; "what do you think of the face?" The man hesitated a little, and then replied, "the beard and hair are very well represented!"

A learned Chinese perceived that a robber was digging a hole in the wall of his house. He had at that moment on the fire a tea kettle full of boiling water—He takes it, sets himself near the wall and waits the result of the robber's operation. The opening made, the intruder first thrusts in his two feet, which the master of the house lays hold of and sprinkles them with boiling water. The robber shrieks out most dreadfully, and begs to be pardoned—But the other answers him with great gravity: "Only wait until I have emptied my tea-kettle."

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A rich man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove, on condition that he should give them an excellent dinner, which he readily agreed to do. When the promised feast was ended, he asked them whither they intended to transfer their domiciles. "Why," answered one of them, "my companion will remove to my house, and I to his."

A young married woman, the third day after her marriage, stole slily behind her husband and kissed him; the husband chid her, and said it was not decent. "I beg your pardon, my dear," answered she, "I did not know it was you."

A rich man was very curious of antiquities, which he purchased without knowing whether they were true or false, until he was quite ruined—Having thus spent all his money, he was at last reduced to beg, and would cry out, "Good charitable souls, please to give me a few of the antique coins struck by the Emperor Tai-Koung."

There was a child in a house which was continually crying and importuned every body. A physician was called, who administered a composing draught, and waited to see the effect of the remedy. After a few hours the child ceased to cry, and the Doctor exclaimed: "God be thanked! the child is cured." "Yes," answered somebody, "the child cries no more, but the mother is sobbing."

A man having been cured of a severe disorder by a white potion, forgot to thank the physician to whom he was indebted for his health. The doctor was much hurt by this piece of ingratitude. One day his late patient called upon him, and asked what he should give to his dog that was sick? "Give him," said the doctor, "a white potion."

A man was condemned to the gallows—one of his relations having seen him, asked what he had done to deserve that punishment. "As I was" said he, "passing along the highway, I saw a small rope on the ground, I thought it might be good for something, and I picked it up and went away with it. This is the cause of my misfortune." "What?" said that kinsman, "hanged for taking a rope? This was surely never seen before."—"It is true," replied the thief, "there was something at the end of it."—Being asked what it was, he answered: "only two oxen."

[FOR THE PORT FOLIO.]

MEMENTO OF WILSON, THE NATURALIST.

"Baron Cuvier, in a report made to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at their annual public meeting in Paris, April 24th, 1824,

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gives a view of the state and progress of natural history, since the return of maritime peace. In an intelligent summary of the labourers in different countries, he introduces this remark relative to our own. 'Wilson's Birds of the United States, designed, engraved and printed in the United States, and by artists of the country, are not inferior to our best collections.'"

Alexander Wilson, author of the American Ornithology, the most splendid work that has yet been produced on this side the Atlantic, was a native of Paisly, in Scotland, where the first effusions of his genius, in poetry and romance, not meeting with encouragement, he came over to America at the age of six and twenty. Arriving at New Castle, with only a few shillings in his pocket, in the summer of 1794, he walked up to Philadelphia, with a fowling piece upon his shoulder; when the first bird that presented itself in the woods, happened to be a red headed wook-pecker, the brilliant colours of which, exciting his admiration, would seem to have been the stimulating cause of his future pursuits; as it does not appear that he had discovered any particular predilection for the study of natural history in the land of his nativity, and his earliest engagements in his adopted country were necessarily in the line of school-keeping, for a livelihood.

A very interesting account of the first essays of our adventurer, as a scientific delineator, is given by his biographer, in the ninth and last volume of the Ornithology, which was not published until after his decease; but which nearly completed the magnificent undertaking to which he had devoted his life, at the sacrifice of every customary indulgence. On the very day whereon he was seized with his last illness, he had made out a list of those birds which he intended should, for the present at least, terminate the work.

This indefatigable naturalist died of a dysentery, brought on by inattention to his own personal wants, and the necessary relaxation from incessant labours, to perfect the work he had undertaken; and his remains were interred under the trees, in the cemetery of the Swedish church, on the banks of the Delaware.

Whilst in the enjoyment of health, this enthusiastic admirer of the productions of nature, had expressed a wish to be buried *in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, where the charms of nature might invite the steps of the votary of the Muses, and the lover of science—and where the birds might sing over his grave.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MERRIMENT.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, a Scottish clergyman, who has lately produced a new edition of Burns, which narrowly escaped the censorship of the General Assembly, is said to be a reviver of

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Dean Swift's walk of wit—the choice of texts. For example, when he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to have been a great favourite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage, "*and they all fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him.*" Another time, when he was called on to preach before a regiment of sharp-shooters, who came to church in their bottle-green uniforms, he held forth from, "*and I beheld men like trees, walking.*" He once made serious proposals to a young lady whose christian name was Lydia. On this occasion, the clerical wit took for his text, "And a certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." He has published a volume of jeux d'esprits, under the name of "Paul's Epistles to the Ladies."

Soon after Lord Kenyon was appointed Master of the Rolls, he was listening very attentively to a young clerk, who was reading to him, before a number of gentlemen of the long robe, the conveyances of an estate, and on coming to the word *enough*, pronounced it *enow*. His Honour immediately interrupted him—"Hold! hold! you must stand corrected; *e n o u g h* is, according to the vernacular custom, pronounced *enuff*, and so must all other English words which terminate in *o u g h*, as for example, *tough*, *rough*, *cough*, &c." The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on for some time, when coming to the word *plough*, he with a loud voice, and a penetrating look at his honour, called it *pluff!* The great lawyer stroked his chin, and with a smile, candidly said, —"Young man, *I sit corrected.*"

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Zampelior, an ingenious young author, has published a new Greek Tragedy, called *Timoleon*, and dedicated it to the venerable Dr. Coray: two others, *Scanderberg and Constantine Palæologus*, are ready for the press—*Mustoxydi*, a learned Greek of Corfu, has also translated into French the whole collection of the proclamations and documents issued by the Senate of the Peloponnesus, from the commencement of the heroic struggle of the Greeks, with the Turks, which are to be published at Paris. A young Greek named *Piccolo*, has likewise translated the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles into modern Greek. This is the piece which was lately performed at Odessa by Greek Actors, amidst boundless acclamation; at the conclusion of which the whole pit shouted, "Greece forever! Long live its generous friends!" *Spiridion Petrettini*, a Greek of Corfu, has published at Padua a translation of Velleius Paterculus.

The Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland offer a pre-

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mium of one hundred dollars in cash, or a Gold Medal, (at the option of the successful candidate,) for the best essay "on the Pathology and treatment of Cholera Infantum;" to be sent (postage paid) on or before the first day of May, 1825.

Dr. Wanostrocht, well known by his useful elementary books, has published an Epitome of Blackstone's Commentaries for the use of schools. Such a book, substituting a general view of American Law and Jurisprudence, in the place of what is peculiar to the English system, should be introduced into our seminaries. The opinion is pretty general among us, that if a young man is not intended for the law, it is quite unnecessary for him to be acquainted with the constitution and laws of his country. We have heard of a gentleman, who had been educated at one of our best seminaries, and afterwards associated with the first society, upon being asked in a large company at Paris, how our president was elected, answered that it was by the governors of the several states, assembled at Washington once in every four years, for that purpose.

A German Professor, named Camper, has announced that he has found out the reason why monkies do not speak. He ascribes their taciturnity to their ærial antics! This philosopher has been eclipsed by the sagacity of the Virginian negro, who said that these animals would not speak lest "Massa might make them work." We wish some of our craniologists would procure casts of the heads of these philosophers, as we think they would exhibit admirable developments of the organ called *inventiveness*. The same organ, we imagine, might be found very prominent on the pericranium of the gentleman who invented a new alphabet, some years ago, and was rewarded by the Philosophical Society, with their gold Magellanic Premium!

An English lady has translated into Italian the celebrated tale of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. To this task she was excited she says, by the strong admiration she has always felt for the noble and charming Italian language. Her performance has not reached this country; but we are enabled, by the means of a quotation in a review to afford the reader a specimen of it. It is the well known sentence with which the tale commences:

"Voi che ascoltate con credulità li suggerimenti d'una feroida immaginazione, e sequitate, con ardore, li fantasmi della Speranza; che aspettate che l'età matura adempia le promesse della gioventu, credendo cosi ottener domani, quel che il giorno d'oggi vi niega; porgete attento orecchio alla storia di Rassela, Principe d'Abissinia."

We would suggest, though with entire deference to those who have some experience in such matters, whether it would not be a very useful exercise for young persons to retranslate these versions from our own idiom, and then compare their versions with the original. We do not know whether it has been tried in any

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of our schools. If it should not improve them in the acquisition of the foreign tongue, we are quite certain that it would make them more familiar with their own; and this is no trifling gain when we consider how many vulgarisms disfigure the conversation of many of our young persons who have had the opportunity of acquiring a polite conversation.

Mr. T. W. Griffith has published an interesting history of the rise and progress of the city of Baltimore. Within the memory of many who are still on the theatre of life, this was quite an insignificant village. It is now crowded with splendid edifices, which attest the enterprise and liberality of its inhabitants. It has the honour of having erected the first monument to the memory of the Father of his country. It were to be wished that Mr. Griffith's example could be followed in other cities: at any rate we hope that his industry may be suitably rewarded.

It does not fall within the scope of our work to review treatises on law, or we should do more than take a passing notice of the able and profound "*Dissertation on the nature and extent of the jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States,*" lately published in this city, by Mr. Duponceau. In this work, many new and interesting lights are thrown on a question which it appears has been the occasion of much difference of opinion among our most distinguished judges and statesmen, and which may yet be considered as unsettled. We have little doubt that it will make a strong impression on the subject, and if it does not convince every reader, it will materially aid him in arriving at a proper conclusion. The author's prominent idea is, that there exists a common law jurisdiction in the United States, in criminal cases; if the word jurisdiction be understood, as he thinks it ought to be, not as authorizing the courts to act of themselves, but as furnishing the rule of proceeding and of punishment where congress enables them to act; though congress do not define the crime or designate the punishment, in other words, "the common law is no longer the *source* of power or jurisdiction, but the *means* or instrument through which it is exercised." Pref. xi. Having thus disarmed the common law of its only dangerous attribute, the *power-giving-capacity*, he considers it as perfectly harmless in a political point of view, and as beneficial in all others. He is of opinion, that of all systems of jurisprudence, the common law is the best adapted for improvement, and he therefore rejoices to see it established in this country. It is plain from his investigation, as well as from the known character of the learned author, that this tribute of approbation bestowed by him on the common law, is not the result of a bigotted devotion to it exclusively of other systems; because few show greater familiarity with the codes of other countries, or with the principles of general jurisprudence; and for precision of thought, and purity, perspicuity, and vivacity of style, it is seldom that in legal discussions, we meet with Mr. Dupon-

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ceaus' equal. His opinions are peculiarly valuable at this time of day, when so many crude notions are put afloat by speculative and visionary writers on the subject of making new codes, the usual introduction to which, is an attack on the common law.

The most recent numbers of Blackwood's Magazine (September and October) which have been received at our office, contain two essays, which require animadversion, for several reasons. The writer commences with a sweeping declaration that there is nothing like American literature. The very phrase is regarded by him as ridiculous, because, he affirms, there is nothing to show the existence of the fact. His argument is absurd enough: there is no American literature, according to him, because there is nothing to distinguish it from English literature!—which is about as sagacious a remark as if we were to say that the people of the United States do not talk English, because our idiom is not peculiar to us, but is used by writers in England and some fifth or sixth part of her population. From internal evidence, we do not hesitate to ascribe these foolish and wicked lucubrations to a certain wandering Yankee, who having found it *convenient* to quit Baltimore, after having been "much beaten," according to rumour, for his libels on the dead, and his impudence to the living, has found his way to Edinburgh, where he earns his crust by defaming his native land. If the flippancy and impertinence of these articles did not sufficiently indicate the unprincipled individual, against whom we intend to point the finger of scorn, our conjecture might be strengthened by the fact, that the slimy reptile has had the effrontery not only to mention his own name as that of an American writer of distinguished merit, but to connect it with that of another, which recalls to our mind every association that belongs to the character of an agreeable writer and a delightful companion. Who ever dreamt of assigning such a title to this impudent scribbler, whose novels cannot be read without loathing, but himself, and the editor of a certain *unnameable Gazette*, which has earned the distinguished honour of seldom being quoted by any of its numerous competitors, throughout our country, but for the purpose of reprehension! By this editor, whose decisions, by the way, are rarely the result of temperate examination, the emigrant Attorney from Baltimore, and vender of "notions" from New England, has been saluted as the "GREAT AMERICAN UNKNOWN!" on account, forsooth, of his "Logan," and "Randolph," and some other concoctions of bad grammar and filthy imaginations. Nothing could be more unfortunate than this appellation, since the novelist to whom it is applied is quite notorious from Maine to Maryland, as being so exactly mid-way between the fool and the knave, that no two men can agree how he deserves to be treated: whether he should be spit upon or cowskinned. This state of public opinion, proved to be a most unfortunate predicament for our scribbler, for he was compelled to endure both

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punishments, until he made his escape from Baltimore, and has contrived to find employment by pandering to the taste for personal defamation for which Blackwood's Magazine appears to be noted. The disguises which he assumes cannot shelter him from the unqualified contempt of all honourable men. He may call himself "*Percival*," or he may remain contented with that which his father gave him; he may play the itinerant tradesman, or the petty-fogging attorney; he may exhibit himself for pay as a reciter, or publish obscene novels at the expense of his printers:—contempt and abhorrence must always wait such a career, as his has been. This anonymous libeller, has been dragged from his covert, and the cowskin has scored his recreant limbs. Look at his back, Mr. North, when he calls for his next stipend; and if the marks be obliterated, reflect what credit your magazine can obtain by hiring writers, whose best recommendation consists in the smartness with which they can abuse their own country! We say nothing of the literary merit of your new contributor: we raw Jonathans in the United States, as you pay him for styling us, laughed at that *here*, while his publishers paid the piper. He had fully qualified himself for the drudgery you have assigned to him, before he quitted our shores, by a career which has effectually excluded him from intercourse with honourable men or modest women. Destitute of regard where he was known, he had sunk to that degree of infamy which made him a convenient instrument for that department of the English press, reserved for the defamation of the American character. Of the critical opinions of a man, whose intellects can hardly be said to be in a sound state, little needs be said. Our Secretary of State, who has written so much and so well, has produced, according to this scribbler, "but one book,—the "*Lectures on Rhetoric*"—but that is an able and beautiful production, which will perpetuate his name and character," &c. Is it worth while to waste a word on this?

Of *Fisher Ames*, one of our brightest ornaments, we learn, from this consummate judge, who disposes of our literary men, with about as much ease and impudence as some travelling gentry from his country, get rid of their tin-ware, "that no vestiges remain, except a volume or two of essays and orations, which are not remarkable for any particular excellence," &c. Did this miscreant know, or did he designedly suppress the fact, that the *vestiges* of this eminent statesman, whose whole life was a model for the patriot and the christian, were collected in *one* volume, after his death, and that they contain one speech which mainly contributed to the establishment of a most important constitutional principle: that the representatives in our congress adjourned, immediately after it was delivered, because, as was acknowledged by his opponents, it would not be proper to take the question while the members were under the influence of such overwhelming eloquence? It is in vain to complain of British tourists while such

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slanders are propagated by our own citizens, who seek in a foreign land an estimation and a support which they have forfeited at home, by a character distinguished for its utter recklessness of all that belongs to an honest reputation.

Paul Allen is another gentleman who comes under the review of this profligate pen; and if we are not equally mistaken in our notions about the integrity and delicacy of his character, Mr. Blackwood's defamer will receive no thanks for the manner in which he is exhibited as an American writer. He, we are told, "took rank over every body in the country," excepting one, in consequence of Mr. Jefferson having "pronounced that he was the very best, or one of the two best writers in the country!" We shall not quarrel with any one who is disposed to believe this opinion or this assertion; and therefore we leave the statement as we find it. It is added by this person, who has been employed to give the honest folks of Edinburgh some information about these unknown and benighted regions, that honest Mr. Allen, as every one will acknowledge him to be who knows him, was engaged to conduct a paper at Baltimore, entitled the Telegraph, which was incorporated with the *Federal Republican*. "Out of this junction," says this scribbler," grew the Baltimore mob, &c. Now, every body who takes the trouble of knowing any thing about that affair, knows that it occurred some years before this amalgamation of the two journals. The fact is mentioned, trifling as it is, merely to show how little credit is to be given to this paltry stipendiary. There are other assertions about this and other American writers, which we pass over, in order to examine at more length, what is said of *Charles B. Brown;* a man whom we knew and loved; and an author, whose productions a critic may safely praise.

The character and history of Mr. Brown, is a tissue of error and nonsense. "He had no poetry," says Blackwood's scribe; "no pathos; no wit; no humour; no pleasantry; no playfulness; no passion; little or no eloquence; no imagination—and, except where panthers were concerned, a most penurious and *bony* invention—meagre as death, and yet"—what does the reader expect?—"he was able to secure the attention of extraordinary men, as other people (who write better) would that of children;—to impress his pictures upon the human heart, with such unexampled vivacity, that no time can obliterate them; and, withal, to fasten himself with such tremendous power, upon a common incident, as to hold the *spectator* breathless." "And yet," again, "this man was thought little or nothing of by his countrymen!" Brown, says this hireling calumniator of his countrymen, was dying of the yellow fever, in Philadelphia, in 1798! He resided in New York at that time; and all the heart-rending tale that follows about his sufferings from disease and poverty, and his wife and children, &c. is a fiction. He was not married until the year

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1804, when he returned to Philadelphia. The scribe is pleased to represent him as *literally starving* in this "Athens of America," as he sneeringly designates our city,—and he adds, for the information of his townsmen, that he lived in "a low, dirty, two story brick house,—on the eastern side of Eleventh Street, &c." We have spent many hours in the house here intended to be designated. It stood on the western side; it was a three story house; well furnished and well kept. Instead of being in embarrassed circumstances, as this libel represents, Mr. Brown was always able to keep a hospitable and liberal table; he had wealthy brothers, and when the sisters of his wife lost their father, he adopted them as his own. Does this look like starving, and going down "to the grave with a broken heart?" "He looked liked a shipwrecked man." Although several years younger than Mr. Brown, the writer of this was on the most intimate terms with him; and therefore he can contradict this statement with perfect confidence. No man was ever better fitted for the enjoyment of domestic happiness than Brown, and he had his full share. Silent, retired, and modest, he delighted in abstract meditation; but with the utmost ease, he could rouse from a reverie and delight the social circle by fluent and copious discourse. His "desolate, miserable, and wretched family," as it is represented in Blackwood, formed as cheerful a circle as ever excited the aspirations of a bachelor. Brown was "a tall man—with a *powerful* frame!" We who remember his attenuated figure,—under the ordinary size—know not what to say of such blunders. Are they committed intentionally in order to conceal the author? "Nobody knew him—nobody cared for him—(till we took up his cause.") This alludes, we presume, to an article on Brown, which appeared in Blackwood some years ago. Now we can inform this writer, that our amiable and accomplished countryman, was frequently and warmly extolled in our pages before Blackwood's Magazine was in existence.—More hereafter.

ON THE GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

(BY HENRY NEELE.)

"Even to this day,
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings ev'ry thing that's fair."
COLERIDGE, from Schiller.

Oh! ye divine creations, still the heart
Hoards worship for ye in its inmost core;
And though clasp'd hands and bended knees impart
Their homage at your hallow'd shrines no more,
Still from your brows undying splendours dart.
Immortal harps rang with your praise of yore,

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And their sweet echo still survives. The light
That on your altars burns, has grown less bright,
But not less beautiful; and even now
It gilds life's sordid path, and shows us how
In this dull age, with pride and meanness fraught,
To steal out of the world's unwholesome fen
Into the silent sanctuaries of thought
And hold high converse there with gods and godlike men.

THE PEACH.

(BY JAMES EDMESTON.)

I was born on a day of blossomy Spring,
When the skylark first outspreads his wing,
When he highest can soar, and sweetest sing;
Where the sun shines brightest,
Where the zephyr breathes lightest,
Where the butterflies play,
Where the honey-bees stray,
There I basked the summer long day;
And every morning, fresh and new,
I drank full draughts of the choicest dew;
And the summer rolled on full gay:
But the sun shone bright,
And the zephyr breathed light,
And I drank the dew,
So fresh, and so new,
To heighten my bloom,
To enrich my perfume,
And ripen me, flavour me, Lady, for you!
Then here I lie, your humble slave,
And this is the only boon I crave—
That you praise my perfume,
My flavour, my bloom,
When you lay me at last in my coral grave.

FAIRY TALE.

(BY JAMES EDMESTON.)

Who hath not heard of the fairies' sport,
Their elfin monarch, and glittering court?
When the dance they have held by the rippling stream,
While their glow-worm lamps in the darkness gleam;
Or smiles the fair light of the pale moon beam,
When the traveller, wildered in forest forlorn,
Starts at the sound of their bugle horn,
As footed the tiny masquers o'er
The golden ripples and emerald shore;
Or sailed their queen adown the flood,
In yacht of azure harebells' bud;

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While proud her little navies ride
In pigmy grandeur by her side,
In gallies of the meadow's pride.
Listen a moment, and I will tell
Of what, in the village, is known full well:
In the midst of the forest of berrytree
There blossomed a circle right fair to see;
The spot was dimpled in form of dell;
It was the wood faes' favourite cell;
Oh, 'twas the sweetest, wildest spot,
That Nature ever made;
There rose a flowery latticed grot,
Of a thousand tinted shade.
The harebell's hue, and the violet blue,
And the sweet-briar joined her fragrant bough;
And the purple heath, and a woodbine wreath,
Twined lovelily round its brow;
And the thyme's perfume, and the yellow broom,
Spread over the ground a golden bloom,
And formed to the sight
A carpet bright,
Of richest fairy tapestry;
And there the butterfly's crimson wings
In winnowing circlets play;
And the wild bee, pirate of odours, brings
The spoils of the summer's day;
And the nightingale, lost to the midnight, sings
The sunshiny hours away;
The dragonet flutters from flower to flower,
And sips the drops of the new-fallen shower.

And once an infant, sweet and fair,
The fairies kept a prisoner there;
The mother had journeyed afar all day,
And, wearied and spent with the length of the way,
At eve she laid down and slept:
But when she awoke, at the break of dawn,
And found that her infant was lost and gone;
To see how she beat her poor bosom forlorn,
With her eyes all tears, and her hair all torn,
The coldest of hearts had wept.
She searched the copse and thickets wild,
But she saw no trace of her darling child;
She wandered and wandered full many a day,
But she saw no mark to point out the way,
Till broken of heart, could no more abide,
But laid her down on the turf and died.

The villagers knew the fairy spot,
And they gazed afar on a moonlight night;

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And oft in the midst of the flowery grot,
A figure stood dress'd in white;
But never a villager dared go nigh,
For they knew whom the fairies caught must die.
Many a summer rolled away,
And the figure by night was no longer seen;
But a hillock of leaves and flowrets gay,
Sprang suddenly o'er the green;
And yet by the fine scathed oak it stands;
They say it was reared by fairy hands.

Funereal sweets of saddest bloom,
Enwreathe the melancholy tomb;
And the pale moonlight, in its way,
Turns to a paler, fainter tone;
A gentler, a more mournful ray,
Ere o'er the flowery spot it shone,
In undulating play;
And when the moon withdraws her light,
A thousand glow-worms glimmer bright,
A little narrow day;
And Philomel, the whole night long,
Pours forth her saddest, wildest song,
A sweet, a requiem lay;
And there the little faes resort,
And there the elf queen holds her court,
Choosing, as village hind has known,
This hillock for a fairy throne,
While round about, in royal state,
The little elves attendant wait,
Sport gaily through the midnight hours,
Or ambush underneath the flowers,
Dance on the golden rippled stream,
Or ride upon the lunar beam,
While village story sacred keeps
The spot where the fairy foundling sleeps.

ECHOS.

(BY JAMES EDMESTON.)

We, the myriad, born of Sound,
Where the sweetest spots are found,
Over sea, over land,
An invisible band,
Sport all creation round and round;
We love not the plain,
Nor the sky-bounded main;
Nor delight in the region of ether to reign;

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But enraptured we dwell
In the wood or the dell;
And an age-hollowed oak is a favourite cell,
A hilly clump, or a rocky shore,
We foot full merrily o'er and o'er.

Gay on Andalusian fields,
Purple, with autumnal sun,
When the grape its harvest yields,
When the summer toil is done;
Linked in rustic dance appear,
Spanish maid and cavalier;
Light they lead the dance along,
Heart to heart, and hand in hand:
Mirth, and merriment, and song,
Castanet and saraband:
Then upon a neighbouring hill,
Bands of Echos, lurking still,
Spring from ambush, dance, and play,
Lightly, merrily as they.

When the evening's magic power
Tips with gold the heather flower,
And all the plain delights the eye,
With setting sunbeams' warmest dye;
When along the silent grove
Meditation loves to rove,
All is sleeping, all is mute,
Save the warbling, dying strain,
Seeming sweetly to complain,
Breathing from the shepherd's flute;
Then, if chance the cadence fall
On some tower or abbey wall,
Oh, how lightly Echos bear
A fainter strain
Away again,
And melt it gently into air!

Seated by a dripping well,
When a cavern spans it round,
Many an Echo loves to dwell,
Listening to the liquid sound.
Since the driplets first begun,
She hath told them one by one;
Day and night her station kept,
Never slumbered, never slept;
But as drop by drop they die,
Each she pays a single sigh,
A momentary elegy.

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In a rock upon a shore,
Oft we mock the ocean's roar;
Or on green hill side at dawn,
Carol to the huntsman's horn;
Or at evening in the dale,
  On feet of air we steal along,
Listening to the shepherd's tale,
  Or warbling to the shepherd's song.
When in the vast cathedral nave,
  The magic tones of music dwell;
In some deep nook, or hero's grave,
  We lurk, and answer swell for swell:
Half the charms that music knows,
  To the Echo's power she owes;
But for us the sounds would fly
Harshly, unmodulated by,
And reft of cadent melody.

LINES

Suggested by a Portrait of the unfortunate Queen of France, taken on the last examination previous to her Execution.

(BY MISS HOLFORD.)

And this was she! the peerless and the bright,
  The false world's darling! she who did possess
(And held awhile in Europe's dazzled sight)
  Glorious in majesty and loveliness,
  The Heaven-lent power to ruin or to bless!
Yes,—this was she!—but mark ye, I beseech,
  Who love the world,—mark this mute wretchedness,
And grave it on your hearts, for it doth reach
  To regions unexplored by eloquence of speech!

Nature gave loveliness, and fate gave power,
  And millions lavish'd incense,—poets hung
Their amaranth over the royal bower;
  For Gallia's lily every lyre was strung,
  Pride of all eyes, and theme of every tongue:—
Love, Awe, and Wonder, were her ministers;
  Life, and its hours, upon her fiat hung;
She held in poise a nation's hopes and fears—
Dominion, beauty, pomp, and the world's shout, were her's!

Gracious and mighty! Yet there came an hour
  Of desolation; and away it swept,
In one rude whirlwind, empire, pomp, and power!
  On the fair brow the hoary winter crept
  Of Sorrow, not of Time.—Those eyes have wept,
Till Grief had done with tears, and calm and cold,
  Tired with its own excess, in stupor slept,

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Or gazed in frozen wonder to behold
The black and hideous page of destiny unroll'd.

Yet trace these faded lines! For they impart
A tale may do your careless bosoms good!
Muse o'er the fragments of a mighty heart,
Broken by sorrow:—ye, whose jocund mood
Insatiate feeds on Pleasure's tempting food,
Look here!—It will not harm ye, though your thought
Leave its gay flight to melt in Pity's flood!
To each light heart, home be the lesson brought,
With what enduring bliss the world's fair smile is fraught!

And is this all? No!—ye may learn beside
That *all* which fate can threaten *may* be borne;
To see life's blessings, one by one, subside,
Its wild extremes from tenderness to scorn,
But as the changes of an April morn!
For still she was a queen!—and majesty
Survived, though she, deserted and forlorn,
Save Heaven, had ne'er a friend to lift her eye;
But Heaven return'd the glance, and taught her how to die!

TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

(*From the Literary Gazette.*)

Creature of air and light,
Emblem of that which may not fade or die!
Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south-wind through the sunny sky?
What lures thee thus to stay
With *silence* and *decay*,
Fixed on the wreck of dull mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd there
Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone!
Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house have flown?
Rise, nursling of the day,
If thou wouldst trace their way,
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell?
Far thence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous midst the woods to dwell!
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn!
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon gloomy cell.

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SONG.

There may be some who lov'd, like me,
Though reason, feeling, pride, reprov'd,
Loved with aching constancy—
Hopelessly loved.

Some, who to words but half sincere,
That should have been but half believed,
Lent like me a willing ear,
And were deceived.

Suffering like me, perhaps they found
One struggling wrench, one wild endeavour
Break the tie that she had bound
Their souls forever!

And they were freed—and yet I pine
With secret pangs, with griefs unspoken;
No—their hearts were not like mine,
Else they had broken!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MELODY.

Air—"*There's nae luck about the house.*"

In thy sweet voice there is a charm,
The coldest heart would win,
It speaks of feeling, tender, warm,
Of harmony within.
When e'en its gentle accents flow
In angel pity's tone,
The heart o'erwhelm'd with deepest wo,
Its soothing power must own.

If sweet attun'd to sprightling sounds,
With pleasure sparkling bright,
My yielding heart with joy abounds,
In rapturous delight.
When thy melodious words impart,
Affection's seraph tones,
Soft tremors thrill my captive heart,
That all its influence owns.

Oh! would it speak of tender love,
Of fond regard for me,
Oh! blissful would its accents prove,
Of thrilling ecstacy!
For in that voice there is a charm,
The coldest heart would win,
It speaks of feeling, tender, warm,
Of harmony within.

SYDNEY.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Abstract of Principal Occurrences.

New Hampshire. A poor Irishman in Portsmouth, N. H. lately fancied himself bewitched, and applied to a Dr. Scobie, for relief. The doctor willing to humour his whim, confirmed his suspicions, assured him of his ability to cure him, and at an appointed hour attended him at his house. After securing the door and windows, and kindling a large fire, he took from him about a quart of blood, which was solemnly burnt; and which completely cured the Irishman of his ailments: and for which service he gave the doctor, as he supposed, a note for nine dollars; but which, by some witchery, in the course of a few days became a note for ninety dollars. The doctor was in consequence indicted for forgery; but on trial was acquitted; there being no witness against him except his lately bewitched patient.

Massachusetts. The site of the battle of Bunker Hill has been lately purchased for the purpose of erecting a granite Monument, in commemoration of the battle, which shall be the loftiest in the world. It is expected that General La Fayette will lay the corner stone of the structure on the 19th of June, next, having expressed a willingness to delay his departure till that anniversary. The Washington Benevolent Society have subscribed for the object, about 2000 dollars; Gov. Philips, 1000; D. Sears, Esq. 500; P. C. Brooks, 500; and five others have subscribed 100 dollars each. The cost is estimated at 37,000 dollars.

New York. For the first time in America, the operation of taking off the thigh at the hip joint, was lately performed at the New York Hospital, by Valentine Mott, Professor of Surgery. The patient was a boy of about twelve years of age, labouring under a case of *necrosis*, or decay of the thigh bone. The operation was completely successful—and was endured by the patient with great fortitude. His symptoms since, have been of the most favourable kind: and if he survives, it will confer honour on the operator, and add to the renown of the profession in this country.

In Otsego county, an establishment has been formed by some young ladies for the manufacture of imitation Leghorns, and they have already been so successful as to undersell, advantageously, the traders in the regular article. They supply the surrounding country at a cheaper rate, with equal quality, than the merchants can afford.

Pennsylvania. On the 18th of October, a White Bear was killed on the west branch of the river Susquehannah, four miles below Youngwomanstown—the fur is thicker and appears to be softer than that of the Black Bear, and its ears much larger; it was in company with a black bear at the time it was killed. This is the first quadruped of this species that has been seen or taken in this part of the world by any of the oldest inhabitants.

Georgia. The Grand Jury of Hancock county, have presented Robert Flournoy, sen. and Robert Flournoy, jun. large slave holders in that county, for cruelty and oppression to their slaves. The following is an extract from the presentment:

"Robert Flournoy, jun. did, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four, and from that day till the twelfth day of October in the same year, at their plantation, cruelly misuse seven slaves, to wit—Scipio, Nelly, Joshua, Mahala, Grace, Sally, and Dolly, slaves of the said Robert Flournoy, sen. and Robert Flournoy, jun. by cruelly beating, by withholding necessary food for the sustenance of said slaves, and which slaves have been under the principal care and direction of Robert Flournoy, jun. and by requiring

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greater labour from said slaves than they were able to perform, and by not affording proper clothing, whereby the health of said slaves became so injured and impaired that the above named slaves have all died between the dates above mentioned; and one of them, to wit: Dolly, on the twelfth day of October, in the year aforesaid; and that the slaves so dying have been denied the usual rites of sepulture. In addition to all these acts of cruelty and barbarity, they have denied said slaves the opportunity of recovery, by not employing proper medical aid administered by the skill of a physician."

The Cherokee Indians possess a tract of country in Georgia. By compact between the United States and Georgia, made in 1802, the former engaged to extinguish the Indian title to the lands "as early as the same can *peaceably* be obtained upon reasonable terms." Notwithstanding all the efforts of the United States, a portion of these lands still belongs to the Cherokees, who have announced their intention not to cede any more, but to remain upon them and cultivate the arts of civilized life. The Cherokees hold their lands by treaty with the United States—a treaty which shows that they are considered as an independent people; they are fast acquiring the habits of civilized life—some of them are well educated men, and many of them of property. The existence of such a distinct people within the limits of Georgia is not compatible with the principles of the Federal Government, and they could not easily, if Georgia were willing, become subject to its government.

In this stage of the business, the President has communicated to Congress all the documents on the subject, stating that he has no authority to proceed any further in the business. What measures Congress can devise to overcome these difficulties, without committing an act of violence upon the Cherokees, it is difficult to conjecture. To remove them by force would be easily accomplished, if this nation will consent to embrue its hands in the blood of the rightful owners of the land in question. But the people will not consent to it, notwithstanding the State of Georgia urges that measure as one which ought to be resorted to in justice to her.

Among the Documents is a paper addressed to the President by the Senators and Representatives in Congress from Georgia, which, for its intemperate and disrespectful language, is without a precedent. The language it holds, too, in relation to the Indians, is extremely reprehensible. It speaks of them as mere tenants at will—alleges that their consent is not necessary to enable the United States to put Georgia in possession of their lands—and that they ought to be taught "that there is no alternative between their removal beyond the State of Georgia and *their extinction!*" It is hardly necessary to remark that the President does not accord with these doctrines.

Since these documents have been communicated, the Cherokee delegation have addressed a memorial directly to each House of Congress, remonstrating against the designs of Georgia, and animadverting upon the memorial of the Georgia delegation to the President. One of the Cherokee delegation, is *John Ridge*, who lately married in Connecticut. It is said he is a well educated young man, of graceful manners, and that he has devoted himself to the profession of the law. It is said, also, that he has nearly a thousand acres of land under cultivation, and owns about two hundred negro slaves.

Alabama. By law, in this state, all judges and justices are required to arrest, and bind over, all persons suspected of an intention to fight a duel, together with the abettors. All parties concerned in a duel are subject to imprisonment three months, a fine not exceeding 2000 dollars, and perpetual disqualifications from office. Any judge, or justice, who knows that a duel is to be fought and does not prevent it, shall be

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dismissed from office. If any person by written or printed handbills, proclaim any citizen to be a coward, or use other offensive language for not fighting a duel, he may be fined not exceeding 500 dollars. If any printer refuse to disclose the name of the author of the above nature, to the court, when called upon, he shall be punished for a contempt of said court, at its discretion.

Louisiana. It is estimated, that the average produce of Louisiana, is about 40,000 hhds. of sugar—40,000 bales of cotton, which is valued at 4,400,000 dollars, and that they produce rice and Molasses amounting to 600,000 dollars more. Calculations are made on the probable increase of the population of that state, that not many years will elapse when it will yield 50 or 60 millions of revenue per annum.

Kentucky. Governor Desha, in his late Message to the Legislature of this state, has denounced the bank of the United States, and recommended the adoption of measures to drive away its branches "located in Kentucky." The Governor, probably, has never heard of the decision of the Supreme Court on this subject. It is not to be presumed that he would advise resistance to the judgments of that tribunal within its acknowledged jurisdiction. Prejudice against the National Bank has disappeared on this side of the Alleghany; it is time that alarms so idle as those sounded by Governor Desha, should no longer be heard on the other.

The finances of Kentucky are in a bad state. The deficiency of revenue to meet the state expenses for the last year was 35,406 dollars.

Illinois. During the present year, this state has enjoyed a degree of health unusual in the most salubrious climates. The season in which the autumnal fevers prevail to the greatest extent has already passed; and as yet no epidemic has visited any part of the country. During the last summer and spring, an unusual quantity of rain is said to have fallen. The Ohio, which generally falls in May, and sometimes in April, and continues from that time until the ensuing winter, so low as to prevent the passage of large boats, was full until the end of July, and still continues higher than is common at this season. The small rivers and creeks have kept up, and the smaller water courses which are commonly dried up early in the summer, continued to afford a supply of fresh water until lately. From these circumstances, many predicted a sickly autumn, under the erroneous notion which prevails in most bilious countries, that the disease is produced by heat and moisture, and that therefore, there is most sickness where there is most water. But it seems to be the better notion, that such disorders are occasioned by the putrid effluvia arising from decayed vegetable matter—the heavy rains during the present year, have swept off such matter as fast as it accumulated, and cleansed the surface of the earth. The beds of the water courses, large and small, contain the largest portion of these deleterious substances, which is carried into them by the spring freshets, and after the waters subside, remain exposed during the remainder of the season to the scorching beams of the sun—but the waters not having subsided this year until the hot season was over, the primary cause of the disease (the vegetable matter) was never so operated upon as to produce a bad atmosphere.

The governor of Illinois has convened the legislature by proclamation on the 15th of November, about a fortnight earlier than the regular time of meeting. Some necessary arrangements preparatory to the presidential election are the alleged cause. It is supposed that the election of a senator, to fill the vacant seat of Mr. Edwards, is also a reason for this early session—as a member elected at the usual time would not be able to reach Washington until late in the winter. Ours is indeed an immense country. The

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members who reside far distant in the West, must, by the ordinary mode of travelling, consume about one third of their time in travelling to and from the metropolis. But at those seasons when the steam boats are in operation, the members from Illinois and Missouri sometimes reach their homes in a fortnight.

At the late election in this state, about 12,000 votes were taken, of which a majority of 2000 were opposed to the calling of a convention, the object of which was supposed to be the introduction of slavery. That question is supposed to be now forever set at rest, and the hardy sons of New England may continue to migrate to this fertile region, whither so many of their countrymen have gone before them.

Missouri. The Missouri Intelligencer gives an account of a race of Indians, called the Nabijoe, who inhabit a district of country between New Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. They are said to be intelligent, warlike and ingenious, having advanced far in the arts of civilization. Some of their manufactures, particularly those of wool, are said to equal the fabrics of Europe; and some are of so ingenious a nature, that the Spaniards have essayed in vain to imitate them. They do not, like other Indian tribes, lead a vagrant life, and depend upon the chase for their subsistence, but are a nation of wealthy, independent farmers. The Spaniards have frequently felt their prowess in war; and while all other nations have been subjected to the Spanish yoke, they have continued, since the days of Pizarro and Cortez, to preserve their freedom and independence. They are supposed to be a remnant of the old Mexican nation, who, after the death of Montezuma, and consequent degradation and subjection of their native land, fled to this part of the country, leaving their beautiful vallies and cities a prey to their conquerors—still retaining their ancient manners and customs, and the arts for which they were renowned upon the first discovery of the country.

Florida. St. Augustine is delightfully situated on a peninsula formed by the Matanzas and the Sebastian rivers, with an open view of the sea. It contains about 280 dwelling houses, a court house, a council house, a Roman Catholic church, and a building called St. Francis Barracks, now elegantly fitted for military quarters. There are shoemakers, tanners and curriers, tailors, carpenters, stone masons, bricklayers and other mechanics and artisans, who manufacture what is necessary for domestic use. No census has been taken of the population since the treaty, but it is believed that the number of inhabitants is about 1800. A few planters reside there, who have plantations of great value, but the chief revenue arises from the export of oranges to Charleston and other places. Besides the Roman Catholic congregation, there are Episcopalian, Methodist, and Presbyterian societies.

The advantage of St. Augustine for health, has too often been shown to need much to be said about it. We believe there is not a spot on the globe which has the advantage of a purer air, and where local diseases are less known.

POSTSCRIPT.—*The present number of the Port Folio having been printed at a new office, some delay has occurred in publishing it. To the same cause is to be attributed the circumstance that it does not contain the usual quantity of matter. But as the reader will find seven engravings instead of six, it is to be hoped that this deficiency will be pardoned.*

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For the Port Folio.

LA FAYETTE.

It was intended to embellish this Number of the Port Folio, as the reader will perceive in the first article, with a scene from one of the Waverley Novels; but since that article was printed, an event has occurred, which has diffused a stream of gladness throughout all the land, and excited the emulation of every class in welcoming to our shore a man who essentially contributed to the establishment of American Independence. Amidst the loud huzzas and triumphal expressions which are heard on every side, it is our duty as faithful journalists to preserve the memory of these transactions. We shall therefore publish in this Number a brief account of General La Fayette's first reception in the United States, at New York; and a specimen of the insignia which have been prepared by our artists to commemorate his arrival in Philadelphia.

The visit of this ardent and steadfast supporter of natural rights, "who came over to Macedon" and helped us, at a period of fearful dismay, is one of those rare incidents in the annals of a nation, which fill the heart with a crowd of interesting and agreeable reflections.

When our illustrious Guest first turned his eyes towards this western world, he beheld us engaged in a contest with a powerful nation, under every circumstance of difficulty and danger: without a name, without resources, without arms, without allies; with nothing, in short, but a just cause and a determined spirit. In such a conjuncture, he did not content himself with furnishing pecuniary aid: he came personally, from a distant soil, abandoning, at the dawn of manhood, the luxuries of Paris and the incitements of ambition, to partake our rugged fortune. He spilt his blood at Brandywine, and hazarded his life in various hard fought battles. By the congress of the United States, he was invested with the high rank of Major General in our armies; he was the companion of Hamilton; he was honoured with the friendship of WASHINGTON; and he retired from the field only when peace and independence had crowned our efforts. Fayette enjoyed the confidence of the patriots of 1776, and he was worthy of the trust. By his frank-

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ness, his gallantry, and his ardour, he conciliated universal esteem: he was implicated in no controversy: he was shaded by no suspicion: he made no man his enemy. On every occasion he evinced the goodness of his heart and the disinterestedness of his zeal in our behalf. The United States had many friends in Europe during her vital struggle; some were fruitful in resources and powerful in talents; others cherished ardent wishes, and a few vindicated our cause in eloquent and indignant language. But the chivalrous spirit of Fayette could not be contented with such demonstrations of regard: he took his stand by our side and risked his fame and life with us.

When his sword could be useful no longer he returned to the bosom of his family. We reaped the harvest of his toil and devotion; we obtained independence; we secured freedom; we established enlightened and invaluable forms of government; our commerce now expands its fibres through every soil; our territories are enlarged to the limits of a mighty empire; our fire-sides are embellished by the arts, and our homes are protected by legions of disciplined freemen. He who contributed so much to these great objects, comes again to visit us, and beholds the work in which he laboured so ardently, flourishing beyond an example in history. The old "Thirteen States," which he defended in the spring of his days, have improved in every thing that can add value to life; and nearly as many younger brethren are now ranged by their side, participating in the same genial warmth of liberty and happiness. The father beholds his children arrived at maturity and enjoying the fruits of his cares and sacrifices: the children, grown to manhood, contemplate with joy and gratitude the face of their early friend and defender! These are pleasures without alloy! These are among the highest delights earth can bestow!

All classes among us are animated by the same rapturous feeling. Every countenance is brightened with cheerfulness and every bosom is warm with gratitude. The warrior of the revolution regards with profound emotion, one who participated with him in its changeful scenes, and with tears of joy calls up the remembrance of its former exploits. The man of mature age recollects the name, familiar to his boyhood, when it was associated with

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those of Washington, and Warren, and Green, and De Kalb. The child springs to catch a glimpse of the veteran whose virtues were presented to his earliest reflections in the grateful pages of American history. In Fayette, the patriot witnesses the sincere republican through all the fearful and wondrous vicissitudes of the French revolution. The American traveller recognizes a fellow-citizen who, at the distance of 3000 miles received him as a brother and breathed a benevolent wish towards his country. Such a man is truly one whom a nation may honour with frank and enthusiastic respect, not dictated by selfishness, nor contaminated by adulation.

The scene of a spontaneous and unanimous expression of gratitude by a great nation to an individual, without station or any other than moral influence, is, like many other American examples, without precedent in the annals of the world. In modern times we should in vain search for such a tribute to virtue: alas! in no country but this could scenes so delightful, be exhibited, under any circumstances. Emperors and kings have been environed by pomp and followed by the multitude: but power, not virtue, was the idol: selfishness or fear, not gratitude or love, the motive. Amidst the loud acclaim of sycophants and dependants, thousands muttered in secret the groans of misery and revenge. Even ancient times, the ages of liberty in Greece and Rome, offer no counterfeit presentment to this exhilarating spectacle. Were we to point to the nearest resemblance we should cite the name of Timoleon, who, like Fayette, went to the succour of a foreign nation, and like him too, had the peculiar good fortune to enjoy, in his old age, the love and gratitude of those whom he had assisted in throwing off an odious oppression. Fayette, better than any man now living, deserves the name of the most virtuous and happy patriot of history—he is, emphatically, THE TIMOLEON OF MODERN TIMES.

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